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THE DUC D'AUMALE'S LIVES OF THE CONDÉS.*

It is unnecessary for us to dwell at length on the circumstances which have retarded for years the publication of these interesting volumes. His Royal Highness the Duc d'Aumale having, as is well known, devoted a part of the leisure of his honorable exile to writing the annals of the House of Condé, the proof-sheets of the work were, in 1862, seized by an order of the French Government, for the purpose of securing the suppression of "matter prejudicial to public authority." Although this was a simple act of arbitrary power, wholly unsanctioned by law, seven years were spent in the vain endeavor to bring the question of the legality of the seizure before a court of justice. The Government sheltered itself behind that well-known provision of the constitution of the year VIII., which protects any pub-

lic functionary from the consequences of a prosecution for abuse of authority, without the assent of the Conseil d'État. That assent was of course refused; but at length it became impossible to maintain this ignoble line of defence, and the authorities gave way, well knowing that they had no plea which could be judicially or legally supported.

It would be useless for us to comment on the malevolent tyranny and vindictive spite displayed in this transaction by the Ministers of that Imperial régime which boasts that in the exercise of its power it merely organizes personal liberty. Unhappily that beneficent administration is too accustomed to commit outrages upon the reasonable freedom of the press to pay attention to a protest from foreigners; and, notwithstanding its self-assumed strength, it will, doubtless, always retain its fears of the play of thought and the independence of letters. The diseased imagination of a Tiberius might

* *Histoire des Princes de Condé, pendant les XVI et XVII Siècles.* Par M. le Due d'AUMALE. Tomes I. et II. Paris : 1869.

conceivably find a remote allusion to the murder of the Duc d'Enghien in certain passages in these volumes, especially in the narrative of the imprisonment and mock trial of the first Prince of Condé, and in the account of a supposed project of Henry IV. to violate the frontier of the Low Countries, for the purpose of seizing the third Prince of Condé, and bringing him to Paris. But men of ordinary judgment will pronounce that, in the words of its illustrious author, this book is emphatically "one of good faith;" and Frenchmen will not fail to perceive that it is animated by a spirit of enthusiastic patriotism, and of intense sympathy with French interests. The real object of the dread and hatred of the Imperial Government was not this book, but its illustrious author; and we rejoice to find that amongst the other liberal and beneficial concessions of the present year, the Emperor has been compelled to restore to the princes of the House of Orleans those rights of literary publication, of which not even an exile can be deprived.

These volumes are an instalment only of the complete biography of the House of Condé which the Duc d'Aumale contemplates publishing. They comprise the lives of the two first Princes, heroes of the religious wars of France, and the early career of the third Prince, until the death of Henry IV. The author expresses a modest doubt lest the delay in the appearance of his book should have made it "a birth behind its time," but he need not feel any such apprehensions. The two first Princes of the House of Condé played a remarkable part in one of the most stirring and memorable periods in French history, and an episode in the fortunes of the third is inseparably connected with the warlike policy of Henry IV. towards the House of Austria, and in fact was one of the lesser causes that induced that sovereign to commence the contest, that, with some fitful intervals between, was terminated only by the Peace of the Pyrenees. A biography of personages who made themselves conspicuous in these great events is necessarily a subject of prominent interest; and the Due d'Aumale has treated it in a highly attractive manner. While the narrative of these volumes keeps to the central figures

of the Princes of Condé, it incidentally describes the momentous scenes of the grand drama in which they are actors, and it places clearly and fully before us the intrigues and crimes of the evil days that fell upon France during the ill-fated reigns of the last kings of the Valois line, the sanguinary wars that devastated and weakened the nation during a whole generation, and the era of comparative prosperity that followed the accession of Henry IV., and the settlement of the Peace of Vervins. The special excellence of the Duc d'Aumale, in dealing with this important period, is his remarkable skill in elucidating and describing the civil wars, and in delineating the peculiar character and tactics of battles in the sixteenth century. In this respect his careful research and keen military judgment have made a valuable contribution to historical knowledge; and it is not too much to say that his instructive account of St. Quentin, Jarnac, Dreux, and Coutras, throws quite a new light upon these engagements, and, indeed, upon all contemporary strategy. He has also described in a very effective way the general policy of Henry IV., and we agree on the whole with his high estimate of the genius and wisdom of that sovereign, in spite of the somewhat damaging evidence discovered lately by Mr. Motley's industry. In two particulars, however, we regard the period treated by the Due d'Aumale from a point of view that differs from his; and we question the soundness of his conclusions. In our judgment the pure-minded Coligny was the real champion of French Protestantism, and by far the ablest Frenchman of his age, and his ally Condé was in every respect a less solid and an inferior character. But in his eagerness to place the conduct of Condé in the most favorable light, the Due d'Aumale has, we think, exaggerated the merits of that somewhat frivolous leader; and he has unduly depreciated the rare gifts and noble qualities of the illustrious Admiral. We cannot, moreover, at all concur in the view taken by the Due d'Aumale of Francis of Guise, and of the tyrannical faction that swayed France from the death of Henry II. until the final defeat of the League, though it is that of the great majority of Frenchmen, who, in this matter, appear to us to misinterpret

the true lessons of history. As regards the style and manner of these volumes, we shall only say they are worthy of their author—a specimen of that pure and graceful French unhappily now too seldom seen.

The narrative of the Duc d'Aumale commences fitly with an instructive sketch of the pedigree of the House of Condé. Like all the branches of the line of Capet, it runs up to Robert the Strong, the grandfather of the famous Hugh, who at the close of the tenth century supplanted the Carlovingian dynasty. Saint Louis, the hero of the Middle Ages, was sixth in descent from the bold usurper, and his son Robert became the progenitor of the House of Bourbon, in its junior branches the parent stem of the House of Condé. The Duc d'Aumale dwells with just pride on the patriotic conduct of the Bourbon princes, and on their high historical renown, during that dark period in the annals of France, the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. James, Count of La Marche, and Constable of France, saved the life of King John on the day of Cressy, was taken prisoner at the disaster of Poitiers, and died with honor on the field of Bignais. Poitiers saw another Bourbon perish; and three of the race lost freedom or life in a vain endeavor to arrest the tide of victory in the flight from Agincourt. In times of happier omen to France, Louis II., surnamed the Flower of Chivalry, was a stanch supporter and friend of Du Guesclin; and in the struggle which happily terminated in the loss of the Plantagenet conquests in France, Duke John II. was raised to the rank of Constable, and by his heroic deeds won the honorable title of "the Scourge of the English." The name of Bourbon was famous, too, in many of the petty wars and enterprises undertaken by the great French nobles during the anarchy of the later feudal period; it was heard with terror by Barbary corsairs, and was welcome to traders of Genoa and Venice; and the prowess of the gracious Lords of Bourbon, their high estate, and their martial bearing, were eulogized by many an ancient chronicler. In the doubtful conflict between the House of Burgundy and the weak French monarchy, the Bourbons took the national side; and, as M. Michelet cor-

rectly shows, though outside the immediate line of the succession, their devices and mottoes always seemed to point to the hope of a royal inheritance. When Charles VIII. invaded Italy, several Bourbon princes were in his train; and the King intrusted his shortlived conquest of Naples to Gilbert, Count of Montpensier. The Duc d'Aumale, apparently from a sentiment of patriotic shame, hardly dwells sufficiently on the stormy career of the second son of this prince, Charles, the celebrated Constable and arch-rebel of the first part of the reign of Francis I. Inheritor of the immense fiefs of Anne of Beaujeu and Peter of Bourbon, and the favored lover of Louisa of Savoy, the Constable of Bourbon was the last of the great feudal lords who overshadowed the throne by mere personal influence and power; his deeds and his fate form a striking episode in the early history of the sixteenth century. Our readers must be generally aware how this daring and ambitious chief won distinction in the Italian wars; how, having received the command of the French armies, he provoked the jealous fears of the King by his haughty demeanor and martial display; how he became the object of the passionate hatred of the King's mother, his former mistress, who endeavored to filch away his patrimony; how, watched by spies and surrounded by foes, he long defied all attempts to combat him in his mountain lair of the Bourbonnais; how he consummated his treason by deserting with a mass of retainers to Charles V.; and how, having repeatedly done good service for his imperial master, he was betrayed and neglected by envious colleagues, and fell ingloriously at the sack of Rome, the leader of a band of blood-thirsty warriors, whose atrocious cruelties were long a proverb. Even after the lapse of three centuries his remote kinsman, like the heroic Bayard, turns away with disgust from "the perjured noble who had proved false to his King and his Lord," and passes hastily over his remarkable exploits.

The crimes and dishonor of this proscribed chief placed the House of Bourbon in disastrous eclipse, and during the reign of Francis I. there were few signs of a change in its fortunes. No member

of the family, however, followed the example of the traitorous Constable; and two of the Bourbon princes fell beside their sovereign on the field of Pavia. The line had now almost dwindled down to Charles of Bourbon, Duke of Vendôme, who, though already not far from the throne, through the gradual decay of the race of the Valois, was treated by Francis I. with neglect, and led a life of comparative obscurity. The Duke of Vendôme had thirteen children; but of these many died young and unmarried, and two only transmitted to descendants the name and blood of the House of Bourbon. These were Anthony, the eldest son, by his marriage afterwards King of Navarre, father of the illustrious Henry IV., and the common ancestor of all the existing Bourbons; and the youngest son, Louis, Prince of Condé, the founder of that celebrated House, and the first subject of this biography.

Louis of Condé was born in 1530, and was brought up for the most part at the little Court of the kings of Navarre, under the care of his mother, Frances of Alençon. We know little of his early training; but though, to judge from his after-life, it could not have been particularly strict, it certainly was not unbecoming his rank, and possibly it implanted in his mind the germs of the religious tenets of which he became in manhood the champion. At Nérac the boy must have often been in the company of the beautiful Margaret of Navarre, that "Pearl of the Valois," whose gentle spirit was deeply touched by the Reformed doctrines, of Isabella and Henri d'Albret, both Huguenots of a decided type, and of several of the great Huguenot seigneurs; and we cannot but suppose that these associations must have had an influence upon his disposition. In 1549, the Prince received the modest appointment of Gentleman of the Bed-chamber to Henry II., and became acquainted for the first time with the gay, dissolute, and intriguing throngs that encircled the throne of Catherine of Medici, or crowded the saloons of Diana of Poitiers. During the next two years he seems to have plunged with ardor into this dissipated life, and to have won many an easy triumph among that "squadron of frail beauty" maintained by the subtle Florentine Queen, and not

the least potent of her instruments. But though, as one of the princes of the blood, he was entitled to a higher place of honor in the pageants of the Louvre and St. Germains, he was looked upon coldly by the King, and was subjected to many slights and privations. In fact, ever since the disgrace of the Constable, the Bourbons had been disliked by the Valois; the family, ruined by fines and confiscations, had sunk from its former estate; and the young Prince of Condé found himself in poverty, and almost a stranger in the palaces of the French monarchy.

In 1551, the princely but almost friendless youth contracted a marriage which did not fail to affect powerfully his subsequent fortunes. The name of the lady was Eleanor of Roye, grandniece of the aged Constable of Montmorency, first cousin of the illustrious Coligny, and in faith and manners a stanch Huguenot. The immediate result of this marriage was to separate Condé from the faction of the younger courtiers, headed by the Guises, that swayed Henry and the reigning favorite, and to attach him to the old feudal noblesse of which the Constable was the acknowledged head; and we can hardly doubt, although "this prince loved other men's wives as well as his own," that it inclined him towards the Reformed doctrines. Condé had not long been married when he left his bride to cross the Alps, and take part in the contest still raging between France and the Empire in Italy for that splendid possession. It is characteristic of his humble fortunes that, though nearly allied to the Royal House, he entered the army as a volunteer; no knightly attendants bore his pennon; and he served under the veteran Bressac as an obscure cadet of the French nobility. Having distinguished himself in the Italian wars, though, like many of his youthful companions, "he was not easy to direct or manage," the Prince was next engaged in the campaign which permanently extended the frontier of France by the annexation of the Three Bishoprics; and, under the orders of Francis of Guise, he assisted at the celebrated defence of Metz by that bad man but accomplished general. He was then employed in the desultory struggle that had been raging for many years along

the border of the Low Countries, and afterwards once more in Italy; but though he displayed the valor of his race in more than one dashing and bloody encounter, he continued a subordinate only, and the solitary favor he received from the King was the command of one of the compagnies d'ordonnance, about equivalent to a cornetcy in the troops of the Royal household. An accident, apparently, raised Condé to a position more worthy of his high station. The Duke of Savoy having invaded Picardy after the rupture of the Truce of Vaucelles, and invested St. Quentin with an overwhelming force, Coligny, with characteristic heroism, threw himself into the beleaguered place, and Montmorency advanced to his aid, with a large but hastily collected army. Owing probably to his kinsman's good-will, Condé commanded the right wing of the French, and on the disastrous day of St. Quentin he exhibited not only undaunted courage, but military skill of no mean order. We commend especially to our readers the Duc d'Aumale's sketch of this memorable battle, one of the worst defeats that France ever endured; but we can do no more than refer to it as singularly graphic, clear, and intelligent. After this fatal rout, the duty of retarding the advance of the enemy fell on the Prince; and on this occasion his services were of the greatest value to the French monarchy, for he succeeded in arresting completely the invasion that threatened to roll on to Paris. He remained, however, still in the shade of neglect; the King refused him the government of a province that had been hereditary in the House of Bourbon; and the only advancement he obtained was an honorary command in the infantry of the army, one which, in those days, when the French nobleman confined himself to the ranks of the cavalry, was considered as little less than an insult.

The new epoch that commenced in France after the Peace of Cambray and the death of Henry II. effected no change in the fortunes of Condé. He was treated with contempt and dislike by the faction that domineered in the kingdom; the government he applied for was again withheld; and his brother Anthony had been pointedly slighted in the late negotiations touching Na-

varre. The two Bourbon princes now coalesced with the large section of the French nobility, with Montmorency as its acknowledged chief, that resented the ascendancy of the Guises and their influence over Francis II.; and Condé, as one of the Princes of the Blood, took an opportunity of protesting openly against the pretensions of the House of Lorraine, and the dangerous policy of making the young King assume the title of Sovereign of England, in virtue of the claims of Mary Stuart. Condé was thus completely alienated from the Court; and events soon widened and deepened the breach. For many years the Protestants of France had submitted without a show of resistance to persecutions of the most atrocious kind, to burnings and massacres under Francis I., to general proscriptions and cruel confiscations to glut the avarice of his son and his mistress. But passive obedience has its limits; and when the accession of the Guises to power increased their sufferings, and threatened the kingdom with subjection to the rule of Philip II., a change gradually came over their sentiments. In numbers probably a fifth of the nation, notwithstanding the efforts made to destroy the sect, strong in the rising commercial towns, and in the support of many of the chief nobles, and possessing already an excellent organization in their congregations and ecclesiastical union, they began to reflect whether it was not necessary to make a stand against the Court, and to assert the rights of a powerful minority, remarkable for its worth and intelligence. This was the origin of the movement, known by the name of the Conspiracy of Amboise, which, with due deference to the Duc d'Aumale, was less the dark treason he has described it than a general combination for a redress of grievances, though undoubtedly it was associated with a plot that aimed at subverting the Government. Smarting under a sense of repeated slights, Condé listened to the overtures of the malcontents, and lent his name at least to their cause; and we may suppose that religious sympathy may in some degree have influenced his decision; though it is remarkable that Coligny, more sincere and wise, refused to take any part in this league. What followed was ex-

ceedingly characteristic of the cruel and treacherous junto in power. An attempt at a rising having been suppressed, the Guises and Catherine intrigued to break up the confederacy by detaching its leaders from it; and Condé having been summoned to Amboise, Francis of Guise, with a show of chivalrous frankness, offered to "defend his Highness against all comers, and stand his surety in any charge of treason." At the same time, the subordinate agents in "the conspiracy" were treated with execrable rigor; and punishments of the most frightful kind were inflicted on numbers of innocent persons. The Duc d'Aumale passes lightly over these foul crimes—the evil prelude to the civil wars—and does not allude to the indignation they provoked even within the Court, to the public remonstrances of the boy-King, sickened at the sight of the hangings and drownings that met his eyes round his own palace, or to the pathetic exclamation of the Duchess of Guise, aghast at the deeds of her own husband, "Interfere, Sire, they are murdering your subjects."

Having been a witness of these scenes of blood—it is said, though we hardly credit the tale, that he was compelled to behold them from the battlements of Amboise—Condé betook himself to the Court of Nérac, judging correctly that he was under suspicion. Anthony of Bourbon, frivolous, fickle, and weak, professed himself at this moment a Huguenot; and many of the Huguenot chiefs of the south, alarmed at the issue of recent events, addressed themselves to the Bourbon princes, and entreated them to become their leaders. A partial Huguenot rising took place at the same time in Dauphiny and Provence, and though it was easily put down, the attitude of the sect throughout France was menacing. Meanwhile, the tyranny and grasping selfishness of the Guises had made them numerous enemies, and Montmorency and his powerful following stood aloof from the government. The Lorraine brothers felt their authority threatened by a possible combination between the Huguenots and the great feudal seigneurs, its main link being the Bourbon princes; and with characteristic energy they resolved to destroy it. The boy-King was easily

persuaded that a plot was laid against his life, and Anthony of Bourbon and Condé received a command to appear at the States-General, about to be convened at Orleans. The brothers obeyed the summons at once, and set off with a weak escort only; nor is it improbable—that though no hint is given of it by the Duc d'Aumale—that two of Catherine's houris were employed to lure them to take this imprudent step, and decoy them into the hands of their enemies. Spite of warnings that ought to have opened their eyes, the Princes proceeded upon their way, received everywhere with due honor by the officials of the treacherous Government; but they had no sooner arrived at Orleans than the snare was effectually drawn around them. In the presence of the mute and astonished Court, they were charged with treason by the King and the Guises; and, having been thence taken to the closet of Catherine, who doubtless gave them many smooth words of feigned regret and deadly courtesy, they were separated and thrown into prison. Condé, more daring and more proud, fared worse than his shallow and fickle brother, who seems ere long to have been set free. He was tried on the spot by a special commission, composed in part of his personal enemies; and, without any solid proof of guilt, he was sentenced to "fall by the axe in a fortnight" on "evidence obtained by fraud and torture." The King, doubtless under the influence of the Guises, was the president of this shameful tribunal which directly violated the law of the land; and, as we have said, these proceedings resemble the tragedy of Vincennes in some respects, though the points of difference are sufficiently obvious. In consequence partly of these very distinctions, the Bourbon Prince of the sixteenth century was more fortunate than his hapless descendant. The time given for the execution of the sentence enabled the illustrious Michel L'Hopital to interpose a salutary delay; and within a few days an event occurred that altered the whole political situation. Francis II., sickly and prematurely decayed, like all the offspring of Henry and Catherine, died suddenly at the close of 1560, and this death, which for some months gave a rude shock to

the power of the Guises, caused the immediate liberation of the captive.

In the short-lived revolution that followed the accession of Charles IX. to the throne, Condé played for a time a conspicuous part. The Parliament of Paris pronounced him innocent; Francis of Guise embraced him in the presence of the Court; and Catherine, in the brief attempt she made, under the inspiration of L'Hopital, and through genuine fear of the Lorraine faction, to rule by balancing the religious parties and extending toleration to the Huguenots, treated the Prince as one of her most trusted counsellors. The Duc d'Aumale eulogizes the magnanimity and heroism of Francis of Guise at this juncture, and describes him as rising superior to fate in the midst of dangerous and conspiring enemies. But the Guises were in no real peril; and as events were rapidly tending to replace them in their former ascendancy, the only merit of Francis was perseverance to wait the turn of fortune. At this moment Philip II. was interfering in the councils of the Louvre in the interest of the House of Lorraine; and his ambassador was endeavoring to restore them to power, in order to carry out his master's policy of extirpating the detested Huguenots. Notwithstanding, too, the generous protests of the Commons at the States-General of Orleans, and the enlightened wisdom of the great Chancellor, France, as a nation, was fanatically Catholic; the Parliaments of several provinces refused to register the edicts of toleration; the mob of Paris declared itself against the Reformers with savage violence; and signs of a general Catholic rising throughout the kingdom were not wanting. The change that was impending was precipitated by the conduct of Montmorency and his followers, who, resenting the demands of the Estates of a province, made, it is said, at the instigation of Coligny, for an inquiry into the scandalous extravagance of the favorites of the reign of Henry II., coalesced ere long with the Lorraine brothers; and the vacillating and unprincipled Anthony of Bourbon having been gained to the same side, the celebrated junto, known by the name of the Triumvirate, rose into power. Within a few months the evil domination of the Guises was completely

restored; and the Government, timid, selfish, and fickle, yielded, after a show of faint opposition. Condé, now in faith a professed Huguenot, and, on account of his princely rank, the nominal leader of the Reformers, began to lose his influence with the Queen; and Coligny and the Huguenot chiefs saw with alarm the political horizon charged with an approaching tempest.

The condition of France at this crisis—just before the outbreak of the religious wars—is thus graphically described by Sir Nicholas Throckmorton, the ambassador of Elizabeth in Paris; we quote a few words that illustrate much that ensued:

"Heere be strange discourses and great expectations what shall become of the world heere. The King of Navarre, the Duke of Guize, the Constable, the Cardinal Ferrase, the three marshalles of France, St. Andre, Bryssac, and De Thermes, the Cardinal of Tournou, and all their favourers and followers be conjoynid fermelie together to overthrow the Protestant religion, and to exterminate the favourers thereof, which enterprise and desired purpose is poursuyd forward by the ambassadere of Spayne heere, and Spanish threateninge and countenances. The Queene-mother assisted with the Queene of Navarre, the Chancellor, the Prince of Condé, the Cardinale of Chastillon, the Admiral, Monsieur D'Andelot and their followers and favourers, do yet countenance the matter on our syde. I praye God, the Queene-mother do not sturr her collar."

Catholics and Protestants were thus watching each other, when the massacre of Vassy fired in an instant the long smouldering train of passion and hatred. The Duc d'Aumale hurries rapidly over this detestable deed of perfidy and blood; he cannot bear to dwell on the crimes of those whom he represents as the leaders of the nation, or to indicate the justification of Huguenot "rebellion." Nor does he notice the terrible burst of fanaticism that followed, the crusade preached by the exulting priesthood against the Reformers in every parish, the judicial murders committed by the Parliaments, the hangings, drownings, and burnings of the Huguenots in many parts of the kingdom, which M. Michelet has correctly described as the St. Bartholomew of 1562. The affrighted Reformers flew to arms; but though it would be idle to suppose that the cruelties they endured

were not requited, it has been truly observed that, wherever they obtained the mastery, they displayed their vengeance rather in destroying what in their eyes were the monuments of an idolatrous worship, than in taking the lives of their Catholic fellow-subjects. The Duc d'Aumale is evidently inclined to underrate the importance of this rising; but it was the wide-spread and universal movement of an oppressed sect against execrable tyranny. The strength of the Huguenots lay in the northern provinces, along the seaboard, or in the mountain districts of the south, where the Protestant doctrines had either entered, or the traditions of the Albigenses had lingered, but they numbered thousands of zealous adherents in almost every part of the kingdom, especially in the town communities. In an incredibly short time armed men, headed by their seigneurs and by enthusiastic preachers, sprang up in angry swarms throughout France; and Condé, with the assent of the Huguenot chiefs, who always endeavored to identify their cause with loyalty and the Royal House, was chosen as head of the insurrection. The Prince, in spite of the efforts of the Triumvirs, who "bade him scorn that vile canaille," set off from Paris with an army of nobles, whose gay bearing and brilliant retinue contrasted strangely with the sombre aspect and simple armor of the Huguenot bands; and having seized Orleans, and made that place the general rendezvous of the men of religion, he found himself at the head of an army that for the moment defied opposition. In fact the Government was surprised; it had only the Royal Guard in hand and three or four thousand armed men; and though its resources would quickly multiply, this force was for the present unable to cope with that of the Reformed leaders. In this conjuncture, either for the purpose of gaining delay, or with her usual turn for taking the side of the stronger, Catherine listened to the overtures of Condé, and, "imploring him to save her children and Crown," she promised to repair to the Huguenot camp. The Triumvirs, however, knowing the importance of having Royalty to grace their cause, seized the persons of the Queen and her eldest son, and, with or against her will, carried them off to

Paris, where, in the midst of a ferocious population that cried to Heaven for vengeance and blood, they summoned France to a crusade against the heretic rebels.

Thus were loosed the furies of civil war that deluged France with blood, and unnerved her arm as a great Power, during a whole generation. Each side, in its appeal to the sword, inscribed the royal name on its banners, and shouted the cry of God and the King; but while the white ensigns of the House of Valois were always seen in the Reformers' hosts, it is remarkable that the red colors of Spain were, from the outset, the badge of their adversaries. As was but natural in a writer filled with the traditions of a great Catholic monarchy, and of a literature that has advocated the successful cause, the Duc d'Aumale, though with honorable earnestness he tries to assume an impartial attitude, is, unconsciously to himself, a partisan in the view he takes of this terrible contest. He persists in identifying the half-foreign tyranny which with hardly an interval was supreme in France, until the reign of Henry IV., with the welfare and independence of the nation, and in representing the Reformers as essentially an alien and rebel faction. His patriotism, accordingly, leads him to extenuate the crimes and misdeeds of the party in power, to describe them as the necessary severities of a Government struggling for its existence, and to exaggerate, as the guilt of unnatural treason, the excesses committed by the Huguenots, and the alliances they formed outside the kingdom. This tendency, indeed, does not master the excellent judgment of the Due d'Aumale, or make it blind to cardinal truths; he indignantly condemns the massacre of St. Bartholomew, the violence of the League, the guile of Henry III.; and he can admire the heroism and undaunted stubbornness of more than one of the Huguenot leaders. But his prepossessions are not the less marked; he paints Francis of Guise as a high-minded warrior, fighting for the unity and glory of France; he keeps out of view, as far as he can, the subjection to Spain of the Lorraine party; he sympathizes with the Catholic chiefs, as the representatives of the national cause, and

glosses over their deeds of blood; he even throws into the shade the wicked intrigues and faithlessness of Catherine and her sons; and, at the same time, he censures harshly the conduct and objects of the Reformers; he addresses himself, in a special way, to deprecate the illustrious Coligny; and he invariably regards the Huguenots as an element of national weakness and danger. That is, no doubt, a thoroughly French view of the Reformed religion, and it is the reason why Protestantism is still regarded by the bulk of the French people as an anti-national creed. "La France est plus Catholique que Chrétienne" was the remark of one who knew the country well. Our view of this memorable tract of history, we need hardly say, is widely different. The great majority of Frenchmen were, no doubt, Catholics; and, in this sense, the Government that took the Catholic side in the religious wars represented the general tendency of the nation. But that Government during nearly thirty years was the embodiment of a Spanish policy, that set at naught the interests of France; even the perfidious Catherine and cowardly Valois resisted it as much as they dared; and it abandoned the kingdom to a confederacy of fanatics, the docile satraps of a foreign despot. As for its character and conduct, they were written in deeds that anticipated the crimes of 1793, in butcheries of St. Bartholomew and Sens, in sieges of Paris and days of barricades, in provinces covered with blood and ashes. On the other hand, though certainly divided in religious sympathy from the mass of the people, the Huguenots struck for the national cause, for the independence of France, and their legitimate King; and though often carried away by the frenzy of the time, they were the sufferers rather than the doers of wrong. As regards the political aspirations of their real leader, the noble Coligny, he would have made France a great Protestant power, the ally of England, and a free State. It would perhaps have been better for the House of Bourbon had it governed upon such enlightened principles.

The first scenes of the civil war were not marked by the atrocious character that ere long prevailed in the contest. There was a brief pause of uneasy hesi-

tation; and Catherine, perceiving that her authority would disappear amidst the shock of arms, attempted, sincerely perhaps, to negotiate. Condé showed but too plainly that he was ill fitted to be the chief of a great and determined party. At an interview with the Queen, he consented to leave the kingdom with the Huguenot leaders; the Guises and the Court, no doubt, expecting that the flock would scatter after the flight of the shepherds. The Prince having been compelled to break this foolish engagement, both sides prepared for the approaching conflict. By this time the relative strength of the opposing parties had completely changed; and though the Huguenot forces were still considerable, the success of their foes was already certain. Three great armies, set on foot by the Government, and recruited largely from foreign mercenaries, were marched into the interior of France, and, in every province, thousands of enthusiasts, backed usually by the local authorities, formed themselves into bands to crush the insurrection. In a few months most of the strong places held by the Huguenots had been taken; the line of defence on the Loire was lost: they had suffered repeated defeats in the south, and Condé, with their only remaining force, was shut up in Orleans, and surrounded by enemies. Of the atrocities that disgraced the success of the Catholics, the ruthlessness of the soldiery of Nevers, and the murderous fury of the brutal peasantry, we hear but little from the Duc d'Aumale, though he brings out in distinct relief the iconoclastic violence of the Reformers, and though he condemns in severe language the policy now adopted by their leaders.

Feeling the cause lost without immediate succor, they despatched D'Andelot to obtain aid from the Protestant Powers upon the Rhine, and Condé and Coligny gave their consent to negotiations with Elizabeth. That sovereign had for some time watched the attitude of the contending parties in France, divided between a dislike of "rebels" and a conviction that the Huguenot cause was her own; and, with characteristic selfishness and craft, she had made up her mind to drive a hard bargain, should her assistance be sought by either side. Like all the English politicians of the

time, she regretted bitterly the loss of Calais, practically ceded at the Peace of Cambray; and she fixed upon that coveted possession as the price of intervention in France. In a treaty made with the Vidame of Chartres, as the representative of the Huguenots, she promised to assist them with men and money, and to defend the fortresses of Rouen and Dieppe, on the condition, however, that an English garrison should be put in occupation of Havre, as a pledge for the restitution of Calais. The Duc d'Aumale is lavish of reproaches against the authors of this discreditable compact; and we freely admit that any trafficking of the kind is the one blot on the fair fame of Coligny. But we must recollect that Condé and the Admiral declared solemnly that they never empowered their envoy to consent to these terms; and it is fair to observe that the words of the treaty do not necessarily imply such dangerous concessions. If we condemn, too, the Huguenot chiefs, we must bear in mind the extremity of their peril, and that, unhappily, in that age, the zeal of party too often extinguished patriotism; and, certainly, their defence, as against their adversaries, was sufficient. It did not lie in the mouths of the Guises, who ruled in the interests of Philip II., who had filled the Royal armies with Swiss and Germans, and who had been plotting with foreign Powers for an invasion of France to suppress heresy, to complain of treasonable practices with foreign Powers.

The negotiations of the Huguenot chiefs relieved them in their distress for a time. The main Royal army set off from Orleans to take part in the siege of Rouen; D'Andelot reached the place with a German contingent; and Condé and the Admiral, set free, found themselves at the head of 14,000 men. This force might have struck a decisive blow, had the Prince made a bold advance upon Paris; but the opportunity was lost in vain demonstrations and idle trifling with the artful Queen, who knew how to work on the generous nature or the ambitious spirit of the credulous Bourbon. Coligny insisted on taking the command; and he proposed a plan of military operations which, with submission to the Duc d'Aumale, showed

his genius for war, and was, in the main, successful. He wished to transfer the theatre of the contest to the northern provinces, where the Reformers were still in considerable strength, and, resting on the sea, and supported by England, to make a determined stand for Huguenot liberties. The Prince reluctantly followed these counsels; the Huguenot army advanced towards Normandy; and, after making some false movements, for which M. Michelet blames Condé, and the Duc d'Aumale his illustrious colleague, it found itself in the neighborhood of Dreux, confronted by a superior force of Royalists. We can do no more than notice with praise the Due d'Aumale's excellent account of this engagement; it is very elaborate, careful, and clear; and it does justice alike to the tactical skill of Francis of Guise, to the valor of Condé, and to the indomitable perseverance of Coligny—like his genuine descendant William III.—always great under the frowns of fortune. The nominal commanders on either side, Condé and the old Constable Montmorency, were taken prisoners in the battle; and this accident, followed by the death of Francis of Guise within a few months, led to the commencement of negotiations between the heads of the contending parties. The Prince and the Constable, each strongly guarded, "held parleys" upon an islet of the Loire, and discussed the terms of a general pacification; Catherine assisted occasionally at these interviews; and the result was the Edict of Amboise, long the theme of the regret of Huguenot writers. This settlement betrayed the want of sympathy between Condé and the great body of the Reformers. It secured toleration and freedom of worship for the great leaders and the higher noblesse; but it provided no corresponding advantage for the real champions and martyrs of the cause, for the small gentry and hardy townsmen, who, with souls unalloyed by selfish ambition, had risked everything for the sake of religion, and had braved death and sufferings in a thousand forms. It is no wonder, though the Duc d'Aumale thinks that jealousy may have influenced his conduct, that Coligny refused to set his hand to this unequal and ill-devised arrangement.

He had been successful in repeated combats, and had gained a solid footing in Normandy; nor can it be doubted that the Reformers might easily have obtained very different conditions. In truth, more than one historian asserts that Catherine had won the consent of Condé by means not uncommon in her diplomacy. A frail beauty, Isabella de Limeuil, it is said, was thrown in the way of the Prince, who, for her venal charms, betrayed the cause; and to judge from the dates of some of the letters of Condé to the lady in this book, the story seems to be not at all improbable. It is certain, at least, that for some reason, the Huguenot doctors at this juncture were especially severe upon the licentiousness of the Prince; the Huguenot congregations denounced him fiercely as a profligate and shallow-hearted apostate; and he was treated even by the Catholic leaders with supercilious contempt and neglect. "The Prince," thus reported a shrewd English eyewitness, "swymeth betwixt two waters, neither the Catholiks nor the Protestants do love him; in truth I cannot tell of which of the two he is more hated."

The immediate result of the Peace of Amboise was to effect a momentary reconciliation between the leaders of the religious parties, and to make them unite against Elizabeth. The Queen had acted after her wonted fashion; she had been niggard of aid to her allies; she had considered nothing but her own interests; and she now insisted on keeping a garrison at Havre as a guarantee for regaining Calais. After negotiations, which at least proved that they never accepted her interpretation of their contract, the Huguenot chiefs declared themselves released from further obligations to her; and Condé, Coligny, and Montmorency combined their forces to drive out the English from Havre and the seaboard of Normandy. The siege lasted a few days only. Catholics and Protestants vied with each other in heroism; their mutual hatred vanished for an instant in their common resolve to expel the stranger. Foiled, mainly through her own overreaching spirit, Elizabeth lost both Havre and Calais, the devices through which she had hoped to recover the jewel that had fallen from the Tudor crown, having

turned out, as they deserved to be, fruitless. If Condé and Coligny seem at first sight to have acted ungratefully in this matter, Elizabeth herself before long forgave them; in truth, she knew she had advanced pretensions they were justified in resisting to the utmost; and she felt that she had been playing a game in which she had been, not unfairly, beaten. In describing these passages, the Duc d'Aumale reflects severely upon the Admiral; but he omits to mention that that great man had been deeply impressed by what had occurred, and that afterwards he opposed the intervention of Foreign Powers in behalf of his party. During the brief period that Coligny was supreme in the councils of Charles IX., he earnestly deprecated an alliance with England derogatory from the interests of France, though that alliance would probably have given the Huguenots a long lease of power, and certainly have saved him from impending peril.

We must pass rapidly over the life of Condé during the next few years, and the historical events associated with it. The Prince, though not much trusted by them, remained the nominal leader of the Huguenots, and continued to profess the Huguenot doctrines, and to observe the austere rules of the sect, so far as regards their mode of worship, though sunk in vice and frivolous dissipation. The pious cant of his letters to Calvin, to Beza, and to the elders of Geneva, contrasts curiously with his amorous effusions to Isabella de Limeuil and other light loves, contained in the appendix to this book; but, in the case of a character like his, the contrast need not at all surprise us. He now and then attended the conventions held by the Huguenot chiefs and principal divines; more than once advocated, at some risk to himself, the cause of his party with the jealous Government; was usually on good terms with Coligny; and, though one of the many suitors of that Medusa of beauty, Mary Stuart, gave some proof of his religious sympathies by marrying a second Huguenot wife, upon the death of Eleanor of Roye. His time, however, was wholly passed amidst the amusements of the Court, or within the sphere of its dark intrigues; and there, surrounded by the surviving Guises, by

Montmorency, and the great Catholic noblesse, and often in the closet of the scheming Queen, he seemed anything rather than the head of the strict and suspected religious party. In truth, the reputation of Condé was that of a gay, feather-pated seigneur, who had taken up with the Reformers from pique, and had nothing really in common with them; and Catherine and the Government counted on his support in the policy they were now meditating. At this juncture the influence of Spain was again completely paramount at the Louvre; the celebrated interview at Bayonne between Catherine and Alva had taken place; the Protestants in the Low Countries were being pursued by fire and sword; and their brethren in France, not without reason, believed that they too were marked out for destruction. Though it is now known that the French Government did not then entertain this dark design, it was willing, at the bidding of Philip II., to disregard the Peace of Amboise; the privileges of the Huguenots were curtailed; fanaticism was again let loose against them; they were subjected to vexatious persecutions; nor can we doubt that the fears of their rulers alone saved them from the extreme of severity. Having assumed this attitude towards the sect, the Guises and Catherine repeated their efforts to detach Condé from the hated Reformers, and to deprive them of the support of a Prince of the Blood. They caressed him with gracious and insinuating art; bestowed his hereditary government on him; taught the King to treat him with peculiar respect; feigned to listen to his counsels and seek his friendship; endeavored to allure him by all the devices of false, unscrupulous, but fascinating perfidy.

This union, however, was apparent only. The gracious attitude and favor of the Court were the mere devices of conspiring treachery. While Catherine and the King pretended to seek the aid of the Huguenots against Spain, they were furnishing supplies to the soldiers of Alva on the frontier of Franche Comté and Flanders; and their conciliatory advances to Condé were followed by edicts against the Reformers. A personal disappointment of the Prince, however, was the immediate cause of an ac-

tual rupture. With him ambition was a stronger motive than the exigencies of a noble cause. Having been refused the sword of Constable—Montmorency was now in extreme old age—with a significant hint from the Duke of Anjou that "another commander would be found for the Swiss," Condé quitted the Court in a fit of anger, and within a few days appeared at the head of a band of Huguenot nobles and their retainers, only too eager to answer his summons. A foolish attempt, which, it is said, Charles IX. never afterwards forgave, to seize and carry off the King failed; but Condé's force having been quickly swelled by hundreds of fierce and resolute men, glad that the day of suspense was passed, he soon found himself in command of a little army 6,000 strong. The Government collected a body of troops to defend the capital and its neighborhood; and the aged Constable and the Duke of Anjou, who now commenced his ill-omened career, undertook to direct the military operations. Civil war thus broke out afresh; and Condé, believing himself in sufficient force, made demonstrations against Paris—a movement characteristic of his rash valor, and very injudicious. He was attacked in the plain of St. Denis by Montmorency with 18,000 men; and though he displayed no little ability in marshalling his troops to receive this attack, and he fought with his usual courage and vigor, he only gained time to make his retreat. The Duc d'Aumale has described this battle in his usual clear and happy style; but the death of Montmorency on the field, and the fact that it was the first encounter between the young Catholic noblesse of Paris and the stern Huguenot cavaliers of the provinces, are the chief points of interest in it. Condé fell back towards the German frontier to obtain reinforcements from the Protestants on the Rhine; and, having effected his junction with the Palatine Casimir, beyond the Moselle, at a spot near Metz, he returned by a long circuit to Orleans, having made this daring and perilous movement with complete success in the depth of winter. Though Coligny is entitled to a share in the credit—and it strongly resembles his celebrated advance after the disastrous battle of Moncontour—the Duc d'Aumale lays great stress on

this march as a proof of the strategic talents of Condé. He paints vividly the light-hearted heroism of the Prince in braving its hardships and dangers, and he evidently thinks it a remarkable operation, "that would have made a reputation for any commander." The Huguenots had by this time assembled at Orleans in imposing force, and Condé was able to take the field with not less than 30,000 men. But he again gave proof of the frivolity and want of judgment that were prominent features of his character; and having laid siege to the fortress of Chartres, he was induced, on the very eve of the assault, to accept terms from the French Government, which annulled the results of his brilliant exploits, and secured no real redress for his party. The "Cloaked Peace of Chartres," as it was called, concluded in 1568, renewed merely the Edict of Amboise, with some stipulations of no importance. Coligny and most of the Huguenot chiefs protested earnestly against its provisions; and, in this instance, we are happy to say, the Duc d'Aumale is on the side of the illustrious Admiral.

Why speak of peace when there is no hope of peace! might have been the exclamation of the Huguenots during the brief period that this truce lasted. From the Low Countries, where Egmont and Horn, with crowds of less famous victims, had perished on the scaffolds raised by the merciless Alva, and from Spain, blazing with the fires of the Inquisition, the baleful influence of Philip II. extended over France and its rulers, and throughout the kingdom enforced the doctrine that no faith was to be kept with heretics. Charles IX. and Catherine, who had recently obtained a large concession of Church lands by a promise to the Pope to put down the Huguenots, acquiesced in a renewal of the persecution; and the sect found itself again exposed to every kind of violence and outrage. We shall not draw out the dreary monotony of these scenes of proscription and crime, or enlarge on murders committed with impunity, on cruelties sanctioned by the provincial governors, on the licensed excesses of fanatical passion. Condé addressed a respectful remonstrance to the King; one of his letters contains an interesting account of the sufferings of the Reformers at a

time when peace and toleration nominally prevailed:—

"Sire, the misdeeds committed day after day, against us who, under your allegiance, are of the Reformed faith, make us write touching our grievances to you. I am the more emboldened because, without knowing wherefore, I am more pursued than any other person. Yet no one can say that I have disobeyed your edicts, and I do nothing save live in my own house, under the assurance of the public pledge given to your subjects in the presence of foreign Princes. Yet, notwithstanding, we see ourselves murdered, plundered, and ravaged, our wives violated, daughters torn from their parents, the great dismissed from their offices, officers deprived of their trusts, and all of us denounced as your enemies and those of this kingdom. And all this without an attempt to do us justice. Alas! Sire, to what an estate have we been reduced. We see the common people slaughtering your subjects and nobles and doing wickedness as it lists, without being checked or punished. That is a notable and terrible thing, as your Majesty knows better than I; and, what is more, they all say that they have a pass-word to commit these crimes, a matter I will not believe."

This tyranny was not long to be borne; in a few weeks civil war was raging in many parts of the distracted kingdom. Having received a timely warning from Tavannes—it is gratifying to record an instance of good faith among so many of foul treachery—Condé and Coligny hastened across the Loire; and, after a march, in Huguenot strain compared to the flight of Israel from Egypt, made their way with their families to Rochelle, thenceforward the bulwark of the Huguenot cause. This town, celebrated in former years for its valorous exploits against the Plantagenets, had lately resented an attempt made by the Government to subvert its privileges; and, deeply impregnated with the Protestant doctrines, through its commerce with England and the Low Countries, it welcomed with joy the illustrious fugitives. To Rochelle repaired the widowed Jeanne d'Albret—Anthony of Bourbon had died in the first civil war—with her son the youthful Henry of Navarre; and hundreds of Huguenots flocked in with their followers from Bearn, Poitou, and Gascony. Condé and Coligny assembled a considerable force; negotiations were renewed with Elizabeth; and the Admiral, with

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his instinctive perception that French Protestantism ought to incline towards the sea, labored diligently at the defences of La Rochelle. A series of military operations ensued. Two armies, under the command of the Duke of Anjou and the Duke of Montpensier, marched against Condé on different lines; and the region between the Loire and the Charente became the theatre of a succession of indecisive movements and combats. In March, 1569, Condé, at the head of his principal force, advanced towards the Charente, in order to rally a Huguenot detachment in Gascony; but he was headed by the Duke of Anjou, who, occupying the left bank of the stream, barred with his army any progress southward. The Prince now contemplated a march towards the north, to effect his junction with his supports on the Loire; but, either owing to his own hesitation, or to certain bad dispositions of Coligny, the Huguenot army on the right bank remained extended in disunited columns, that exposed a long flank to a daring enemy. Anjou, crossing the Charente at break of day, fell in force on the Reformers on the 13th; position after position was carried; and their scattered masses were quickly flying before the victorious Catholic horsemen. Condé was in the van with a few cavaliers; but, at the pressing summons of the Admiral, entangled in the broken centre and rear, he wheeled round, and endeavored to retrieve the day. We transcribe, from the Duc d'Aumale's narrative, this animated sketch of the mêlée that ensued; it brings out clearly the gallantry of Condé, and the effects of his sudden and dashing charge:—

"Condé had neither a foot soldier nor a gun. Out of the whole main battle he brought only two compagnies d'ordonnance, and some nobles and gentlemen in his train, in all three hundred horsemen. He has neither time to await the rest of his troops, nor the means of retreating; in a few minutes he will be surrounded on all sides. The moment he reaches the field he orders Coligny to charge the Duke of Guise with his whole cavalry. As for himself he will extricate the right wing and attack the massive columns of the Duke of Anjou. He calls for his arms. As he is putting on his helmet, the charger of La Rochefoucauld breaks his leg with a kick; one of his arms had already been disabled by a fall. Mastering the pain, he turns round to his cavaliers, and pointing to his injured limbs, and

to the device borne by his cornet, 'Doux le péril pour Christ et la patrie,' 'Here, nobles of France!' he exclaims, 'here is the wished-for time. Remember in what plight Louis of Bourbon goes into battle for Christ and his country.' So saying he bows his head, and with his three hundred lances falls on the eight hundred of Anjou. The charge was irresistible; every squadron yielded to the terrible shock; and the confusion was so great that, for a moment, the Catholics believed that the day was lost."

This success, however, was of brief duration; the Huguenot horsemen were soon surrounded by a surging tide of infuriated foes. After witnessing the fall of most of his companions, the Prince, wounded and unable to move, surrendered to two Catholic gentlemen. The fate of the gallant warrior was tragic:—

"The Royal cavalry continued the pursuit; its squadrons pass by the group that had been formed around Condé. The Prince soon perceived the red cloaks of the guards of Anjou. He points to them; D'Argence understands; 'Hide your face!' was his exclamation. 'Ah, D'Argence, D'Argence!' replied Condé, 'you cannot save me.' Covering his face like Cæsar, he awaited death; the unhappy man knew too well the perfidious hate of the Duke of Anjou, and his 'bloody counsels.' The Guards had passed, when their captain, Montesquieu, having heard the name of the prisoner, cries out, 'Tue, tue, mon Dieu,' and shatters the head of the captive with a pistol-shot."

The naked and bloody corpse of the Prince was carried on an ass through the Catholic camp. The Huguenot prisoners wept at the sight, and many of the Catholics turned away their heads; but Anjou spurned the remains with brutal levity. So died this brave and chivalrous man. Nor is it difficult to understand his character. Bold and generous, but light-headed and dissolute, Condé was never a genuine Huguenot at heart; he was not moved by the earnest convictions and fervent zeal of the men of religion. Nor did he sympathize truly with their cause; he joined it from disappointed ambition; he would sacrifice it for his own ends; his high birth and courtly associations divided him from its most noble adherents, and made them somewhat distasteful to him. An accident made him the head of his party, but he had not the genius to retain the position; the real leader was the illustrious Coligny; and Condé was merely

one of those brilliant personages who occasionally adorn important movements, but do not rule their course or decide their fate. Yet he was a good soldier and a princely gentleman, who, at a memorable crisis in the destiny of France, took what we believe was the patriotic side, and fought for it nobly to the death; nor shall we condemn, as mere treason, his imprudent negotiations with Elizabeth. It is unnecessary to say that, in some respects, this estimate of Condé is not that of the illustrious author of this work:—

"The Prince was dissolute, and often caused scandal; he agitated his country and opened its gates to foreigners; he fought against his King and abandoned the religion of his sires; these are the shadows on the picture. We do not attempt to justify him; yet we may say that his vices and his crimes, like his virtues and high deeds, were in a great measure those of his age. No doubt he became a Huguenot without deep religious conviction; but vexation and ambition were not his only motives. Fighting as he did under the standard of the Reformers, he was not only avenging injuries done to himself, he was contending for the independence of the nation and the Crown, and for a legitimate succession in serious danger; he opened the way to Henry IV."

The name and honors of Condé descended to his eldest son, Henry, a boy of seventeen. This young Prince had been carefully brought up with Henry of Navarre, by Jeanne d'Albret; unlike his father, he continued through life devoted in heart to the Reformed doctrines. Jeanne d'Albret, like the Spartan matron, despatched the cousins to the field at once; the Huguenot nobles proclaimed them their chiefs; but Coligny was still the real head of the cause. The youths served under the Admiral in the campaigns—described rather hastily by the Duc d'Aumale—in which Coligny, breathing the fire of his heroic spirit into the Reformers, succeeded, after repeated defeat, in wresting from the discomfited Government the favorable conditions of the Peace of St. Germain. During the short period when this great man directed the policy of the Louvre, Condé was often the guest of Catherine and Charles; and, as is well known, the double marriage of Henry of Navarre with Margaret of Valois, and his own with a Princess of the House of

Cleves, was the immediate prelude of the massacre of St. Bartholomew. In that night of horror and blood, when the palace of royalty became the shambles where fanaticism and perfidy slaughtered their victims, Condé, it is said, was the peculiar object of the fury and threats of the frenzied King; and but for the intercession of the Queen, he would have perished with other Princes of the Blood. Unlike his more supple and politic cousin, he resisted for a long time the mandates of the Court advising him to abjure his faith; but he yielded at last with avowed reluctance, and even consented to take part in the siege of his father's loved Rochelle during the reign of terror that followed the massacre. Unable, however, to acquiesce or temporize, Condé struggled to escape from this thralldom. The atrocities of the infatuated government having alienated many even of the Catholic nobles and the King's brother, the Duke of Alençon, the Prince listened to the overtures of this party—the germ of the great *parti politique* that ultimately became supreme in the kingdom—but, the designs of its leaders having been discovered, he was compelled suddenly to fly from France. He now threw off the mask of Catholicism he had worn with pain, and became the leader of the extreme section of the Reformers which drew its fierce inspirations from Geneva. Uncompromising and austere, his character befitted him to play this part; but a private wrong had quickened his hatred of the Court, for the licentious Anjou had loved his wife; and this adventure, made by Court poets and wits the theme of insolent verses and jests, had deeply wounded his sensitive nature. We shall not follow the Duc d'Aumale in his elaborate account of the career of the Prince during the troubled period of civil wars, broken by short intervals of unquiet peace, that France witnessed during the next few years. Condé, though he co-operated with them for a time, broke off from Alençon and his adherents, and the *politiques* headed by the heir of the Constable; he protested at the States-General of Blois against any tampering with "a corrupt creed," and resisted, as trifling with the Powers of Darkness, the efforts of the more temperate Huguenots to obtain freedom of worship for themselves, and

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to bind up the wounds of the distracted kingdom. He lived usually in state at La Rochelle—the rallying point of the violent Reformers who had received the name of the Counter League—and, in the varying phases of the long contest he led a series of expeditions against the Catholics in Poitou and Touraine. He was, however, on the whole unfortunate ; his abilities did not equal his zeal ; and, though estimated by his party as a hero, he failed in most of his military undertakings. He was often obliged to make his escape from France ; we find him soliciting aid from Germany, from Elizabeth, and from the Protestant Swiss Cantons against the common “Catholic enemy ;” and of all the Huguenot leaders he was the most open to the reproach of sacrificing the interests of the country to the passions of a sect.

Conduct such as this could not fail to annoy the Prince's cousin, Henry of Navarre, in the circumstances in which France was placed. Charles IX. had been for some years dead; the Crown had devolved on his brother Anjou, the feeble and degraded Henry III.; and it was evident that the decaying race of the Valois would leave no male descendants. Henry of Navarre had become the heir to the throne ; and though Henry of Guise and the League were dominant ; though Philip II. seemed on the point of annexing the crown of France ; and though Catherine and her worthless son, yielding to the force of a stronger will, pretended to uphold the Spanish policy—signs were not wanting that the cause of legitimacy would triumph with an able and popular leader. The excesses and unpatriotic baseness of the League had disgusted the moderate Catholics ; the *parti politique* was increasing in strength ; it already looked to the Huguenot Henry as its future sovereign, and the hope of the nation. That remarkable man—astute and calculating under the guise of merry, light-hearted frankness—endeavored to gain the support and attachment of this growing party of patriotism and good sense, the triumph of which would be his own ; and accordingly he condemned in his open way the obstinacy of Condé and the extreme Reformers ; nor can we doubt that his statesmanlike mind, broad, vigorous, and somewhat indifferent to

creeds, had no sympathy with the leader of a sect sincere, indeed, but ungenial and rigid. A coolness arose between the cousins ; and though no open rupture took place, and Henry was often in the field with Condé in their common enterprises against the League, they were separated in feelings, wishes, and objects. Catherine, with her usual Machiavellian art, endeavored to increase this estrangement ; ever seeking to compass her ignoble objects by dividing those whom she felt to be her enemies. But, unlike his silly and frivolous father, Henry was not to be the puppet of this woman. He had dallied among her squadron of Circles, and he had revelled in many an easy conquest, but no Kate had ever mastered that Hotspur. He had yielded graciously to imperious power, and had signed a willing obedience to it ; but he yielded merely for his well-considered ends ; he had counterplotted and baffled treachery ; and if he wore the fox's skin the strength of the lion was beneath it. Such a man, engaged in the arduous task of winning slowly his way to a throne, and of becoming the head of a great nation by a policy of conciliation and justice, in spite of the efforts of a dangerous confederacy, was not likely to make an open foe of the leader of a party still attached to him ; and although Henry pretended to humor the Queen, and at heart had little regard for Condé—he took care never to break with him. The cousins, throughout the civil war, continued upon the same side, though genuine friendship soon ceased to exist.

The Duc d'Aumale describes the feeling of Henry at this juncture with great ability ; his sketch is perhaps rather too favorable ; but we believe the outline is in the main correct :—

“ Navarre had had the art to seem to follow the counsels of his supporters, and of Condé among others, who, we need not say, always advocated extreme measures. In taking this attitude the Bearnese obliterated the divisions of the Huguenot party, and at the same time, by the Concordat of Magdeburg, strengthened the tie of religion that united him to the Queen of England and the Princes of Germany. Already, by frequent embassies and able diplomacy, he had prepared this result ; but, contrary to the example set by his party, he had not made one promise, or taken an engagement, that his subjects could reproach him with. In the same way he associated himself

with Montmorency, the most powerful of the *politiques*; this was a pledge of his wish to conciliate; not a word he uttered, not a sentence from his pen, deprived the moderate Catholics of the hope of seeing his ultimate conversion. Thus, while he acts for the present his eye is ever fixed on the future; discouragement does not reach his heart, and the excitement of the contest does not disturb his high intelligence. His deeds are often those of a party-chief, his language is always tolerant and dignified, as befits the future head of a great nation. As we trace, not only in his addresses to the great bodies of the state, but in his letters to private gentlemen, this far-sighted and magnanimous wisdom; as we follow in the details of his daily life that activity that nothing wearies, that presence of mind that nothing troubles, we understand how he came out victorious from that formidable and unequal struggle into which he entered with God his protector, and France his judge. God did not forsake him, and the verdict of the nation was for him; at the end of ten years he laid down his arms a Catholic and King of France."

In the summer of 1587 Henry and Condé were together in the field. After a feeble struggle to escape from his masters, the King had yielded to the commands of the League, and had promised to chastise the Huguenot rebels. Three armies had been set on foot under Guise, Joyeuse, and Henry himself; but the King hesitated behind the Loire; perhaps, with the usual perfidy of the Court, he delayed, to allow the contending parties to destroy each other to his own advantage. Some months passed in trifling operations; but in October the main Huguenot army, having marched southwards to obtain reinforcements, Joyeuse endeavored to cut it off, and, advancing with his troops towards the Dordogne, ordered one of his lieutenants, Matignon, to approach and join him upon that river. Henry and Condé, having occupied Coutras, forced themselves between the two Catholic armies, divided from each other by the Dordogne; and Henry, with true military insight, resolved to fall upon Joyeuse at once before the arrival of his colleague. The battle that followed is described by the Duc d'Aumale with admirable clearness; but we have space for a single scene only, the encounter of the Huguenot cavalry with the gay horsemen of the nobles of the League:—

"Condé, seeing the squadrons on his right broken, seeks to charge the victors, when an old captain, named Des Ageaux, seized the

reins of his horse, and exclaimed, 'That is not your game, it is there!'—and pointed out to him the cavalry of Joyeuse about to put itself in motion. At this critical moment the King of Navarre calls about him his cousins and principal officers, and addresses them in deep and resonant accents. 'My friends, here is a quarry very different from those you have taken before. Here is a bridegroom with his marriage presents in his pouch—the flower of the Court is with him. Will you be beaten by this fine dancer and these minions of the Court? Yes, we have them,' he exclaims; 'I see it in your faces. Yet, let us all believe that the event is in the hands of God; let us all pray for his aid. This will be the greatest deed we shall ever have done; be the glory to God, the service to the King our Sovereign Lord, the honor to us, the good result to the state.' Henry unheeds; the ministers Chandieu and Damours chant a prayer for the army, and the horsemen repeat in chorus the 12th verse of the 118th Psalm:—

'La voicy l'heureuse journée
Que Dieu a faict à plein désir.'

As each soldier was taking his place, the king stops his cousins—'Gentlemen,' he exclaims, 'I have but one thing to say—recollect that you are of the House of Bourbon. Please God I will show you I am your elder.' 'And we will prove good younger brothers,' was the reply of Condé."

Coutras was the first great Huguenot victory, and like the siege of Cahors, and Ivry afterwards, it entitles Henry to a considerable place among the distinguished captains of that age. The Duc d'Aumale thus comments on the battle, and on the military talents of Henry; but we still venture to think that the great Bourbon was inferior in genius, not only to Parma, who towers over all the generals of the time, but to Spinola, and probably to Maurice of Nassau:—

"The victory was the more glorious, inasmuch as it was gained over an army superior in numbers and nearly equal in quality. It was due to the heroism of the King, to his decision, his watchfulness, his quick perception, his intelligent tactics, to that creative instinct he employed in politics and in war alike, and which was to inspire him in the brilliant defensive engagement of Arques, on the day of Ivry, and on other occasions. The rare military qualities of Henry IV. are not sufficiently understood; the bright and amiable side of that noble figure has always been brought to light; the double genius he possessed has often remained in the shade. Every one knows the gay and witty Prince, the brave soldier and bold partisan; but the able commander, the

successful administrator, the great ruler, deserves the gratitude of France and the admiration of posterity. . . . Henry IV. perfectly understood war as it was waged in his own time, and his own country. As a tactician, his genius was creative; in arraying his troops and making a good use of his ground he was without a rival in his day; he sometimes felt the inspiration of a great commander in the general management of military operations; but he never attempted those deep combinations that prepare, delay, or bring on battles; strategy was unknown to him. Superior to all the French generals of that era, Henry IV. was unable to baffle any of the plans of the Duke of Parma. Perhaps, had the struggle between them been prolonged the vigor of his mind would have enabled him to imitate the science of his rival; perhaps too, Farnese, in the field, would have found it difficult to withstand the prompt resolution and energy of his adversary."

On the field of Coutras, Condé had displayed the hereditary valor of the race of Bourbon. He was thrown from his horse, and hurt inwardly by a lance-thrust, towards the close of the day; and his frame, always rather slender and delicate, was not strong enough to recover from the shock. After lingering a few months, he expired. His death led to unhappy consequences, that long darkened the lot of his family. In his wanderings he had won the heart of a noble lady of the House of La Tremouille, who had enabled him to return to La Rochelle from exile; he had married her, and there is no reason to doubt the conjugal fidelity of the Princess. But with the usual credulity of that age, his death having been ascribed to poison, a tale of adultery and murder was spread about; and his unfortunate widow, although pregnant, was thrown into prison, where she remained some years. The character of Condé is thus described by the Duc d'Aumale with discriminating skill:—

"He was more sincerely regretted by the Reformation than his father, though his services in their cause had been less brilliant. But he had espoused with eagerness their prejudices and fancies; and it is this for which parties are often most grateful, in the case of their followers and leaders alike. For the rest, the sincerity of his religious convictions gave him a title to their respect. He was austere in his morals, and strict in his principles. He was brave, determined, obstinate, and an unbending partisan. But in politics and war he was deficient in insight; his mind was narrow, not very just, and he did not possess that rare

gift of the King of Navarre—readiness for every turn in the game. He was unsuccessful in almost all his undertakings; his private and public life was an unhappy one, and yet he had a noble heart, he was easy, gracious, eloquent, like his father, but with a little shyness that made him somewhat difficult of access. Perhaps in another situation his qualities would have been better developed; but birth and merit alike left him in the second place only. Henry IV. holds such a position in history that those by his side appear insignificant."

Six months after the death of Condé his widow gave birth to a son who became the representative of his illustrious House. Like his father and grandfather, the infant grew to boyhood in the shadow of adversity, he shared in the sad fate of his mother, and was detained in one of the state prisons of France. The privations of the Princess and her child were severe; her letters show how hard, in that age, was the lot of even the most noble captives. Meanwhile France had passed successfully through a memorable revolution that decided her destiny. Unable to endure the tyranny of the League, and the violence of its insolent chief, Henry III. had conspired to destroy it, had compassed the death of Henry of Guise, had turned to Henry of Navarre in the extremity of his distress, and had closed a life of perfidy and crime by falling under the dagger of Jâques Clement. His title had devolved on Henry of Navarre, who, after a long and dubious struggle, marked by the days of Arques and Ivry, by the siege of Paris, and the triumphs of Passau, had ascended the throne, bringing to an end, by a conversion we must pronounce fortunate, an era of ruinous civil wars, and moderating the anger of religious factions, by a wise, impartial, and national government, and by noble measures of just toleration. For a time, however, the position of the King and of the country he ruled was extremely precarious. The waves of the tempestuous sea, through which he had steered with masterly skill, were still high though the storm had lulled; Spain was hostile, and the ascendancy of the House of Austria threatened the independence of France; the fierce passions of the League raged beneath the ashes of the extinct Confederacy. Henry IV., too, had no legitimate children. Mar-

garet of Valois, like almost all the offspring of Henry II. and Catherine of Medicis, being smitten, as it were, with decay and barrenness; and the Holy See opposed difficulties to the divorce and remarriage of a Prince, in its estimation almost a heretic, and utterly alien to Papal sympathies. Should, as seemed not unlikely, France be involved in foreign war or domestic troubles, her hopes would depend on a single life; what would be the fate, if, amidst these perils, the monarchy was left without a certain succession? These considerations turned the thoughts of Henry to the youthful scion of the house of Condé, who, though in captivity, now was the heir presumptive of the House of Bourbon. Yet much time elapsed before the Princess and her son regained their freedom, and this result was due, at last, to an accident. The legitimacy of the young Prince being challenged, the King hesitated to acknowledge, as a possible successor, one who might prove a mischievous Pretender; and, in truth, Henry had no regard for the son of a father he had secretly disliked. At last, in 1595, at the repeated instances of De Thou, who had made this concession the price of services in procuring the consent of the Parliament of Paris to the registration of one of the edicts of toleration, the prison doors of the captives were opened; the innocence of the Princess was proclaimed; and her son was declared the true heir to the honors and possessions of the race of Condé.

Nothing in the earlier career of this Prince requires particular notice from us. Notwithstanding the protests of the extreme Reformers, he was brought up in the Catholic faith; and, until the marriage of Henry IV. and Mary of Medicis proved fruitful, was treated as presumptive heir to the Crown. He was educated with care by great nobles and scholars, as became a Prince of the Blood; but though he acquired a taste for letters and some of the accomplishments of a grand seigneur, he was not fitted to shine at a Court ruled by a Gabrielle or a Marquise de Verneuil. Short, like his father, and not handsome, he was somewhat shy and awkward in manner; and his austere bearing and melancholy looks seemed out of place in the ballets of the Louvre, or the revelry of St.

Germains. In 1608 he married; and the circumstances connected with this marriage illustrate curiously the morals of that age, and were associated with events of the greatest moment. The King, flitting from light love to light love, in spite of cares of state and advancing years, had cast his eyes on Marguerite de Montmorency, the youngest daughter of the first of his nobles now holding the sword of the famous Constable. The lady had been promised to a youthful courtier, in after years the eminent Bassompierre; but Henry IV. resolved that her hand should be bestowed on the Prince of Condé, "that his nephew having no inclination for the fair, she might become the joy of his own old age." The marriage was celebrated with great pomp, the beauty of the bride and her exquisite grace being the theme of many a dainty verse; and the amorous monarch, on her return to Court, pursued the Princess with such open attentions, that even the dissolute dames of the Louvre "gossiped but too freely about his Majesty's conduct." Spite of the remonstrances of grave counsellors and the ill-restrained jests of many a gay noble, Henry IV. was continually at the lady's side, dressed, like a youth, in her favourite colors; the "foul chevalier" wrote often in passionate strains to his "bel ange;" though "roi, barbe grise, et victorieux," he would give up the world to bask in her smiles. The infatuation of the King was so great, that some act of royal violence was feared; and even the Court poet, the complaisant Malherbes, hinted that, in France, the authority of law ought to be paramount to the influence of love. After assuring Henry

"N'en doute point, quoi qu'il advienne,
La belle Oranthe sera tienne;
C'est chose qui ne peut faillir.
Le temps adoucira les choses,
Et tous deux vous aurez des roses
Plus que vous n'en saurez cueillir"—

he puts this complaint into the mouth of the King—

"Mais quoi ? ces lois dont la rigueur
Tiennent mes souhaits langeur
Régulent avec un tel empire,
Que si le ciel ne les dissout,
Pour pouvoir ce que je désire,
Ce n'est rien que de pouvoir tout."

It is unnecessary to dwell on the feel-

ings of the Prince who had been insulted by this discreditable passion. The King had always disliked his nephew, and had treated him as a vile and silly dupe; and Condé found himself made by his marriage a dishonorable instrument of Henry's pleasures. The Princess, too, it is said, showed no disinclination for her royal lover; she did not yield, but her heart was touched, or her vanity flattered, by his passionate adoration. Proud, sensitive, and knowing how ill he could compete with his uncle for a lady's favor, the Prince sought to conceal his shame in flight; he suddenly quitted his château of Muret, hurried with the Princess across the frontier, and, with a few attendants only in his train, took refuge at the little Court of Brussels. The Archduke, Albert of Austria, and Isabella of Spain, already alarmed at the hostile attitude of the ruler of France towards the Low Countries, were much annoyed at this apparition; but they tried to reconcile the claims of hospitality with meek deference to Henry IV.; and they received the Princess, with an intimation to Condé that being a fugitive from his liege lord, he could not continue in their dominions. The Prince was escorted across the Rhine; and for some months the Archdukes were beset by entreaties, remonstrances, and vehement threats on the part of the discomfited royal lover. Envoy after envoy was despatched, insisting that "the Prince and his innocent consort should be given up;" the Constable wrote repeatedly to his daughter, adjuring her to leave her "disloyal lord;" and, at last, the rumor spread that a French army would cross the frontier to reclaim the fugitives. Condé was summoned to Brussels by the terrified Archdukes; and it cannot be doubted that the Marquis de Cœuvres, the ambassador of Henry, made an attempt, in which Condé was perhaps included, to carry off the Princess by force. We transcribe a brief passage of the narrative:—

"Cœuvres made up his mind to try the enterprise; the 14th of February, 1610, being the day fixed for the Princess to go to the palace, he made his arrangements to carry her off in the night of the 13th or 14th. Spinola received information of the design a few hours before, and it was necessary to tell the news

to Condé. As was expected, the Prince could not master his vexation; he was not satisfied with demanding a guard from the Archduke, but filled the palace with his complaints, and ran through the town imploring assistance. The Prince of Orange, not less angry, called together all his friends, gave them arms, and told them to 'take and kill.' It was nightfall; the watch challenged each other with loud voices; pickets of cavalry traversed the streets preceded by torches; posts are set around the palace of the Prince of Orange; fires are lit, and the cry ran that the King of France was already at the gates."

This violence of Henry IV. exasperated the grandes at Brussels, and touched the pride and punctilious honor of the Spanish Government. The exquisite beauty of the Princess, too, to which the Archduke Albert and the illustrious Spinola paid loyal homage, with many others, enlisted sympathy for her cause; and though her husband was treated with the pleasantry and scorn that persons in his situation meet with, it was thought a foul wrong that one so fair should be handed over to a royal adulterer. At Brussels, too, and even at the Escorial, it was argued that it would be good policy to support Condé against his sovereign. The House of Austria and Spain, it was felt, would soon be involved in war with France; and, in that event, the alliance of Condé, a Prince of the Blood, and the possible leader of a discontented party among the Huguenots, who had never forgotten his father's name, might be of great, nay paramount importance. The traditions of the influence of the Constable of Bourbon appear to have determined the Spanish statesmen. Condé was received in high state at Milan, and promised the protection of Philip III.; and the Archdukes were incited to defy the menaces of the King of France. Henry IV., divided between anger and love, summoned his nephew to appear and answer for his crimes, and wrote in ardent and tender phrase to the Princess to fly to her lover. The affair engaged the pens and the thoughts of the foremost diplomats of the age; and the wrongs of Condé and the claims of his sovereign were discussed in hundreds of grave state-papers. Meanwhile Henry IV. quickened the preparations he had been making for war; the nobles of France were called to arms; the roads of the kingdom were covered with

troops in such numbers and martial force as never had been beheld before; and while Austria and Spain were threatened in the Alps, in Savoy, and along the Pyrenees, the King marshalled his principal army with the avowed object of invading Belgium. The court poet only echoed the voice of general rumor, that the Princess of Condé was the origin of the fast approaching contest.

More than one writer has followed Malherbes, and has ascribed the memorable war that ensued to the wild passion of the bewitched King. The rupture may have been accelerated by it, but it would be disregarding the broad facts of history, and misinterpreting the character of a sovereign—great notwithstanding some serious faults—to suppose that the question really turned on any such petty or personal matter. Henry IV. had for many years foreseen that a struggle between France, Austria, and Spain was inevitable, and was necessary to the greatness of his kingdom; he had made immense preparations for it, with the foresight and energy of a true statesman; and, backed by the Protestant princes of Germany, by the Duke of Savoy, by Holland, and Venice, he was ready for the field in 1610. The bright eyes of Marguerite de Montmorency had little really to do with the work that was the crown of his political life; if love hastened his purpose, wisdom had formed it and brought it slowly to full maturity; and, in fact, the immediate cause of the war was the disputed succession of Juliers and Cleves, nor did the tardy consent of the Archdukes to give up the Princess of Condé delay hostilities even for an instant. We entirely agree with the Duc d'Aumale in his judgment on Henry's motives and conduct:—

" If Henry IV. took a kind of guilty pleasure in occupying himself about the Princess Condé; if he continued to pursue, with rather a feigned ardor, this fancy of his declining years, his genius remained undisturbed and free, his policy did not change. That the Low Countries would have been invaded sooner or later, according to circumstances, cannot be doubted by anyone who has studied the projects of Henry IV. The result would have been the same had he never become the lover of the Princess . . . It was not, we must own, by noble means, not by the glorious daring of Launcelot or Tristram, that the King sought to recover the lady of his love; he could amuse himself by embroidering the

cipher of his mistress upon his scarf, and yet have little in common with the heroes of the Round Table. Yet, we have a right to say, it was not as a paladin, but as a great captain and a great king, that he made war. Amorous caprice neither inspired his plans nor changed them. As we study the extent and completeness of his military preparations, the depth and perfection of his combinations; as, we examine the resources he had collected, and the alliances he had secured beforehand,—as, in a word, we contemplate the situation of France and Europe, we must tear up the romance of chivalry that has been attributed to a personage by no means romantic."

The melancholy death of the great King for a time changed the political situation, and Condé at once returned from exile. The present volumes stop at this point; their successors will continue the life of the Prince, and will doubtless unfold the splendid career of his more celebrated and illustrious descendant, the "Great Condé of Rocroy and Fribourg." Our estimate of this part of this work may be gathered from what we have already written. The Duc d'Aumale has traced with masterly skill the details of the religious wars of France. In this respect his labors are of permanent value to French history. He has sketched, too, with vigor and accuracy, many of the personages of this stirring era; has described, admirably, the policy and character of Henry IV.; and has occasionally interspersed his narrative with judicious and very happy comments. We do not, however, coincide with his views of the great Huguenot movement in France, of the conduct of its principal leader, Coligny, or of the attitude of the Government of France towards it; here, we think, the Duc has yielded to the influence of traditions far from the sober truth. But we have read his book with extreme pleasure; it throws a great deal of new light on a tract of time of enduring interest; it assures us that the scions of the House of Bourbon still shine as brilliantly in the walks of letters as in the more conspicuous avenues to glory and fame. Nothing but opportunity has been wanting to enable the Duc d'Aumale to fill a page in history as brilliant as any that records the exploits of the most illustrious of his race. He, like them, was born with courage and genius

" To make him famous by the pen,
And glorious by the sword."

The modest dignity of his life, as an English country-gentleman, has not effaced the recollection of his early achievements as a French soldier; and a culti-

vated taste for letters has added a charm to a character which awaits only the call of his country to be great.

Fraser's Magazine.

TO KNOW, OR NOT TO KNOW?

BY FRANCES POWER COBBÉ.

THE father of Grecian philosophy held that "Man was created to know and to contemplate." The father of Hebrew philosophy—whose "Song" if not his "Wisdom" is canonical, and whose judgment if not his life is supposed to have been divinely guided—taught the somewhat different lesson: "He that increaseth Knowledge increaseth sorrow."

We have been, more or less steadily, trying the validity of Solomon's dictum for about three thousand years. Would it be premature to take stock of the results, and weigh whether it be really for human well-being or the reverse that Knowledge is increasing, not only at the inevitable rate of the accumulating experience of generations, but also at the highly accelerated pace attained by our educational machinery? It is at least slightly paradoxical that the same State should call on its clergy to teach as an infallible truth, that "he that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow," and at the same time discuss in its Senate, as if it were a highly benevolent measure, universal compulsory education.

I fear that the prejudice in favor of knowledge is so potent that no reader will give me credit for entering on this inquiry in any other spirit than one of banter. Nevertheless I propose in the present paper, to the best of my ability, to examine the general bearings of book-knowledge upon human happiness and virtue, and so attain to some conclusion on the matter, and decide whether Solomon did or did not give proof of profound sagacity in originating the axiom that "Ignorance is bliss" in the usual negative form of Hebrew verities; and also in foretelling (nearly thirty centuries before the present London publishing season) that "of the making of

books there is no end." Knowledge, like other evils, it seems, is infinitely reproductive.

The larger and simpler objections to book-lore lie on the surface of the case. First. Health, bodily activity, and muscular strength are almost inevitably exchanged in a certain measure for learning. Ardent students are never vigorous or agile; and in the humbler ranks, the loss of ruddy cheeks and stalwart limbs among the children of the peasantry, after schools have been established in a village, has been constantly observed. The close and heated class-rooms in which the poor urchins sit (as often as not with clothes and shoes drenched through with rain or snow) form a bad exchange, in a physical point of view, for the scamper across the common, and the herding of sheep on the mountain. Observers best acquainted with Wales, wherein till recently were to be seen the finest young girls in the British Isles, pronounce that the breed has died out under the combined influence of hot school-rooms, long skirts, thin boots, and the wretched French bonnets which have been substituted for the national sensible dress and the hereditary hat of sturdy generations. Let us put the case at its lowest. Suppose that out of three persons who receive an ordinary book-education, one always loses a certain share of health; that he is never so vigorous as he would have been, and is more liable to consumption, dyspepsia, and other woes incident to sedentary humanity, of which again he bequeaths a share to his offspring. Here is surely some deduction from the supposed sum of happiness derivable from knowledge. Can all the flowers of rhetoric of all the poets make atonement for the loss of the bounding pulse, the light free step, the cool brain of perfect health?

Secondly. It is not only the health of life's noon and evening which is more or less compromised by study ; they are the morning hours of life's glorious prime, hours such as never can come again on this side heaven, which are given to dull dog-s-eared books and dreary copies, and sordid slates ; instead of to cowslips and buttercups, the romp in the hay-field, and the flying of the white kite, which soars up into the deep, dark blue and carries the young eyes after it, where the unseen lark is singing and the child-angels are playing among the rolling clouds of summer. There was once a child called from such dreams to her lesson—the dreary lesson of learning to spell possibly those very words which her pen is now tracing on this page. The little girl looked at her peacock, sitting in his glory on the balustrade of the old granite steps, with nothing earthly ever to do but to sun himself and eat nice brown bread, and call "Pea-ho!" every morning ; and the poor child burst into a storm of weeping, and sobbed, "I wish I were a peacock ! I wish I were a peacock !" Truly Learning ought to have something to show to compensate for the thousand tears shed in similar anguish ! All school-rooms are the ugliest, dullest, most airless and sunless rooms in the houses where they exist ; and yet in these dens we ruthlessly imprison children day after day, year after year, till childhood itself is over, never, never to return. And then the young man or woman may go forth freely among the fields and woods, and find them fair and sweet ; but never so fair or so sweet as they were in the wasted years of infancy. Who can lay his hand on his heart, and say that a cowslip or a daffodil smells now as it used to smell when it was so much easier to pluck it quite on our own level ? Do strawberries taste as they did ? and is there the same drop of honey in each of the flowerets of the red clover ? Are modern kittens and puppies half so soft and so funny as they were in former days when we were young ? No one will dare affirm any of these things who has reached years of discretion. Is it not then a most short-sighted policy, —giving away of a bird in the hand for a bird in the bush—to sacrifice the joyous hours of young existence for the value of advantages (if advantages indeed they

be) to be reaped in later and duller years ? Watch a child at play, O reader, if you have forgotten your own feelings. Let it be Coleridge's

Little singing, dancing elf,
Singing, dancing by itself.

Catch, if your dim orbs are sharp enough, those cloudless blue eyes looking straight into yours, and hear the laugh which only means the best of all possible jokes, "*I am so happy !*" Then go to your stupid desk, and calculate algebraically what amount of classics and mathematics are equivalent to that ecstasy of young existence, wherein

Simply to feel that we breathe, that we live,
Is worth the best joy which life elsewhere can give.

The pagan Irish believed in a paradise for the virtuous dead, and called it "Innis-na-n Oge," the "Island of the Young." We all live there the first dozen years of mortality ; and unless we are unusually excellent, I fear it may be long before we arrive at a better place.

But hitherto it has been taken for granted, that the little prisoners of the school-room are all sure to live and come into their fortunes of erudition, earned with so many tear-blister on their lesson-books. Of course, however, this is far from being the true state of the case. The poor little child, whose happiness—innocent, certain, and immediate happiness—is bartered so ruthlessly for the remote and contingent benefit of his later years, may very probably never see those years at all ; nay, in a fixed average number of cases, it is absolutely certain that he will not grow into a man. Can anything be much more sad than such an abortive sacrifice ? Who does not remember Walter Scott's "Pet Marjory," with her infantine delights in her visits to the country and the calves and the geese, and the "bubbly-jocks ;" and how she wrote down in her private journal that she was learning the multiplication table, and that seven times seven was a "divlisch thing," and quite impossible to acquire ; and how, when somehow, at last even the still more dreadful "eight times eight" had been lodged in her poor little brains, there came a day when she cried suddenly to her mother, "Oh, my head ! my head !" and then in a few brief hours there was

an end of lessons and their advantages for Marjory for ever? If, as philosophers say, the multiplication table must hold good in all worlds for ever, at least we feel assured that, whichever of them may be destined to be the heaven of children, there will be there found some easier way of acquiring it than those made use of here.

And yet again, when some ardent lad has passed through school and college, foregoing all the sports of his age, and receiving prizes and honors, till he stands a first-class man of Oxford or Cambridge, and his father's sacrifices and his mother's yearnings, and all his own gallant and self-denying labors seem on the point of reaping their reward, how often does it come to pass that, with the close of the struggle, comes the reaction, the decline, the hasty journey abroad, the hoping against hope, and then the end? The pride of a noble race, with every capacity in him to become a happy and a useful man, dies, simply of Education, while his plough-boy foster-brother lives on, hale and hearty, to old age. Truly, if we count all the promising young men in England who have thus fallen during the last half-century, we may begin to doubt whether Balaklava were more fatal than these wild efforts to assault the strongholds of learning.

Thirdly. There is the waste of Eyesight in education. It is understood, when we see a young man with the "light of the body" dimmed behind glass spectacles, that he has hurt his eyes by poring over books. A farmer, a sportsman, or a soldier, purblind at twenty-five or thirty, is a rare thing to see. It is the scholar, lawyer, or divine who has paid the penalty of seeing God's beautiful world evermore through those abominable bits of glass. And for what mighty advantage? Again I say, it ought to be something excessively valuable for which a man will exchange the apple of his eye. Suppose Bowman or Turnbull were to ask a blind gentleman a fee of a thousand pounds to give him back his sight? The blind man, if he possessed the money, would doubtless pour it out like water to obtain the priceless boon of vision. And this is the gift which thousands exchange for a very moderate acquaintance with the Greek language!

Half the vast Teutonic nation beholds the universe from behind spectacles—all owing, no doubt, to their vaunted compulsory education, aided by their truculent black types. And we, open-eyed Britons, who are wont to view a fox a dozen fields off, and mark a pack of grouse across a valley, we are called upon, forsooth, to admire and follow in the steps of those barnacled Prussians!

Such are three of the most obvious losses to be placed in the scale against the gains of knowledge—the loss to many of bodily health; to all of the unshackled freedom of childhood; and to not a few of perfect eyesight.

But we cannot suppose it was to any of these things Solomon alluded when he linked Knowledge and Sorrow in one category. It is not likely that those studies of his about the hyssop and other matters injured his health; nor that the royal sage sate on his famous ivory throne to receive the Queen of Sheba in a pair of spectacles. As to the loss of the pleasures of childhood, his well-known opinion about the value of the rod (to which the conduct of his son Rehoboam afforded so splendid an illustration) makes it probable that he would have highly approved of the torture of infants through the instrumentality of lessons. Knowledge and sorrow had some other connection in his mind, no doubt; and that connection we have still to mark.

It is a paradox, only too readily verified, that the Mind as well as the body suffers in more ways than one from the acquirement of book-knowledge. In the first place, the Memory, laden with an enormous mass of facts and accustomed to shift the burden of carrying them to written notes and similar devices, loses much of its natural tenacity. The ignorant clodhopper always remembers the parish chronicles better than the scholarly parson. The old family servant, who is strongly suspected of not knowing how to write, and whose spectacles are never forthcoming when there is any necessity to read, is the living annalist of the house, and was never yet known to forget an order, except now and then on purpose. Not only are the interests, and

consequently the attention and retentive powers, of illiterate persons monopolized by the practical concerns of life and the tales of the past which may have reached their ears, but they have actually clearer heads, less encumbered by a multitude of irrelevant ideas, and can recall whatever they need at a moment's notice, without tumbling over a whole lumber-room full of rubbish to get at it. The old Rabbinical system of schooling, which mainly consisted in the committal to memory of innumerable aphorisms and *dicta* of sages and prophets, possessed this enormous advantage over modern instruction—that whatever a man had so learned, he possessed at his finger's ends, ready for instant use in every argument. But, as half the value of knowledge in the practical details of life depends on the rapidity with which it can be brought to bear at a given moment on the point at issue, and a ready-witted man will not merely outshine in discussion his slow-brained antagonist, but fore-stall and outrun and excel him in every conceivable way, save in the labors of the library—it follows, that to sacrifice the ready money of the mind for paper hard to negotiate, is extremely bad economy. Mere book learning, instead of rendering the memory more strong and agile, accustoms it to hobble on crutches.

Other mental powers suffer even more than the memory by the introduction of books. That method which we familiarly call the "Rule of Thumb,"—that is, the method of the Artist,—is soon lost when there come to be treatises and tables of calculation to form instead the Method of the Mechanic. The boats of Greece are to this day *sculptured* rather than wrought by the shipwrights, even as the old architects cut their marble architraves by the eye of genius trained to beauty and symmetry, not by the foot-rule of precedent and book-lore. The wondrous richness and harmony of coloring of Chinese and Indian and Turkish stuffs and carpets and porcelain, are similarly the result, not of any rules to be reduced to formulæ, but of taste unfettered by pattern books, unwarped by Schools of Art-Manufacture, bequeathed through long generations each acquainted intimately with the aforesaid "rule of thumb."

For the Reasoning powers, the noblest in the scale of human faculties, it may be fairly doubted whether the modern increase of Knowledge has done much to strengthen them, when we find ourselves still unprotected by common sense against such absurdities as those which find currency amongst us. No fetichism of African savage, no Tartar demonology, no Egyptian magic, can ever have been more ignominiously puerile, more grovelling in its imbecility, than modern spirit-rapping. What evidence does not its popularity (now of twenty years' duration) in Europe and America, afford of the sort of training of the reasoning powers which has co-existed with our boasted educational progress, our university educations, and competitive examinations, and all the cumbrous machinery of the present day for instructing the million in the rudiments of omniscience! Men are treated amongst us like fowls, crammed to the crop with facts, facts, facts, till their digestion of them is wholly impaired. Were we truly deserving of the title of rational creatures, it would be no more needful for people of sense to expose the imposture of mediums than it would be to follow Punch about the streets, and explain to the audience of urchins that the puppets are not really alive, but moved by a man underneath. Let any one consider for a moment what a length and breadth of absurdity is involved in the hypothesis of the action of spirits on upholstery, and then ask what avails the knowledge which leaves people at the mercy of such crass imposition?

As to the Imagination, books are like the stepping-stones whereon fancy trips across an otherwise impassable river to gather flowers on the further bank. But it may be questioned whether the reading eye ever really does the same work as the hearing ear. The voice of tradition bears, as no book can do, the burden of the feelings of generations. A ballad learned orally from our mother's lips seems to have far other meaning when we recall it, perchance long years after that sweet voice has been silent, than the stanzas we perused yesterday through our spectacles in a volume of *Elegant Extracts*.

Such are the somewhat dubious results of book-lore on the faculties exercised in its acquisition. It is almost needless to remark that there are also certain positive vices frequently engendered by the same pursuit. Bacon's noble aphorism, that "a little knowledge leads to atheism, but a great deal brings us back to God," needs for commentary that "a little" must be taken to signify what many people think "much." Read in such a sense, it applies not only to religious faith but to faith in everything, and most particularly to faith in knowledge itself. Nobody despises books so much as those who have read many of them; except those still more hopeless infidels who have written them. Watch the very treatment given to his library by a book-worm. Note how the volumes are knocked about and left on chairs, and scribbled over with ill-penned notes, and ruthlessly dog-eared and turned down on their faces on inky tables, and sat upon in damp grass under a tree! Contrast this behavior towards them with the respectful demeanor of unlettered mortals, who range the precious and well-dusted tomes like soldiers on drill on their spruce shelves; nobody pushed back out of the line, nobody tumbling sideways against his neighbor, nobody standing on his head! History is not jumbled ignominiously with romance; moral treatises are not made sandwiches of (as we have beheld) between the yellow covers of Paul de Kock, and "Sunday books" have a prominent pew all to themselves, where they are not rubbed against by either profane wit or worldly wisdom. Such is the different appreciation of literature by those to whom it is very familiar and by those to whom it preserves still a little of the proverbial magnificence of all unknown things.

We used to hear, some years ago, so much about the Pride of Learning, that it would be a commonplace to allude to that fault among the contingent disadvantages of study. One of the Fathers describes how he was flogged by an angel for his predilection for Cicero—an anecdote which must have made many a school-boy, innocent of any such error, feel that life was only a dilemma between the rods of terrestrial and celestial pedagogues. But it is obvious that the

saint had in his mind a sense that the reading of *Tusculan Disputations* had set him up—saint though he was—above the proper spirit of implicit docility and unqualified admiration for mere sacred instructions. The critical spirit, which is, in fact, the inevitable accompaniment of high erudition, is obviously a good way off from that ovine frame of mind which divines, in all ages, have extolled as the proper attitude for their flocks. Nay, in a truer and better sense than that of the open-mouthed credulity so idly inculcated, it must be owned that, short of that really great knowledge of which Bacon spoke and which allies itself with the infinite wisdom of love and faith, there are few things more hurtful to a man than to be aware that he knows a great deal more than those about him. The main difference between what are called self-made men and those who have been educated with their equals, is that the former, from their isolation, have a constant sense of their own knowledge, as if it were a Sunday coat, while the others wear it easily, as their natural attire. The best thing which could happen to a village Crichton would be to be mercilessly snubbed by an Oxford don. The days when women were "Précieuses" and "Blue Stockings" were those in which it was a species of miraculous assumption for virgins to be taught Latin.

But, passing over the injury to healthy eyesight and mental vigor contingent on learning and the moral faults not rarely engendered thereby, I proceed to ask another question. What is the practical value of the knowledge bought at such a price, and heaped together by mankind during the thirty centuries since Solomon uttered his warning? How has it contributed to their welfare?

It will be promptly answered, that on this point all is clear. Science has unquestionably reduced the least doubtful of all evils—physical pain. Granted: I admit it. Opium and chloroform are more precious to mankind than silver and gold; and the withering of the bark tree would be a far worse disaster than the submergence of Golconda. But are the results of knowledge, of a medical and surgical sort, wholly beneficial, and

to be thrown unhesitatingly into the scale of human happiness? Formerly, of course, as we all know, the Manichean idea prevailed, that the more painful and revolting were the remedies applied, the more certain it was that they would prove beneficial. The agony of some practices, and the incredible nastiness of many potions in vogue a century or two ago, must have constituted by no means a small addition to the ills to which flesh is heir. St. John Long, a famous quack of the last generation, burned holes in the spines of his patients. Till quite of late years, people in fevers were refused drink, and kept in heated rooms with closed windows. A gentleman now living was treated, when a child, for small-pox by being placed between two fat nurses in bed, and loaded with blankets. In earlier times, the rooms of royal patients were hung with scarlet to complete the maddening process. Here are some prescriptions, culled from a learned work, the *Aurora Chymica; or, A Rational Way of Preparing Animals, Vegetables, and Minerals for a Physical Use.* London, 1672.

"Take what animal soever thy fancy liketh. Kill it, but separate nothing of its impurities, as feathers, hoofs, hair, &c. Bray all in a mortar. Put it into a vessel for putrefaction, and put into it of the blood of animals of the same species so much as may cover it. Shut close the vessel and set it to putrefy *in fimo equino* for forty days," &c., &c. Eventually this is to be swallowed!

"Chap. III. A Mummiall Quintessence.—Take of the flesh of a sound young man, dying of a violent death about the middle of August. This produceth wonderful effects in preserving and restoring health." "The Quintessence of Man's Blood" is made of about 5 lb, taken "when Mercury is above the horizon in spring;" that of "Man's Bones," of the "bones of a man buried not fully a year." This last, we are assured, is "a noble remedy against all arthritic pains!" Will any one deny that the ingenious inventor had discovered a method of effecting what might have seemed beyond human skill—a new horror added to the gout?

But does the reader say that increased knowledge has freed us from the evils of

less perfect science, and that we have done with quackery and bad surgery now? Alas! the poor woman immortalized as having "suffered many things of physicians," has never been an isolated example in any age. The Pope's recent command to the physicians at Rome to abandon patients who after three days' illness declined to confess to their spiritual advisers was an instance of what may be truly called merciful severity to heretics. Would that poor Cavour had been subjected to such tyranny! Even in England I marvel how many thousands there may be of confirmed cripples and hopeless invalids, whose condition is due neither to nature nor to any accident which the blessed *vis medicatrix naturæ* would not have cured, but to their medical attendants' misuse of drugs, surgical operations, and hydropathic "packing." In a celebrated bathing establishment abroad, the resident physician assured me that numberless patients arrived every year in the hopes (which always proved vain), that the waters might restore the power of motion to joints permanently stiffened by splints and other abominable inventions applied to simple sprains. Bereaved families might very commonly inscribe over the tombs of departed friends, addicted to the pursuit of health through the medium of medical experiments, the Italian epitaph—

Stava bene;
Per voler star meglio
S'io qui.

But there is another point on which the supposed benefits of Medical Knowledge may be yet more safely challenged. The laws of nature are so arranged, that when animals are born feeble, or deformed beyond a certain point, they perish at once; and when they become diseased and blind, or maimed and incapable of seeking their food, a period is very shortly put to their sufferings. But we human beings, in whose finer nerves pain is probably felt in its intensest shape—we who alone look for a nobler and a happier existence when "this muddy vesture of decay" ceases to wrap us in—we have secured for ourselves, by our science, the proud privilege of prolonging life, when life means helplessness, blindness, distortion, anguish, and imbecility! We live on, if it be indeed

to live as a slavering idiot, a motionless paralytic, an agonized victim of cancer, still we live, while the happier bird perishes in the nest, and the stricken beast lies down in the forest and expires. Truly it is a splendid achievement, a noble conquest over merciful Nature! Whenever men and women speak freely of such things, they whisper of terrible cases of remediless malady; the failing brain and the wearied, tortured frame longing for the rest of the grave, yet kept on, week after week and month after month, in misery unutterable; a spectacle of shame and woe to the eyes of love, the glory and the triumph of medical skill. The word goes round the circle of listeners, "Why keep him alive? Why prolong such suffering? His inability to recover is as certain as any other fact on which we rest moral responsibility." But it is a mere murmur, which is never allowed to have the slightest effect. We are answered (and very possibly wisely) that it would be impossible to permit doctors to decide whether or not they should exercise the utmost resources of science to prolong life under all circumstances. This may be so. But shall we then laud the acquisition of that science, as if it were the source only of comfort and ease to humanity? Shall we not rather say, that for a thousand sufferers in England at this moment, our boasted medical discoveries are simply discoveries of the dreadful Art of Prolonging Agony; the removal of Nature's beneficent limit to pain; the barring the way of a release with the awful responsibility of murder?

Again, it has been already shown by another writer in *Fraser's Magazine*, how the law of the "Survival of the Fittest," like that of the speedy death of the incurably suffering, is defeated, in the case of Man, by our science and our social arrangements. It is not the most vigorous, the best-constituted individuals of the species who, in civilized countries, are the parents of the future generations. The sickly, the deformed, the intemperate and depraved, the inheritors of the most frightful diseases, —if they have but wealth enough to command the resources of science, have a chance of existence prolonged enough to bequeath their debased type, their imperfect organization, to sons and

daughters of similar misery. Truly it is good to amend the sanitary conditions under which humanity exists; but it does not appear a very glorious achievement to improve them just so far as, and no further than, to make it possible for a diseased and stunted population to exist and multiply. Nor can we close this part of our subject without giving a thought to the sufferings incurred by the harmless animals in the acquisition of this medical knowledge for the benefit of man. There is a horrid story of Cæsar Borgia taking a bath of blood, to cure the poison which he had meant for another and swallowed by mistake. Have we not thus, in a sense, bathed in the blood of the poor dogs and rabbits, and frogs and horses, which vivisectors have cut up alive to enable us to escape the penalty of our own sins and follies? Do the cries of all those innocent sacrifices on the altar of the Moloch of science count for nothing in the way of an "increase of sorrow?"

But Medicine is only one science out of a hundred; though it is the one which claims to be the most immediately and unmistakably conducive to human welfare. It would lead us too far to ask how many other forms of Knowledge tend to the same mixed results of good and evil; how many inventions have, like the guillotine, been meant for mercy and used for cruelty; how many manufactures have been the origin of absolutely new forms of disease and "sundry kinds of death." The martyrs of science are by no means only those who have won and worn its crown of glory. There are also martyrs by hundreds in obscure workshops, amid blinding dust and choking splinters, and poisonous fumes, undergoing, all over England, the torture on her behalf.

Of course many of the mechanical arts, from cookery up to the electric telegraph, have immensely added to the gratification of human passions and instincts, nor shall I question whether the greatest part of their action has not been beneficial. But that some evil has crept in along with the good cannot be denied. What gout and dyspepsia we owe to gastronomy! What drunkenness and woe to Noah's discovery of the use of the vine! What luxury, vanity, and sin, to the arts of dress and jewellery!

What restlessness and wear and tear of brain (amounting to the *gulping* of all pleasure rather than tasting it) to rapid locomotion and the penny-post!

In a moral point of view, even as Art too often gilds sensuality, and renders it attractive to souls otherwise above its influence, so Knowledge forever must open new roads to temptation, and take off from sin that strangeness and horror which is one of the best safeguards of the soul. The old jest of the confessor, who asked the penitent whether he did such and such dishonest tricks, and received the reply, "No, Father, but I will do them next time," was only a fable of one form of the mischief of knowledge; and that not the most fatal form either. To know how to do wrong is one small step towards doing it. To know that scores and hundreds and thousands of people, in all lands and ages, have done the same wrong, is a far larger encouragement to the timidity of guilt. Not only is it dangerous to know that there is a descent to Avernus, but specially dangerous to know that it is easy and well-trodden. Dr. Watts was injudicious, to say the least of it, to betray to children that the way to perdition is a

Broad road, where thousands go,
which, moreover,

Lies near, and opens fair.

Better let people suppose if possible that it has become quite out of fashion, like the drive on the north side of the Serpentine.

The records of Newgate bear testimony to the fact that the publication of the details of any remarkable murder, and even its public punishment, acted not so much as warnings against guilt, as suggestions for its commission; and set weak brains cogitating on scenes of blood, till one might imagine Bill Sykes under the gallows exclaiming, in noble emulation—

Anch' io sono omicidio!

Many offences, such as drunkenness, debauchery, swindling, adultery, and false weights, are diseases propagated, chiefly if not solely, like small-pox and canine madness, by direct infection, conveyed in the knowledge that A. B. C. and D. do the same things. David (or whoever it was that did the cursing in the Psalms) was not so far

wrong to be angry; and divines need not be so anxious to excuse him for being so, when he saw the "wicked" "flourishing like green bay trees." Such sights are, to the last degree, trying and demoralizing.

In a yet larger and sadder sense, the knowledge of the evil of the world, of the baseness, pollution, cruelty, which have stained the earth from the earliest age till this hour, is truly a knowledge fraught with dread and woe. He who can walk over the carnage field of history and behold the agonies of the wounded and the fallen, the mutilations and hideous ruin of what was meant to be such beautiful humanity; he who can see all this, aye, or but a corner of that awful Aceldama, and yet retain his unwavering faith in the final issue of the strife, and his satisfaction that it has been permitted to human free will, must be a man of far other strength than he who judges of the universe from the peaceful prosperity of his parish, and believes that the worst of ills is symbolized by the stones under which "the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep." Almost every form of knowledge is some such trial of faith. Look at zoology and palaeontology. What revelations of pain and death in each hideous artifice of jagged tooth, and ravening beak, and cruel claw! What mysterious laws of insect and fungus life developed within higher organisms to whom their presence is torture! What savage scenes of pitiless strife in the whole vast struggle for existence of every beast and bird, every fish and reptile! Turn to ethnology, and gather up the facts of life of all the barbarian tribes of Africa and Polynesia; of the countless myriads of their progenitors; and of those who dwelt in Europe and Asia in bygone aeons of prehistoric time. Is not the story of these squalid, half-human, miserable creatures full of woe? Our fathers dreamed of a Paradise and of a primal couple dwelling there in perfect peace and innocence. We have at last so eaten of the Tree of Knowledge, that Eden has disappeared from our vision; and instead thereof we behold the earliest parents of our race, dwarf and hirsute, shivering and famished, contending with monsters in a desert world, and stung

and goaded by want and pain along every step in the first advance from the bestiality of the baboon into the civilization of a man.

Turn to astronomy, and we peer, dazed and sick, into the abysses of time and space opened beneath us, bottomless abysses where no plummet can sound, and all our toy-like measures of thousands of ages and millions of miles drop useless from our hands. Can any thought be more tremendous than the question, What are we in this immensity? We had fondly fancied we were Creation's last and greatest work, the crown and glory of the universe, and that our world was the central stage for the drama of God. Where are we now? When the "stars fall from heaven" will they "fall on the earth even as a fig-tree casteth her untimely figs?" Nay, but will one of the heavenly host so much as notice when our little world, charged with all the hopes of man, bursts like a bubble, and falls in the foam of a meteor shower, illuminating for a single night some planet calmly rolling on its way?

Let us pass from the outer into the inner realm, and glance at the developments of human thought. The knowledge of philosophy, properly so called, of what has been said and thought, from Pythagoras and Plato to Kant and Hamilton—is that a Knowledge whose increase is wholly without "sorrow?" Not the most pathetic poem in literature seems to me half so sad as Lewes' *History of Philosophy*. Those endless wanderings amid the labyrinths of Being and Knowing, Substance and Phenomenon, Nominalism and Realism, which, to most men, seem like a troubled "dream within a dream," to him who has taken the pains to understand them rather appear like the wanderings of the wretch lost in the catacombs. He roams hither and thither, and feels feebly along the walls, and stumbles in the dark and finds himself in a passage which has no outlet, and turns back to seek another way of escape, and grasps at something he deems may contain a clue to the far distant daylight, and lo! it is but an urn filled with dust and dead men's bones.

Faust is the true type of the student of metaphysics when he marks the skull's spectral smile:

Saith it not, that thy brain, like mine,
Still loved and sought the beautiful,
Loved truth for its own sake, and sought,
Regardless of aught else the while,
Like mine, the light of cloudless day,
And in unsatisfying thought
By twilight glimmers led astray,
Like mine, at length, sank over-wrought.

There *may* be truth within our reach. Some of us deem we have found it in youth, and passing out of the metaphysic stage of thought, use our philosophy as a scaffolding wherewith to build the solid edifice of life; gradually heeding less and less how that scaffolding may prove rotten or ill-jointed. But even in such a case, the knowledge of all that *has* been, and *is* not, in the world of man's highest thought is a sorrowful one. As we wander on from one system to another, we feel as if we were but numbering the gallant ships with keels intended to cut such deep waters, and topmasts made to bear flags so brave, which lie wrecked and broken into driftwood along the shore of the enchanted Lead-stone Isle.

What is, then, the conclusion of our long pleading? Knowledge is acquired at the cost of a certain measure of health, and eyesight, and youthful joy. Knowledge involves the deterioration of some faculties as well as the strengthening of others. Knowledge engenders sundry moral faults. Practically, the benefits obtained from knowledge are partially counterbalanced by evils arising each from the same source. In the realms of history, of physical and of mental science, the survey of things obtained through knowledge is full of sadness and solemnity. The telescope which has revealed to us a thousand galaxies of suns has failed to show us that Heaven which we once believed was close overhead.

Is, then, the pursuit of knowledge, after all, truly a delusion, the worst and weariest of human mistakes, a thing to which we are driven by our necessities on one hand, and lured to by our thirst for it on the other, but which, nevertheless, like the martyrs' cup of salt water, only burns our hearts with its bitter brine?

No! no! a thousand times, no! The mistake has not been in the pursuit of knowledge, but in the reasons we have alleged for that pursuit. We have wooed our beautiful bride for her dower

and not for her own sake, and it is but justice if we discover that that dower, amid its treasures, contains many a snake.

Man was created "to know and to contemplate." The *differentia* between him and the lower animals has been stated in many ways; but the most real of all differences is that he bequeaths from generation to generation (mainly, of course, through written language) his experience and his faith; so that the "heir of all the ages" is the recipient of the whole treasure of time. Each dog is an upstart, a self-made creature. Each man has royal pedigree, and all the sages of the world are his preceptors. His thoughts grow on the grafts of culture. His religious trust is no solitary spring of enthusiasm starting up alone in the desert; but the flowing stream into whose higher waters all the prophets and apostles have emptied their urns.

This is the true distinction of humanity. All others are matters of degree; degree of cranial development, degree of higher osteological type, degree of faculties of all kinds. One philosopher will say, "man alone is a laughing animal." But the bark of a dog, in its delight of freedom, is the joy-laughter of a child.

Another remarks that man alone is a "cooking animal." But, having no hands, the beasts can light no fires, and all which is physically possible they actually effect by burying their food till the four-footed epicure can eat it "high."

Again, a third says that "man alone can speak." But some animals have almost as many sounds as they have wants and ideas, and unlettered savages have little more. It is not till language comes to be written that the analogy stops.

A fourth observes, that man alone has the sentiment of Pity. But cannibals kill and eat their dying relatives just as the *carnivora* do; and an affectionate dog has an amount of sympathetic compassion for his master's tears which it is much to be wished his fellow-man should invariably feel.

The fifth claims the sense of right and wrong as the sole prerogative of humanity. But, at least so far as extends the system which rests morality on rewards and punishments, even the heavy-witted cow has a clear idea that she is doing un-

lawfully in getting through the hedge into the corn.

Even the sixth grand distinction between man and beast—the religious sentiment—is rather in the Object of the feeling than in the nature of it. The Creator has, as it has been often said, made Man a god to the beasts. The devotion, humility, fidelity, gratitude, *allegiance* of a noble dog to a kind master, if not religion itself, is a perfect parable of religion. Fain would we hope that feelings so beautiful—we had well-nigh said, so sacred—must possess immortality, even in the poor fond brute. Is heaven to be a world without any life in it except our own? As well might we suppose it without flowers!

Knowledge, like virtue, is not good because it is useful, but useful because it is good. It is useful contingently, and good essentially. The joy of it is simple; and not only needs not to be supplemented by accessory advantages, but is well worth the forfeit of many advantages to obtain. The most miserable wretch we can imagine is the ignorant convict locked up in a solitary cell, with nothing to employ his thoughts but unattainable vice and frustrated crime, whereon his stupid judges leave him to ruminant, as if such poison were moral medicine likely to cure the diseases of his soul. And, on the other hand, one of the happiest beings we can imagine is the man at the opposite end of the intellectual scale, who lives in the free acquirement of noble knowledge. What is any "increase of sorrow" incurred thereby, compared to the joy of it? To look on the fields of earth and air—not as the dull boor regards them, as mere patches of brown, and green, and blue, with promises of food or shelter, sunshine or shower,—but as the geologist, the botanist, the astronomer regards them, each as an infinite world of interest, wherein Order, and Law, and Beauty are tracked by his rapid thought, even as the swallow traces the insect on the wing! To be able to take surveys such as these, is to be admitted to a spectacle for which angels might envy the sons of men. But to do yet more, to make Memory like a gallery hung round with all the loveliest scenes of nature, and all the masterpieces of art; to make the divine chorus of the poets sing for us their choicest strains, when-

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ever we beckon them from the cells where they lie hidden deep in our souls; to talk familiarly, as if they were our living friends, with the best and wisest men who have ever lived on earth, and link our arms in theirs in the never-withering groves of an eternal Academe,—this is to be happy, indeed. This is to burst the bonds of space and bring the ages to-

gether and lift ourselves out of the sordid dust to sit at the banquet of heroes and of gods.

Is “the increase of Knowledge the increase of Sorrow ? ” Ay, so let it be, wise son of David ! But, not its own sorrow, nor all the other sorrows of earth, can dim its triumphant and inalienable joy.

Fraser's Magazine.

THE ROSSE TELESCOPE SET TO NEW WORK.

BY RICHARD A. PROCTOR, R.A., F.R.A.S.,

Author of “Saturn and its System,” &c., &c.

THE great Rosse telescope, with its monster tube, down which a tall man can walk upright, and with a light-gathering power so enormous that even by day the stars seen through it shine like miniature suns, has not remained idle since the lamented death of the astronomer who constructed it. Not only has the work to which Earl Rosse devoted it—the delineation of those strange stellar cloudlets that flock the dark vault of the heavens—been continued with unremitting assiduity, but its unrivalled powers have been devoted to aid the progress of those new and subtle modes of research which have recently been invented. The task was no simple one. The gigantic tube, with its ponderous six-feet mirror, had been poised so skilfully that a child could guide its movements. But for the new work which it was to be called on to perform much more was wanted. A new power had to be given to the telescope—a power of self-motion so exactly regulated that the gigantic eye of the telescope might remain steadily fixed on any given star or planet, notwithstanding the swift rotation of the earth, by which in the ordinary condition of the tube, the celestial objects were carried in a few moments across its field of view. This power has now been given to the great reflector, and thereby the value of the instrument as an aid to scientific research has undoubtedly been more than doubled. Already it has solved a question which had been found to lie far beyond the powers of inferior instruments; and what it has done is, we believe, the merest foretaste of what it is likely to do in coming years.

Let us briefly consider a few of the qualities of this wonderful telescope, so that we may be able to appreciate its unequalled adaptability to the subtle modes of research which our physicists are now applying to the celestial bodies.

As a light-gatherer the Rosse reflector is *facile princeps* among telescopes. Sir William Herschel's great four-feet reflector and Lassell's equally large telescope come next to it; but the power of either of these instruments is less than one-half that of the Parsonstown reflector, the illuminating surfaces of their mirrors being, in fact, exactly four-ninths of that of the Rosse telescope. It is, however, when we compare the power of the great mirror with that of the unaided eye, that we see its enormous capability as a light-gatherer. On a very moderate computation the light-gathering power of this wonderful instrument is found to be upwards of twenty thousand times that of the unaided eye; and it follows that if the faintest star visible to the unaided eye were removed to 140 times its present distance, it would still remain visible to the giant eye of the Rosse Reflector.

If the other qualities of the great telescope were all proportioned to the one we have been considering, we might leave the reader to conceive what its powers would be, from the simple consideration that any celestial object would appear as distinctly when seen by its aid as it would if the unaided eye were brought to only one-140th of its actual distance from the object. Unfortunately this would be largely to over-estimate the “telescopic” powers of the instrument.

We have spoken of its strength, we have now to speak of its weakness; and the inquiry is rendered so much the less unpleasing by the consideration that in some of the new modes of research to which the telescope is to be applied, the faults which are inseparable from a reflector of such enormous dimensions are of comparatively small moment.

The fault, then, of the Rosse reflector, as of all the very large reflectors hitherto constructed, is that it does not present objects in a perfectly distinct manner. It used to be remarked of the great four-feet reflector of Sir William Herschel, that it "bunched a star into a cocked hat;" and it is whispered that Lassell's great mirror once exhibited an occultation of one of Saturn's satellites when no such phenomenon had in reality taken place. The fact seems to be that in the present state of mechanical science, it is impossible to construct a reflector of such enormous dimensions as these, with that perfect truth of figure which Mr. De la Rue has given to his 13-inch reflector, and which Mr. With seems able to give, in every instance, to the mirrors he constructs for the Browning reflectors. The very weight of a large mirror tends to change the figure of its surface; and though the change may seem insignificant, yet the defining power of the telescope is seriously affected. The reader may judge of the effect of a slight change of figure, from the fact that a single hair between the mirror of a nine-inch reflector and the sustaining-bed suffices to cause the most annoying distortion in observed objects.

It is on this account that we hear so little of any discoveries effected within the range of our own system by means of the great Parsonstown reflector. Far better views of the planets have been obtained by much smaller telescopes. The late Mr. Dawes obtained singularly distinct views of the planet Mars with a refracting telescope only eight inches in aperture, whereas the views of this planet obtained by means of the Rosse telescope are perfectly wretched. We have before us, as we write, eight such views, and it is impossible to say what they mean. The planet Saturn, again, the most beautiful and interesting object in the whole heavens, has exhibited all its most charming features in the 13-inch

reflector of Mr. De la Rue, F.R.S. In the Rosse telescope,—well; all that we shall say is that a distinguished foreign astronomer was once invited to look at the planet by its aid, and his account of what he saw was thus worded: "They showed me something and they told me it was Saturn, and I believed them."

But great reflectors are not constructed for that sort of work. Their object is to bring into view those outlying regions of space which are hidden in the twilight of vast distance. The tiny cloudlets which shine from beyond the great depths of space are changed under the eye of the giant reflector of Parsonstown into glorious galaxies of stars, blazing with a splendor which cannot be conceived by those who have not themselves looked upon the magic scene. To span the vast abysses of space, to bring into view galaxies as yet unknown, and to exhibit the strange figures, the outreaching arms, and the fantastic convolutions of those which are but barely visible in other telescopes, such is the work which was looked for from the great reflector, and such is the work which, in the energetic hands of the late Lord Rosse, it successfully achieved.

But now a new and wonderful mode of inquiry has been devised, and has rapidly taken its place as the most important of all the means of discovery which science has as yet placed in the hands of her servants. We refer to the spectroscopic analysis, or the analysis of light by means of the prism. This mode of research is one to which the powers of the great telescope are admirably adapted. For a reason that will presently appear, it will be well that we should give a brief sketch of the nature of that mode of analysis.

The shortest and simplest way of exhibiting the nature of spectroscopic research is by a reference to some of the best known phenomena of sound.

White light may be compared to the sound heard when all the notes of a piano or harp are heard at once. We resolve white light by means of a prism into a rainbow-tinted streak, and we have at once the chromatic scale of light—corresponding to the sound produced when the notes of a piano are swept from end to end. The red end of the spectrum is the *base*, the blue end is the *treble*. But some light when thus resolv-

ed shows a spectrum crossed by black lines: in this case some notes of the chromatic scale are wanting. Other light shows a spectrum of bright lines only: in this case some notes only of the scale are sounding. Chemists have found that the luminous vapor of every element has its own spectrum of bright lines, in other words its own *chord* of light. But when white light is shining through the vapor of such an element, those lines appear as dark streaks across the rainbow-tinted background of the spectrum. In other words, the *chord* belonging to the vapor, once struck down, sounds no more; so that, as the chromatic scale is swept from end to end, the sounds belonging to the notes of that chord are wanting.

We see at once then that the whole power of the new mode of research depends on the emission of light from an object. It matters not whether the object be in the laboratory of the chemist, or half a mile off, or a hundred millions of miles off, or in fine as far off as the most distant star, if we can only obtain light enough from it to form a distinct spectrum, we can tell what is its nature. If it sends us a chord of light we know it is a self-luminous vapor, and if we are acquainted with any substance which gives the same chord, we know at once that the object is formed of that substance. Again, if it sends us a rainbow-tinted spectrum, crossed by a silent chord, we know that a substance in combustion is shining through some vapor about whose nature the silent chord is as instructive as the sounding chord in the former instance. All we require is light enough to *see* the light-chords.

Therefore it is of incalculable importance to the science of spectroscopy that it should have powerful light-gathering instruments placed at its disposal. We have seen that the Rosse telescope is far the most powerful light-gathering instrument in the world.

But there was difficulty. The spectroscopic observation of a celestial object is an operation of the utmost delicacy. Without entering into details which would only perplex those who are unfamiliar with the subject, and would be of no service to the practical observer who may read these pages, it may suffice to remark that the light from a celestial

object must be made to fall upon a minute slit between two knife edges, before being subjected to the analysis of the prism. Now if we suppose a telescope to be so directed that a star's light falls in the manner required, this state of things only continues for a second or two, because the earth's rotation immediately shifts the telescope's axis. Clock-motion is wanted to counteract the effect of the earth's rotation; and in every well-appointed observatory the necessary mechanism is applied to the telescope, so that an observer may watch a star for any length of time he pleases without having occasion to touch the tube of his telescope.*

But while this is a comparatively simple affair, when ordinary telescopes are in question, the case is different when the telescope to be moved has a tube full forty feet in length, and weighing (with the great mirror) several tons. To sway

* We may narrate here an amusing circumstance which occurred some years since at a celebrated observatory in the suburbs of London. A visitor was desirous of observing a celestial object which was nearly overhead, and having the run of the observatory at the moment, he directed the telescope towards the star, set the clock-work in motion, and placed himself on his back in the observing-frame attached to the floor of the observatory. This frame is so constructed that the observer can fix the head rest in any position, and as the whole frame revolves round an upright in the middle of the observatory-floor, it is easy to place the frame so that the observer can look in perfect comfort at any object on the celestial vault. In the present instance, as we have said, the observer lay on his back, the object being nearly overhead. But while the frame remained, of course, at rest, the clock-work was slowly driving the telescope after the star; and as the star happened to be approaching the point overhead the eyepiece of the telescope was being brought continually lower and lower. Intent on observing the aspect of the star (a celebrated double) our astronomer failed to notice that this movement of the eyepiece was gradually imprisoning him. His head was fixed by the head-rest, and the eye-tube was beginning to press with more and more force against his eye. The telescope was a very heavy one, the very slowness of the movement made it irresistible, and the observer's position prevented him from helping himself. Fortunately his cries for assistance were quickly heard, the clock work was stopped, the head-rest lowered, and the prisoner released; otherwise he would undoubtedly have suffered severely. He would, in fact, have had as good reason to complain of the telescope as the celebrated astronomer Struve had in the case of the Pulkova refractor, "which," Struve said, "was justly called a 'refractor,' since it had twice broken one of his legs for him."

such a tube with the steady equable motion which alone would be of any use, and without setting up vibratory tremors sufficient to render any delicate observation impossible, was a task sufficient to tax the fullest powers of modern science. The work also involved an enormous outlay.

The task has been achieved, however; and already a number of interesting results have been obtained. But the application of spectroscopic analysis to the celestial objects is a process requiring time, and it is to the future that we are to look for the fruits of this part of the telescope's new work. We wish, in the remainder of this paper, to confine our attention to the remarkable discovery already incidentally alluded to, which has been the first fruits of the recent change.

Astronomers and physicists have long been in doubt whether we receive any heat from the moon. Attempts have been made to concentrate the lunar beams by means of lenses, and so to render their heating effects perceptible. But though Saussure and Melloni have, in turn, announced that they had detected warmth in the lunar rays, it has been shown conclusively by Tyndall and others, that no faith whatever can be placed in the experiments hitherto conducted. Indeed, Tyndall remarks, that all attempts to concentrate the moon's heat by means of lenses must inevitably fail. "Even such heat-rays as reach the earth," he remarks, "would be utterly cut off by such a lens as Melloni made use of." Then he adds, significantly, "it might be worth while to make the experiment with a metallic reflector instead of with a lens. I have myself tried a conical reflector of very large dimensions, but have hitherto been defeated by the unsteadiness of the London air."

If any confirmation of the former of these remarks were needed, it would be found in the failure of Mr. Huggins to obtain any evidence of lunar heat by means of the same appliances which had afforded the clearest possible evidence that heat reaches us from the fixed stars. The rays of the star Arcturus concentrated, by means of Mr. Huggins's fine refractor, upon the face of the heat-measuring instrument called the thermopile, immediately moved the indicator needle in a perceptible manner. The rays from

the moon, on the contrary, notwithstanding her immensely superior light, produced no signs whatever of the existence of heat.

It is evident that with its new driving apparatus the Rosse telescope was the very instrument for attacking this difficult problem. Accordingly, arrangements were made for receiving the rays of the moon after concentration by the great six-feet mirror upon the face of a very delicate thermopile. When this had been done, and after every precaution had been adopted for preventing misconception as to the true cause of any deflection of the needle, the evidence which had been so long desired was at length obtained. The needle moved sensibly under the influence of the moon's warmth; and for the first time in the history of science, we are at length able to affirm positively, that the earth receives a sensible amount of heat from her satellite.

Lord Rosse has even been able to form an estimate of the relative amount of heat we receive from the moon and from the sun. He states, as the result of his observations, that the radiation from the moon is about the 900,000th part of that from the sun.

But perhaps the most interesting result of the inquiry is the determination of the actual heat of the moon's surface at the time of full moon, or rather at lunar midday. By comparing the heat received from the moon with that derived from certain terrestrial sources of heat, Lord Rosse finds that the moon's surface must be heated to a temperature of about five hundred degrees Fahrenheit, or nearly three hundred degrees above the boiling point!

Now is this result, startling as it seems at first sight, to be greatly wondered at, when we remember the circumstances under which the moon's surface is exposed to the solar rays. Fancy a day a fortnight long; not as in our polar regions, with a sun only a few degrees above the horizon even at midday, but with an almost vertical sun for several days in succession. We know the intensity of the heat which prevails at noon in tropical countries; but that heat is a mere nothing compared with that which must prevail when, instead of a few hours, the sun hangs for five or six days close to

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the zenith, and pours down his rays on a surface unshielded by any atmosphere. And with respect to the effects of an atmosphere, let us not be misunderstood. It is well known that the intense heat of the tropical *climate* is not tempered, but increased by the density of the atmosphere. On the Himalayan slopes, several thousand feet above the level of the sea, an durable if not a pleasant climate can be found, because of the rarity of the air. But the direct rays of the sun are hotter—paradoxical as it may sound—on the snow-covered summits of the Himalayas, than at the sea-level. Those who have travelled over snow-covered mountains in summer know well that, while the air may be cool and refreshing, the sun will be peeling the skin from hands and face inadvertently exposed to his rays.

Thus it is, doubtless, on the moon's surface, except that all the effects of the sun's heat are intensified, through the tremendous length of the lunar day and the absolute absence of any lunar atmosphere. Indeed, Sir John Herschel, from theoretical considerations, was long since led to anticipate the result of Lord Rosse's researches. He remarked that "the surface of the full moon exposed to us must necessarily be very much heated, possibly to a degree much exceeding that of boiling water."

The question of the moon's habitability by such creatures as subsist upon the earth is, of course, finally disposed of by Lord Rosse's discovery. We could not live conveniently at the temperature of boiling water, nor could any beings we know of. The famous salamander, even if it had all the properties assigned to it in olden times instead of being one of the most cold-loving of all known creatures, would find the moon an unsatisfactory residence. For tremendous as is the heat of the lunar midday, the cold of the lunar night must be still more terrible. It has been well remarked by Tyndall that were it not for the moisture with which our atmosphere is laden, the cold of a single night would bind our fields in a Siberian frost. Imagine then the effects of a night of three hundred hours in a region where there is neither moisture to form protecting envelopes of cloud or mist, nor an atmosphere to support such envelopes even if they could

be formed. Doubtless the cold of the lunar night is of an intensity such as not even the most ingenious appliances of our chemists could produce. Under its influence, not merely would all known liquids be frozen, but probably every gas known to us would be converted into the solid form.

And we may notice, in passing, by how many strange and bizarre theories astronomers have endeavored to account for the fact that the moon has no appreciable atmosphere. At least four views have been put forward. There is, first of all, the theory that the moon has always been without an atmosphere. Then there is the theory that the moon's atmosphere has all retired to that side of our satellite which is always concealed from us. Thirdly, there is the theory that the oceans and atmosphere which once rendered the moon a fitting abode for living creatures, have retired within the interior of the moon's crust. Lastly, there is the theory that the oceans on the moon's surface first became frozen as the moon gradually parted with her internal heat, that next her atmosphere began to yield to the intensity of cold, and changing first to the liquid and then to the solid form, became no longer recognizable as an atmosphere by our astronomers.

Perhaps Lord Rosse's recent discovery seems more decidedly opposed to the last of these views than to any of the others. The notion of a frozen mass of oxygen or hydrogen under the influence of a heat more than three hundred degrees higher than that of boiling water seems bizarre in the extreme. Yet, after all, it is almost impossible for us to conceive what would happen when there is no appreciable atmosphere to prevent the immediate radiation of heat into space. We know that the snows on the summits of the Himalayas show no traces of diminution under the full heat of the vertical sun of India. Yet the air around those snows is absolutely dense when compared with that which exists (if any at all exist) upon the moon's surface.

Then, again, we may look at the matter in another light. Whatever effects are to be ascribed to the heat of a lunar day cannot do more than counterpoise the effects which must be ascribed to the cold of the long lunar night. During the whole twenty-eight days the moon receives no

more heat (in proportion to its surface) than the earth does in the same time, though the mode in which the heat is received in either case is very different. Now, Professor Tyndall has shown us how Nature stores up heat, and how she also stores up cold (to use a somewhat inexact but convenient mode of expression). It is with the latter process we are here concerned, and a very simple illustration will suffice to exhibit the nature of the case. If we subject a quantity of aqueous vapor to the action of intense cold (still our mode of expression is inexact but convenient for our purpose) the vapor parts with as much heat as it can *without* changing, but is presently compelled to change to the liquid form, a process during which it parts with a large quantity of heat; then the liquid repeats the process, parting with as much heat as it can without changing form, but being presently compelled to change to the solid form, a process during which it parts with another large stock of heat. Now, when we come to subject the ice thus formed to the action of heat, the processes just described are reversed, and before we can restore ice to the state of water we must employ a large quantity of heat without any apparent heating effect; and we must do the same before we can restore the water to the state of vapor. *Then* only will the addition of further heat raise the vapor to a higher temperature than it had when we began. Nature had not only unwound the spring, so to speak, but had carefully wound it the reverse way, and in reversing the process we have to unwind before rewinding and to rewind before winding

the spring to a higher tension than it had at first.

We see at once, then, that the intense heat of the moon's surface does not by any means imply that, if there were much ice on the moon's surface, it would all melt beneath the sun's action; still less that the water thus formed would all be converted into vapor. The intense cold of the long lunar night would have so thoroughly wound the spring the reverse way that all the heat of the long lunar day would be insufficient to unwind it.

We know so little, however, of the results which would follow from such a state of things as exists at the moon's surface, that it would be unwise to speculate further on these and similar points. Lord Rosse's discovery gives us good hope that more may yet be learned respecting our satellite, and that thus an answer may be obtained to many questions of interest which hitherto it has seemed useless to inquire into. New modes of research seem to be revealing themselves to our physicists. On every side new laborers are entering the field of scientific inquiry; and each day our men of science are giving fresh proofs of zeal and industry. The very work we have been considering, the addition of motive power to the once inert mass of the great reflector, is even more encouraging from the proof it affords of the disinterested regard which the men of our day feel for scientific interests, than from the immense material aid which it brings to the new modes of physical research.

London Society.

THE ROMANCE OF MEDICINE.*

WHEN the early frosts of morning and evening set in, when the lamplighter begins his cheerful round of illumination at an earlier date, when the poulters' shops are ablaze with the plumage of game, when all the premonitory signs of the winter season are upon us, then, on the 1st of October, comes a most eventful day to many young hopeful lives. This day it is that the hospital

terms begin, and various lecturers come out with their orations, a few of them eloquent, all of them learned, some perhaps too learned for their auditory, and all of them glowingly dilating on the dignity and beneficence of the medical profession, and teeming with exhortations to industry and virtue. The careless, happy boys, who have trooped up from various parts of the country, many of them, as stated on a parliamentary inquiry, grossly ignorant, hear it all,

* A sequel to paper in September number, 1867.

and the words often deepen serious and manly purposes that have been formed. Some have dreams of fame and wealth ; some of them are animated with a genuine love of science ; some of them think that they may be able to act hereafter almost like a beneficent Providence in the alleviation of suffering and pain. Of course, too, there is the commonplace mob of students to whom the profession is simply a means of livelihood to be obtained with the minimum expenditure of hard work. Pretty uniformly the session begins well. The students are punctual and attentive. They read up their books. They are busy with their notes. Their evenings are devoted to methodizing and building up the acquirements of the day. After a time there is a lull in their intellectual activity. This, I believe, is the pretty uniform experience of the hospitals. These young men, for the most part in solitary lodgings, after the first flush of energy and enthusiasm has passed by, begin to feel a desire of change, and amusement and companionship. Then the fast epoch of medical student life sets in, which blunts so many fine intellects, and spoils many a promising career. And certainly to many perils are these youths exposed who come up fresh and inexperienced from the country to the dissipations of town. It is impossible not to feel much sympathy for them and to make much allowance ; and let me vehemently exhort any friendly reader who knows a Bohemian medical student to make a point of inviting him often to dinner, and letting him have a share in wholesome family influences. This is the best human preservative for young men, and all the kindness that society bestows in this way will in the long run be returned abundantly to society. It may be here noticed, as an invariable rule, that those who take kindly to their anatomy will do well, while the idle student will neglect or slur over his anatomy. By-and-by we hear of sundry incidents. Such a one has fainted away in the dissecting-room. Such a one is afraid that he has poisoned himself with morbid matter. Such a one has become a dresser or clinical clerk. Such a one has gone altogether to the dogs. Such a one seems already marked out by general opinion for future eminence. At last

comes the examination, especially that tremendous *viva voce* examination, when he has to face some of the big wigs of the profession, whose greatness and glory have for years dazzled his eyes. Some are plucked—it is to be feared that many of the best men, through nervousness, get plucked—but the mass pass ; yet let me, as an outsider, express my belief that many of those who pass well deserve to be plucked. It is on this point that I deeply feel the uncertainty and softness of the medical profession. What can we say of those young men who, without having mastered their profession, by a system of examination-cram manage to make a show of the necessary knowledge, which they as speedily forget, and then go forth into the world with license to kill, slay, and destroy. I have heard a saying attributed to the late Sir Astley Cooper, the candid confession that his mistakes would fill a churchyard. I should think that the annual carnage, committed by young practitioners in the course of their experimenting on our vile bodies, must equal a periodical battle of Waterloo. I had a long, confidential talk with a youngish medical practitioner the other day, and I put the question broadly to him, "What would he do if he came across a medical case which he was not satisfied that he could treat properly, and where the calling in of other help would be a confession of incompetency ?" He said very frankly, that, under such circumstances, he should prefer to let the patient die. His professional existence would be at stake, and it would be better that the man's life should go. This sounds horrible enough, but it was all said in most perfect faith.

And now that the medical degree is obtained, the question arises, what is to be done with it. The best start is made when a man has a few good friends and a large family connection. Some men strike out boldly for a West end practice. But in this case a man's antecedents must have him in the best society, and he must have excellent connections. It will, moreover, be necessary he should be spending a very considerable outlay for years before he can expect to get a correspondingly large income back again. If he is a poor man he begins in a much humbler way. Perhaps

he prescribes for the poor gratis. "I crept over the backs of the poor into the pockets of the rich," is the confession of one worthy doctor. Perhaps he becomes a duly qualified assistant somewhere, doing the night work, and the rough work, and the dispensing work. Perhaps, again, he opens an apothecary's shop, and unites the business of a chemist with that of a surgeon or general practitioner. As he gets on, the professional element predominates, and finally he "sinks the shop," and becomes the highly-respected medical man of a limited neighborhood. It is a somewhat humiliating fact, that, in the east of London, there may be quite as able and gifted men as those who are practising in the west end and attaining to fame and fortune. While all London is running after some celebrated physician, there may be, in some obscure provincial town, or on the outskirts of London, an unknown practitioner who has obtained a rare insight into and mastery over disease. So true is Henry Taylor's now proverbial line, "The world knows nothing of its greatest men." Some men make themselves known through the avenue of medical literature, writing and lecturing. This course is commonly watched very critically and cynically by the profession, and is hardly very helpful to the writer, as medical books are chiefly read by medical men, and it is extraordinary how little popular interest is attached to them by general readers. Still this method of gaining publicity must be thought a good one, considering the great space in the "*Times*" occupied by advertisements of medical literature. In these works there is a real difference between books written to obtain practice and books that are written out of the fulness of knowledge which long practice confers. The "*Lancet*" has asserted that Elliotson, in consequence of the cases he sent them, in one year leaped from five hundred to five thousand a-year. Professor Owen was brought into reputation by his first surgical paper respecting a particular aneurism. It is quite possible that a man, if resting on real ability, and backed by a little luck, may keep his name fully before the public, and work himself into eminence. This is the kind of man who, if he goes to the seaside, forthwith

brings out a work on the climate of the locality, which draws visitors to the watering-place and brings many to himself. As a rule, I believe we may accept the fact, that in the long run merit works its way, and a man who can produce good work receives good hire. The consulting physician is perhaps the man who has the worst chance, particularly if he is one who relies on his love of knowledge and despairs all popular arts of acquiring notoriety. One reason is that people have the erroneous impression that he is a much more costly person to deal with than the general practitioners. This, however, is to a very great degree a mistake. You pay your physician a guinea, or it may even be a half guinea, and there is pretty well an end of the matter. But your general practitioner runs you up bills, and these bills may become as torturous as any blister or bolus. He may give a general overhaul of the whole family, mentally taxing you at five shillings a-head, which mounts up, and sends out drugs, the selling price of which is, for the most part, all profit.

Inasmuch as these things really are, it cannot be amiss to set them down, though in some respects their recapitulation may be as unpleasing to others as to ourselves. But there is also a vast debt of gratitude due to medical men by society at large, of which no sensible or grateful man will ever be unmindful. We sometimes speak as if the hard-working clergyman was the most meritorious man of the day, visiting the lowest abodes and combating sin and ignorance in a thousand forms. This may be so, and we should be the last to contest his just claim to the title of beneficence. But we are also sure that the medical man is much more frequent and constant in his ministrations. Most rarely has it happened, within our experience with medical practitioners, that familiarity with suffering has in any degree dulled the edge of sympathy. Considering the illiberal remuneration which a niggard nation gives for their services to the poor, it is wonderful how ample and unremitting is the attention they bestow, showing how they recognize above meager considerations the paramount claims of duty, benevolence, and their own healing science. How

often have the kindly smile, the firm cheery voice, the sympathy and hopefulness of the physician, charmed as an elixir; and often as they pursue their offices of good will and service to men they themselves are suffering from deep anxieties, and perhaps discern symptoms of danger to themselves, which their own knowledge makes them quick to suspect and even exaggerate. I heard the other day an affecting instance of a doctor, whose life would have been saved if he could get one day's perfect rest. He was a man of great eminence, and the demands on his time were proportionally large. He had symptoms of fever then, and if he could have laid aside for a single day at the outset, it would have saved him. But he could not rest until he was compelled, and then the rest came too late.

And now, as our friends enter their profession, let us take a popular view of the aspect which it will bear to them, and it would be very advantageous to us of the public, if we could clearly present this aspect to ourselves. In the first place, far more than with methods of cures, which for many make the sum total of the medical profession, that profession is properly concerned with methods of prevention. The essence of disease is really a disturbance of the laws of health. It is a most limited view of medical science that regards it, as is generally done, as a system of counteractive specifics for the control and eradication of disease. If the average of human life is to be lengthened this must be effected by methods of prevention. In this field the most outer layman can co-operate with the physician. It is wonderful, however, how far removed are the public, even at the present day, from attaining to the most elementary notions on the subject of medicine. In spite of the immense efforts which have been made to popularize rudimentary physiological knowledge, medicine is still considered as a sort of black art, and the medical man is regarded as a domestic pope, whose decrees are to be received with the blind submission of unreasoning faith. And even when men have the sense to know better, they will often refuse to act upon the knowledge. Take, for instance, that painful disease of gout, which, Sir Thomas Watson

says, some people are anxious to have because they think it fashionable! Perhaps they repent when it really comes to them. A Frenchman has thus described it: "Place your joint in a vice, and screw the vice up until you can endure it no longer. That may represent rheumatism. Then give the instrument another twist, and you will obtain a notion of the gout." It is said of this disease, that when a man is predisposed to it, it can be brought on by the bite of a flea. And yet gouty people will actually ask doctors to give them plenty of colchicum and cure them of the gout by a particular day, because they want to go out to a good dinner party! Disease is often a battle where everything depends on good generalship on the part of the patient, and where a knowledge of the laws of health, of the necessary condition of atmosphere, temperament, nutrition, is what every one, especially those who are delicate, ought to gain; but, unfortunately, there is never likely to be a time when a most important department of a physician's practice will not lie in the inculcation of simple sanitary truth for a careless and ignorant public.

The inference to be derived from this reasoning, concerning prophylactic uses, as pointed out by Professor Good-sir,* is not, as many may suppose, derogatory to the usefulness of medical science, but lies quite another way. "The more clearly and comprehensively we grasp the conception of disease as being merely a physiological state, so much the more firm and uniform will be our confidence in the efficacy of physiological means for restoring health, and our conviction that these means alone constitute the conditions of relief and recovery from disease." Because, as he argues, when you give powerful medicine, quinine, strychnine, chloroform, and so on, you are really bringing about powerful physiological results. There are innumerable matters of practical detail, where a wise and prompt decision is necessary, for which we look to the opinion of a medical man. For instance, a man is taken ill and falls down in the street.

* "Anatomical Memoirs of Professor Good-sir," vol. i. p. 346. A work of matchless value and importance.

It just makes the difference of life or death to him whether he is carried to a hospital on a stretcher or in a cab. The late Sir Emerson Tennent's idea, on which he seems to have acted, was not a bad one : that if you are taken suddenly ill, you had better knock at a door where you see a card and ask for apartments. In multitudes of cases there are an immense number of apparently trivial directions which really make the condition of recovery, and without which the chance of recovery goes by. In this way all the commonplace aphorisms concerning health, and the improvement in this respect which we may expect from the common sense of mankind, will never supersede the need of medical assistance.

The action of foreign substances on healthy and morbid states constitutes therapeutics : the final cause of medicine considered as an art. This is a subject which at the present time is exciting intense attention. Progress in this direction has hitherto been limited, but there is really no limit, and it forms the most glorious chapter in medical history. It would perhaps not be too much to say, that as much progress has been made in this department during the present century as in all the previous eighteen Christian centuries, and as much during the last dozen years as in all the rest of this our century, which has now attained its grand climacteric and is going down hill. We cannot but believe that there are wondrous means of cure provided for all the diseases to which men are subject, but these can be discovered, not by any impulsive plans or empirical treatment, but by the accumulative growths of experiment, knowledge, and philosophy. On this subject, listen to the brilliant burst of prophecy in which, on last "capping day," Sir J. Y. Simpson indulged—one who has gone far to accomplish such glowing predictions—but where we feel some difficulty in distinguishing the learned professor's "earnest" from his "jest":—"It may be, also, that the day will yet come when our patients will be asked to breathe or inspire most of their drugs, instead of swallowing them ; or, at least when they will be changed into pleasant beverages instead of disgusting draughts and powders, boluses and pills. But that day of

revolution will not, probably, be fully realized till those distant days when physicians—a century or two hence—shall be familiar with the chemistry of most diseases ; when they shall know the exact organic poisons that produce them, with all their exact antidotes and eliminators ; when they shall look upon the cure of some maladies as simply a series of chemical problems and formulæ ; when they shall melt down all calculi, necrosed bones, &c., chemically, and not remove them by surgical operations ; when the bleeding in amputations and other wounds shall be stemmed, not by septic ligatures or stupid needles, but by the simple application of haemostatic gases or washes ; when the few wounds then required in surgery shall be simply and immediately healed by the first intention ; when medical men shall be able to stay the ravages of tubercle—blot out fevers and inflammations—avert and melt down morbid growths—cure cancer—destroy all morbid organic germs and ferment—annul the deadly influences of malaria and contagions, and by these and various other means lengthen out the average duration of human life ; when our hygienic condition and laws shall have been changed by state legislation, so as to forbid all communicable diseases from being communicated, and remove all causes of sickness that are removable ; when the rapidly increasing length of human life shall begin to fulfil that ancient prophecy, 'The child shall die a hundred years old.' when there shall have been achieved, too, advances in other walks of life far beyond our present state of progress ; when houses shall be built, and many other kinds of work performed by machinery, and not by human hands alone ; when the crops in these islands shall be increased five or tenfold, and abundance of human food be provided for our increased population by our fields being irrigated by that waste organic refuse of our towns, which we now recklessly run off into our rivers and seas ; when man shall have invented means for calling down rain at will ; when he shall have gained cheaper and better motive power than steam ; when he shall travel from continent to continent by subterranean railways or by flying and ballooning in the air."

It will be interesting to compare with

this language that of Mr. Lecky in his recent "History of European Morals," "Of all the great branches of human knowledge medicine is that in which the accomplished results are most obviously imperfect and provisional, in which the field of unrealized possibilities is most extensive, and from which, if the human mind were directed to it, as it has been during the past century to industrial inventions, the most splendid results might be expected. Our almost absolute ignorance of the causes of some of the most fatal diseases, and the empirical nature of nearly all our best medical treatment, have been often recognized. The medicine of inhalation is still in its infancy, and yet it is by inhalation that Nature produces most of her diseases, and effects most of her cures. The medicinal powers of electricity, which, of all known agencies, bears most resemblance to life, are almost unexplored. The discovery of anaesthetics has, in our own day, opened out a field of inestimable importance, and the proved possibility, under certain physical conditions, of governing by external suggestions the whole current of the feelings and emotions, may possibly contribute yet further to the alleviation of sufferings, and perhaps to that Euthanasia which Bacon proposed to physicians as the end of their art. But in the eyes both of the philanthropist and of the philosopher the greatest of all results to be expected in this, or perhaps any other field, are, I conceive, to be looked for in the study of the relations between our physical and our moral natures. He who raises moral pathology to a science, expounding, systematizing, and applying many fragmentary observations that have been already made, will probably take a place among the masterintellects of mankind."

An address in medicine, delivered last summer in Oxford, by Dr. Gull—than whom at the present time there is no consulting physician in London more popular or more esteemed by his brethren—claims a distinct scientific department for that medical art which is alone learned at the bedside of the sick. A man may have all the scientific knowledge in the world, and yet, from unacquaintance with clinical work, might be

totally ignorant of the fundamental department of clinical science. Dr. Gull truly says that the study of disease has to be guarded against assaults on the side of science, and that we "need to watch lest we betray it by accepting a too chemical or physical limit to our thoughts. . . . A discovery in physics has made us for the moment no more than galvanic batteries, or a discovery in chemistry mere oxidizing machines." When a doctor goes to the bedside of a patient, he has, at least for a time, to leave behind him the large problems of chemistry and physiology, and concentrate his attention on the individual before him, and trace the presence, the causes, and the relations of disease. Dr. Gull argues that the clinical department includes points so various, special, and practical, as to justify the separate and devoted study of it in the light of histology and comparative anatomy and pathology. He has many interesting remarks in his paper. Thus he comments on the rarity of acute disease, except perhaps pneumonia, in contrast with their supposed frequency in former times. Sometimes it is said that the type of disease is changed, but probably the change rather resides in medical notions, and the doctrine of chronicity in all diseased conditions.

Dr. Gull's interesting address forms one of a series of addresses in medicine delivered at the Oxford meeting of the British Medical Association, and which are now collected into a handsome volume.* They will thus deservedly receive a circulation beyond that of the scientific journals in which they appeared. The opening address by Dr. Acland possesses great literary merit. If Sir Thomas Watson is the Cicero of English medicine, as Dr. Ackland aptly termed him when making his Harveian oration, Dr. Acland himself may be regarded as a medical Petronius Arbiter. In his paper he admirably sums up many of the recent triumphs of medicine, the application of optical instruments to organs hitherto inscrutable, the apparatus that registers the wave phenomena of the pulse and heart, and "the very romance of zoological evolu-

* Vol. i. pp. 166, 167.

* "Medicine in Modern Times Discourses delivered by Dr. Stokes, Dr. Acland, Professor Rolleston, Rev. Professor Haughton, and Dr. Gull, etc." Macmillan.

tion" revealed by the test tube and the microscope, and the wonderful synthetic character of chemistry which had hitherto been exclusively analytic. "In the present state of knowledge we are always on the verge of the most amazing results, and we do not know when or where the outcome may be. As in a siege, we advance in a series of zigzags and parallels, and these must be begun at a great distance from the fortress." The papers of Professors Rolleston and Haughton, which make up a large bulk of the book, are by physiologists who stand outside practice and are discoursing on the "higher science." Such papers will impress on the profession and on the public the necessity of deep thought and abstract research in connection with the commonest incidents of illness. Professor Rolleston eloquently says that labor which may seem "curious and dilettanti, otiose or even disgusting, may turn out ultimately to be essential elements in problems the solution of which promotes directly and greatly the interests of man and the glory of Him to whom nothing is common or unclean." No paper could be more successful or more meritorious than that of the Rev. Professor Haughton "On the Relations of Food to Work, and its bearing on Medical Practice in Modern Time." The highly scientific character of this paper was relieved by a good deal of humor and some happy illustrations. He has the following remark on the doctrine that the blood is the seat of all the chemical changes that develop force in the body: "Thus the human mind revolves in cycles, and the physicians of the nineteenth century are preparing to sit at the feet of Moses and learn that the blood of an animal really constitutes its life; while South African theologians are disposed to reject his authority because he happened to confound a rodent with a ruminant." Mr. Haughton has some striking illustrations of illness derived from his explanation of the equivalent amount of work due to animal heat in the body. He takes the terrible instance of typhus fever, that disease of which the cause is unknown, and you can only combat symptoms. "If you could place your fever patient at the bottom of a mine, twice the depth of the deepest mine in the Duchy of

Cornwall, and compel the wretched sufferer to climb its ladders [those fearful ladders which eventually kill off the miner with heart disease] into open air, you would subject him to less torture from muscular exertion, than that which he undergoes at the hand of nature, as he lies before you, helpless, tossing, and delirious, on his fever couch." "The diabetic patient resembles a racing steam-boat on the Mississippi whose supply of coals is exhausted, and whose cargo furnishes nothing better than lean pork hams to throw into the furnace to maintain the race. It cannot be wondered at that our poor patient, under such disadvantageous conditions, fails to keep in the front." There is a ghastly footnote. "It is startling on making a post-mortem examination of a cholera patient alone, to witness, on the first free incision of the scalpel, the hand of the corpse raised slowly from its side and placed quietly across its breast." Again, he has some quaint remarks on the supposed uniform benevolence of all the operations of nature. It is to be recollect ed that if Nature has her prodigality she has also her law of parsimony—prodigality in her adaptations, parsimony in her structures. Mr. Haughton remarks: "Before trusting Nature in this matter of cholera and proceeding to help her, it would be well to inquire whether she intends to cure the patient or to put him into his coffin. For myself, I greatly mistrust her, and would wish to ask, previous to assisting her, whether she is really my mother or only my step-mother." To those who appreciate the intense human and scientific interest that belongs to medicine we cordially recommend this remarkable volume of Oxford addresses.

In all medical publications a considerable portion is devoted to cases. We shall think it right to follow precedent. Our "cases" are not designed to prove any doctrine, which a single well-observed, well-authenticated case might do, but will take the form of anecdotes, which, if they do not instruct the benevolent reader, may serve the minor purpose of amusing or interesting him. We turn to medical biography. In the course of his long professional career Sir Astley Cooper was at least twice instrumental in discovering murder. The first

was a curious case enough. A Mr. Blight, a shipbroker of Deptford, was sitting in his parlor when the door suddenly opened and he saw an arm extended towards him. The hand held a pistol, which was fired at him and he fell wounded, and the wound subsequently proved fatal. The only light he could throw on the matter was that his partner, Mr. Patch, while sitting in the same room a few days before, had heard a gun fired outside and the ball had entered the shutter. Cooper seated himself in the place where Blight had received the wound, and satisfied himself that to have fired and also to have concealed his body the murderer must have been a left-handed person. He now noticed that Patch, the partner, was a left-handed person, and he became convinced that he was the murderer. Patch was at liberty after the poor man's death, without any suspicion attaching to him, but on the inquest many damaging facts came out, and he was convicted and executed on the strongest circumstantial evidence. On the second occasion a rich merchant, who was Cooper's own intimate friend, was assassinated. A servant brought the news to Sir Astley in a strange, confused way, and Sir Astley immediately was convinced that this servant was the murderer. The man afterwards cut his throat, but being cured, he was fully convicted, and suffered on Pennington Heath, near the scene of the murder. There was a remarkable statement in the man's confession. He said that as he was going up stairs, poker in hand, towards his master's bedroom, he said to himself, "Nicholson, what are you going to do?" and heard an answer made to him by a voice at his side, "To murder your master and mistress." In both these instances Sir Astley said that he could not explain the peculiarity of manner in the criminals which made him form such a rapid and decided opinion of their guilt.

In the life of Cooper we find the best accounts with which we are acquainted of the formidable resurrection men. Many tales of mystery and horror are told of these men, but it is hardly possible that the fictions ever came up to the facts. At the commencement of the session there was no proper provision for procuring anatomical subjects, and if magistrates and the law officers had not

winked at violations of the law, the English school of medicine would have sunk below the level of any medical school on the Continent. When Sir Astley Cooper was examined before a committee of the House of Commons, he astonished the legislators by saying, "There is no person, let his situation in life be what it may, whom if I were disposed to dissect I could not obtain." This, perhaps quite as much as the murders of Burke and Hare in Edinburgh, induced the government to bring forward what was popularly called the 'Natomy Bill. Most of the resurrectionists came to bad ends for other violations of the law. The popular indignation against these men was very great, and several of them were beaten to death. One of them is known to have accumulated six thousand pounds out of his horrible earnings. One of the least horrible of these narratives may be mentioned. A "subject" was brought to a medical man, as usual, tied up in a sack. The doctor paid some money on account for it, and being in a hurry kicked the parcel in the direction of his dissecting-room. Going up stairs to bed he heard groans in that direction, and going to see, he found a man standing upright with a sack by his side. The fellow, in a supplicating tone, said that a trick had been played on him when he was drunk. The doctor bestowed a further kicking, which sent the "subject" through the door into the street. On turning the matter over in his mind, he was convinced that the resurrectionist was an assumed character, and that a burglary had been intended.

There is a capital story told in the "Life of Sir Astley Cooper" of Dr. Fordyce. Fordyce was a man of some mark, but every evening after the day's work was done he used to take a good many glasses of wine, and was not only *ebriolus* but *ebrius*, and not only *ebrius* but *ebriosus* (a little drunk, drunker, a drunkard). One night when he was in this customary state he was sent for suddenly to attend a lady of title who was very ill. Dr. Fordyce arrived, sat down, listened to her story, and felt her pulse. The poor doctor found out that he was by no means up to the mark, even for feeling a pulse. His brain whirled, he lost his wits, and in a moment of forgetfulness he exclaimed "Drunk, by Jove!"

He managed, however, to write out a mild prescription such as he generally wrote on *such occasions*. The next morning, the very first thing, he received an imperative message from his noble patient requesting his immediate attendance. Dr. Fordyce felt very unhappy. His patient evidently intended to upbraid him either with an improper prescription or with his beastly condition. The lady thanked him for his polite compliance with pressing summons, and then proceeded to do a little penitence. She acknowledged his discernment in detecting her unhappy condition the night before, and owned that she was at times addicted to this unfortunate error of drunkenness. She had sent for him at once in order that she might obtain from him a promise that he would keep inviolably secret the sad condition in which he had found her. Old Fordyce listened to her with a countenance as grave as a judge, and said, "You may depend upon me, madam. I shall be as silent as the grave."

We must, however, assume a graver air and turn to more professional matters. Some amusing cases might be related of the wonderful manner in which illness is cured by violent emotion, especially gout. Thus the poet Southey tells the case of a Mr. Bradford. "No persuasions could have induced him to put his feet to the ground or to believe it possible that he could walk. He was sitting with his legs up, in the full costume of that respectable and orthodox disease, when the ceiling, being somewhat old, part of it gave way, and down came a fine nest of rats, old and young together, plump upon him. He had what is called an antipathy to these creatures, and forgetting the gout in the horror which their visitation excited, sprang from his easy-chair and fairly ran down stairs." Cases have been known where persons have been able to jump to the top of a table, but have not been able to get off again. Mental shocks, however, are not a kind of galvanism to be much prescribed. If they now and then take away an illness, in many more cases they cause one. Here is a curious case. "Dr. Latham has told the following circumstance respecting a patient whom he treated for hydrophobia in the Middlesex Hospital. He went one day to the ward, fully expecting to hear that the

patient was dead; he found him sitting up in his bed, quite calm and free from spasms, and he had just drunk a large jug of porter. 'Lawk, sir,' said a nurse that stood by, 'what a wonderful cure!' The man himself seemed surprised at the change; but *he had no pulse*, his surface was cold as marble. In half an hour he sank back and expired."* The operation of cutting a man's throat is by no means so dangerous as might be supposed. In some classes of cases it is almost the only resource, and when taken in time is generally successful. The suffocating man freely breathes through an artificial opening; the blood changes from purple to scarlet; in time the wound heals up and the man is as good a man as ever. Dr. Farre relates the case of a lady treated with mercury. "Her complexion was compounded of the rose and the violet. Under a course of mercury she was blanched in six weeks as white as a lily."

Then, again, how humiliating is such a case as Sir Astley Cooper relates of the illness of the Earl of Liverpool. The Prime Minister was struck down by apoplexy while reading a letter from Canning. When he slightly recovered, the Premier exercised his speech by trying to repeat the lines—

"At Dover dwells John Brown, Esquire,
Good Christian French and David Fryer."

But, alas! he could only do so very imperfectly, and became the subject of epilepsy, of which he died. There are few cases, in a literary and medical point of view, more interesting than the death of Dr. Arnold, of Rugby. Most readers are familiar with it from the account in the famous biography by Dean Stanley. It is probable that this mysterious disease was *angina pectoris*. It is commented on by Sir Thomas Watson. A very full account is given by Dr. Latham, from Arnold's medical attendant. It has become, in fact, a stock instance in medical literature, and has as strong a moral as a medical interest.

To continue our "cases." Then there are some very curious cases of extraordinary acts of swallowing. There was an unfortunate man lately, at Swindon railway station, who, in drinking off a glass

* "Sir Thomas Watson's] Lectures," Lect. xxxiv.

of beer, swallowed a nail, and perished miserably. I fancy somebody ought to have been hung for gross carelessness in that business. Yet it was possible that the matter might have ended better. There is a perfectly authenticated case of a sailor who, in a drunken bravado, swallowed a clasp-knife. Through bets or proffers he repeated the trick, and swallowed a dozen at different times. After the thirteenth—an unlucky number—he died. In catching money in the mouth, the coin has sometimes gone down the throat, causing much grief. The well-known case of Brunel will be recollected. That prince of engineers, in showing his children some trick of legerdemain, got a half-sovereign in his throat. The throat was opened, but it could not be found. In a fit of violent coughing it dropped out of his throat, "just as," says Sir Thomas Watson, "a coin may sometimes, by good luck, be shaken out of a box through a slit in the lid!" Another case is given of a shilling getting into the windpipe. Dr. Halford "directed the porter of the hospital to turn him upside down in a corner of the surgery, when, after several expectoratory efforts, the shilling rolled out of his mouth." A well-remembered case, given on the somewhat dubious authority of Mr. Samuel Weller, respecting swallowing, which Mr. Charles Dickens reads with peculiar gusto, might almost be cited as a case in the medical books.

Here is a scrap of intelligence which may give much comfort to smokers. Sir Thomas Watson quotes, with approval, "an old and intelligent asthmatic," who writes: "Smoking, I am able to say, after fifteen years' practice, and suffering as much as mortal can suffer and not die, is the best remedy for asthma, if it can be relieved by expectoration. I have been in the hands of all the doctors of the place for the last fifteen years; and still I say, smoke." Some additional prescriptions may be cited. Here is one of the pithy kind: a doctor being asked what was good for acute rheumatism, answered, "Six weeks." To put his meaning into a vernacular shape, he meant, "grin and bear it;" an analogous prescription to "patience and water gruel." Dr. Marshall Hall prescribed to a fat old lady, that she should walk to the Serpentine every morning and dip her fin-

ger in it. "Happiness is the best tonic," is one of his sayings. Comparatively few persons may know that the white of an egg may prove a very salutary, or that strychnia may be a very safe medicine. It is the great medicine of the nervous system. "Its least action," says Dr. Marshall Hall, "is that of an invaluable spinal tonic. Its mean action is that of an invaluable spinal stimulus, terrific in its effects. Its most violent action is that of the thunderbolt." Foreign travel was Marshall Hall's very favorite prescription. He was a wonderful old man, learning Greek when he was nearly fifty, and crossing the Atlantic for the first time when he was over sixty. His own throat-affection was a very singular one. Here is a quaint anecdote from the interesting biography of Marshall Hall, by his widow. "Dr. Wilkins lent Dr. Hall a well-known book, 'Body and Soul.' The book being retained, he sent a note: 'Dear Dr. Hall,—Do send back my body and soul: I cannot exist any longer without them.' The servant who received the note was able, by pressing the sides, to read it. He was quite horror-stricken, and rushed into the kitchen, saying, 'Cook, I can't live any longer with the Doctor!' 'Why, what's the matter?' 'Matter enough,' replied the man; 'our master has got Dr. Wilkins's *body and soul*, and I have too much regard for my character to stay where there are such goings on!'" But as we were speaking of prescriptions, we may say that Dr. Skey's prescriptions are of the most cheerful kind with which we are acquainted.* We only trust that they will not become too extensively popular. He is strongly in favor of stimulants, and rejoices that he has more than quadrupled the consumption of wine in his own hospital. He argues that you cannot cure disease with a feeble pulse. Mend the pulse, and Nature will do the rest. Give brandy to a man with a quick, weak pulse, and you do not raise but lower the pulse. He lays down two propositions; (1) that stimulants alone can restore the vital powers under great and sudden prostration; (2) and that then the capacity for stimulants is enormous, and they may be administered in safety almost to any extent.

* "Hysteria. Treatment of Diseases by Tonic Agency." By F. C. Skey, F.R.S. 1867.

On every side in medicine we are surrounded with mysteries. We discover isolated facts, which, as it were, furnish us with guesses and glimpses, but beyond these, in the slow state of science, we are unable to advance. For instance, it is a curious fact that, just before and during the prevalence of Asiatic cholera, there was a slight but ponderable increase in the weight of the atmosphere. Now this looked as if some heavy gas had been added to the atmosphere. It does not appear, however, that much stress has been laid upon this. The most remarkable fact recently discovered in case of cholera is that by an eminent German, Von Pettenkofer, who seems to have established that a porous subsoil and retreating ground water are "factors in the complex constituting an area or arena for cholera." On a still firmer basis rest the recent discoveries of the relations of soil to consumption. There is another very wonderful theory in connection with cholera and various other diseases. This is connected with the hypothesis, to which Linnaeus gave his sanction, that insect life is the cause of disease. An astonishing field of speculation is here opened up to us. The general course of the reasoning may be easily presented.* We all swallow every day a considerable amount of insect life. It is also certain that a vast amount of animal life exists in the atmosphere, that cannot be detected by the microscope. To suppose otherwise, would be to imply a sudden breach of continuity, such as we nowhere find in the animal being. It is only of late that we have come to understand the infusoria. It is probable, indeed all but certain, that the air is full of clouds and tracts of insect life, impalpable, inaudible, invisible to our grosser senses. This might go far to explain the marvels of spontaneous or equivocal generation. It is conjectured that these animacules may act as poisons or causes of disease on substances exposed to them. It is a wonderful and not over-pleasant idea, that we are called upon to combat hordes of minute, invisible little beasts. Entozoa are constantly observed in the blood, and it has been even conjectured

that tubercular formations are due to them. It is argued that the material of all contagious disease is supplied by matter possessing all the conditions of parasitic life. There are some plausible reasons which might make us attribute cholera to animacule life. It seems owing to a material, wandering poison, with the faculty of reproduction. On the hypothesis of an animal species, we should have an explanation that, in many curious minute particulars, corresponds both to what we know of insect life and of the phenomena of the disease. It seems to be a well-attested circumstance that cholera sometimes spreads in the face of a prevailing wind. It is an interesting fact that the presence of cholera seems to have a deterring effect upon birds. "In many respects the erratic and ambiguous course of cholera is well represented by the flight, settlement, and propagation of the insect swarms which inflict blight upon vegetable life." The proof is altogether incomplete, but it stands scrutiny singularly well.

Again, the following illustration strongly shows the darkness in which we live. The most severe symptoms may denote nothing serious (except that excessive pain is in itself a serious thing), and, on the other hand, the slightest symptoms may point to most serious disease.* For instance, irregularity of the pulse may mean everything or it may mean nothing. Moreover, a man may have most serious disease without a single symptom to betray its existence. In what is called "latent inflammation of the lungs," without pain, without cough, without difficulty of breathing, without abnormal expectoration, the disease passed through its full course to the ultimate surprise and horror of the physicians. A headache may be a mere trifle, or it may be accompanied with some symptoms that may indicate deadly disease. Unusual cheerfulness, great exhilaration of spirits may be an unfavorable symptom, precursors of an attack of epilepsy. It is quite possible to have a "sudden seizure" without the patient or his friends being at all aware of it. The late famous preacher, Christopher Benson, became deaf in a single moment.

* See Sir Henry Hallam's "Medical Notes and Reflections."

* "Of all symptoms pain is the most inconstant and uncertain, whatever be the disease."—Latham, "On the Heart."

Again, some men are always making astounding physiological discoveries, especially such a man as M. Claude Bernard, who announces that in all healthy persons an active manufacture of sugar is always going on. Every now and then some medical subject turns up in which the general public becomes largely interested. At present the surgical mind is greatly moved on the question whether those unfortunate gentlemen, the Siamese twins, could endure with safety a separation of the ligature that connects them. Mr. Bence Jones has lately written a letter to the "Times," on a subject which of late years has emerged into a very high degree of importance. It is now quite possible for boys that are mere children, by getting through competitive examinations on the foundation of public schools, to save their parents many hundred pounds. This unwise system leads to an enormous accession of youthful misery. We regret that Dr. Bence Jones's letter did not elicit a public discussion that might be fertile in results and stop an injurious system. At the present time the use of carbolic acid is becoming a fashionable remedy. Another instance of the fashion in remedies occurs. Eight or ten years ago there was a great deal written and said in Dublin on the efficacy of larch bark in chronic bronchitis. Like other members of the same class—the Terebinthinae—it doubtless possessed useful astringent property. But somehow it dropped out of practice. It is not to be found in the last edition of the "Pharmacopœia." We now perceive that Dr. Greenhow, in his new and most useful work, strongly approves of it.* Dr. Greenhow's remarks on mechanical irritation as a cause of chronic bronchitis show how much, beyond instances of deleterious trades, we suffer from dust, bad air, and gas. Here is a homely prescription which, in our own experience, we know worked wonders in a bad case of bronchitis: the simple device of keeping a kettle of boiling water on the fire, with a spout long enough to throw a constant jet of steam into the room, will suffice to moisten the air. His remarks on the tonic treatment

of the disease are very good, and his advice to keep in the fresh air as much as possible, almost comprises, for a bronchial patient, the whole duty of man.

But of all forms of disease, mental disease is the most terrible and also the most fascinating for the student in medicine or psychology. It is commonly stated, but to us the point seems doubtful, that insanity is rapidly increasing in the country. This department of medical literature is now peculiarly rich, but we are not acquainted with any work of deeper interest than the now classical work of Dr. Forbes Winslow. The recent fourth edition, so much enlarged as in some respects to be almost a new work, is now before us.* The great literary charm of this work should not make the general reader insensible to its scientific value. We had marked a variety of passages in this volume for a discussion which we find we must defer for some other opportunity. He lays great stress upon the fact, which is most awful as well as most encouraging, that seventy, if not eighty per cent. of cases of insanity admit of perfect recovery if treated at an early stage. The logical, the moral, the metaphysical trains of reasoning in this volume are replete with instruction and interest, and, moreover, a whole romance of medicine might be evolved from the numerous striking narratives that he gives. We will only quote one, the rather as two similar instances have come to our personal knowledge. "A young gentleman having 10,000*l.* undisposed of and unemployed, placed it for business purposes in the hands of his confidential broker. This sum he invested in a stock that had an unexpected, sudden, and enormous rise in value. In a fortunate moment he sold out, and the 10,000*l.* realized 60,000*l.* An account of the successful monetary speculation was transmitted to the fortunate owner of this large sum. The startling intelligence produced a severe shock to the nervous system, and the mind lost its equilibrium. The poor fellow continued in a state of mental alienation for the remainder of his life. His constant occupation, until the day

* "On Chronic Bronchitis, &c. Being Clinical Lectures delivered at the Middlesex Hospital." By E. Headlam Greenhow, M. D. Longmans, 1869.

* "The Obscure Diseases of the Brain, and Disorders of the Mind." By Forbes Winslow, M.D., D.C.L. Fourth edition, revised. Churchill.

of his death, was playing with his fingers, and continually repeating without intermission, and with great animation and rapidity, the words 'Sixty thousand! sixty thousand! sixty thousand!' His mind was wholly absorbed in the one idea, and at this point the intelligence was arrested and came to a full stop."

And now for a few words on our illustrious patient-man. "It is a simple matter of fact and of every-day observation that all forms of animal work are the result of the reception and assimilation of a few cubic feet of oxygen, a few ounces of water, of starch, of fat, and of flesh." In a chemical point of view man may be defined to be something of this sort. That great authority, Professor Huxley, has lately been discussing what he calls "protoplasm," or "the physical basis of life." He seeks for that community of faculty which exists between the mossy, rock-encrusting lichen, and the painter, or botanist that studies it; between "the flower which a girl wears in her hair and the blood which courses through her youthful veins." Mr. Huxley finds it in the protoplasm, the structural unit of the body, the corpuscle, the epheroidal nucleus, which, in their multiples, make up the body or the plant. But unless his statement is limited and guarded, some color for materialism may be afforded by it. These make up the body, but, nevertheless, they are not the body. Suppose, to illustrate, we take the letters of the alphabet, *a, b, c, d*, we might similarly argue that because these letters occur in mathematics, metaphysical writings, and in comic songs, there is therefore something essentially mathematical, metaphysical, and comic about these letters. Again, Professor Huxley has not proved, and it is impossible for him to prove, that these protoplasms may not have

essential points of difference. The facts of organic life cannot be interpreted by the ascertained laws of chemistry and physics. Physiologists cannot tell us how it is "of four cells absolutely identical in organic structure and composition, one will grow into Socrates, another into a toadstool, one into a cockchafer, another into a whale."

But, as we said before, we are on ground encompassed on every side with clouds and darkness. Our readers will probably remember the very remarkable speculation of Mr. Darwin on the laws of inheritance.* The great difference between muscular and constitutional vigor, and the further difference between animal vigor, whether muscular or constitutional, and what is called vital force—the two often being inversely developed—are matters of the deepest scientific interest, and fraught with a vast variety of practical consequences. Other subjects might be mooted of the largest possible medical and general interest. But we must now turn away from the fascinations and terrors of such lines of thought, wherein we are reminded so much of the greatness and the littleness, the glory and the humiliation, the incorruptibility and the mortality of man. It is much as Mr. Swinburne has put it in his *Atalanta in Calydon*,

"And the high gods took in hand
Fire and the falling of tears,
And a measure of sliding sand,
From under the feet of the years;
And froth and drift of the sea;
And dust of the laboring earth;
And bodies of things to be
In the houses of death and of birth;
And wrought with weeping and laughter,
And fashioned with loathing and love,
With life before and after,
And death beneath and above;
For a day and a night and a morrow,
That his strength might endure for a span,
With travail and heavy sorrow,
The holy spirit of man."

F. A.

THE LAST HOURS OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

HISTORY OF ENGLAND. BY JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE, M.A.*

SHE was allowed to take six of her own people with her, and select them herself.

* "Animals and Plants under Domestication." Vol. ii., p. 78.

She chose her physician Burgoyné, Andrew Melville, the apothecary Gorion, and her surgeon, with two ladies,

Elizabeth Kennedy and Curle's young wife, Barbara Mowbray, whose child she had baptized. "Allons done," she then said—"Let us go," and passing out attended by the earls, and leaning on the arm of an officer of the guard, she descended the great staircase to the hall. The news had spread far through the country. Thousands of people were collected outside the walls. About three hundred knights and gentlemen of the county had been admitted to witness the execution. The tables and forms had been removed, and a great wood fire was blazing in the chimney. At the upper end of the hall, above the fire-place, but near it, stood the scaffold, twelve feet square and two feet and a half high. It was covered with black cloth; a low rail ran round it covered with black cloth also, and the sheriff's guard of halberdiers were ranged on the floor below on the four sides to keep off the crowd. On the scaffold was the block, black like the rest; a square black cushion was placed behind it, and behind the cushion a black chair; on the right were two other chairs for the earls. The axe leant against the rail, and two masked figures stood like mutes on either side at the back. The Queen of Scots, as she swept in, seemed as if coming to take a part in some solemn pageant. Not a muscle of her face could be seen to quiver; she ascended the scaffold with absolute composure, looked round her smiling, and sat down. Shrewsbury and Kent followed, and took their places; the sheriff stood at her left hand, and Beale then mounted a platform, and read the warrant aloud. In all the assembly Mary Stuart appeared the person least interested in the words which were consigning her to death. "Madam," said Lord Shrewsbury to her when the reading was ended, "you hear what we are commanded to do." "You will do your duty," she answered, and rose as if to kneel and pray. The Dean of Peterborough, Dr. Fletcher, approached the rail. "Madam," he began with a low obeisance, "the Queen's most excellent Majesty;" "Madam, the Queen's most excellent Majesty"—thrice he commenced his sentence, wanting words to pursue it. When he repeated the words a fourth time, she cut him short. "Mr. Dean," she said, "I am a Catholic, and must die a Catholic. It is useless to at-

tempt to move me, and your prayers will avail me but little." "Change your opinion, Madam," he cried, his tongue being loosed at last; "repent of your sins, settle your faith in Christ, by him to be saved." "Trouble not yourself further, Mr. Dean," she answered; "I am settled in my own faith, for which I mean to shed my blood." "I am sorry, Madam," said Shrewsbury, "to see you so addicted to Popery." "That image of Christ you hold there," said Kent, "will not profit you if He be not engraved in your heart." She did not reply, and turning her back on Fletcher knelt for her own devotions. He had been evidently instructed to impair the Catholic complexion of the scene, and the Queen of Scots was determined that he should not succeed. When she knelt he commenced an extempore prayer in which the assembly joined. As his voice sounded out in the hall she raised her own, reciting with powerful deep-chested tones the penitential Psalms in Latin, introducing English sentences at intervals, that the audience might know what she was saying, and praying with especial distinctness for her holy father the Pope. From time to time, with conspicuous vehemence, she struck the crucifix against her bosom, and then, as the Dean gave up the struggle, leaving her Latin, she prayed in English wholly, still clear and loud. She prayed for the Church which she had been ready to betray, for her son, whom she had disinherited, for the Queen whom she had endeavored to murder. She prayed God to avert his wrath from England, that England which she had sent a last message to Philip to beseech him to invade. She forgave her enemies, whom she had invited Philip not to forget, and then, praying to the saints to intercede for her with Christ, and kissing the crucifix and crossing her own breast, "Even as thy arms, oh Jesus," she cried, "were spread upon the cross, so receive me into thy mercy and forgive my sins." With these words she rose; the black mutes stepped forward, and in the usual form begged her forgiveness. "I forgive you," she said, "for now I hope you shall end all my troubles." They offered their help in arranging her dress. "Truly, my lords," she said with a smile to the Earls, "I never had such grooms

waiting on me before." Her ladies were allowed to come up upon the scaffold to assist her; for the work to be done was considerable, and had been prepared with no common thought. She laid her crucifix on her chair. The chief executioner took it as a perquisite, but was ordered instantly to lay it down. The lawn veil was lifted carefully off, not to disturb the hair, and was hung upon the rail. The black robe was next removed. Below it was a petticoat of crimson velvet. The black jacket followed, and under the jacket was a body of crimson satin. One of her ladies handed her a pair of crimson sleeves, with which she hastily covered her arms; and thus she stood on the black scaffold with the black figures all around her, blood-red from head to foot. Her reasons for adopting so extraordinary a costume must be left to conjecture. It is only certain that it must have been carefully studied, and that the pictorial effect must have been appalling. The women whose firmness had hitherto borne the trial, began now to give way, spasmodic sobs bursting from them which they could not check. "Ne criez vous," she said, "j'ay promis pour vous." Struggling bravely, they crossed their breasts again and again, she crossing them in turn, and bidding them pray for her. Then she knelt on the cushion. Barbara Mowbray bound her eyes with a handkerchief. "Adieu," she said, smiling for the last time and waving her hand to them, "Adieu, au revoir." They stepped back from off the scaffold, and left her alone. On her knees she repeated the psalm, *In te, Domine, confido*, "In thee, oh Lord, have I put my trust." Her shoulders being exposed, two scars became visible, one on either side, and the earls being now a little behind her, Kent pointed to them with his white wand, and looked inquiringly at his companion. Shrewsbury whispered that they were the remains of two abscesses from which she had suffered while living with him at Sheffield. When the psalm was finished she felt for the block, and, laying down her head, muttered, "*In manus, Domine tuas, commendo animam meam.*" The hard wood seemed to hurt her, for she placed her hands under her neck. The executioners gently removed them, lest they should deaden the blow, and then one of them holding her slightly, the

other raised the axe and struck. The scene had been too trying even for the practised headsman of the Tower. His arm wandered. The blow fell on the knot of the handkerchief, and scarcely broke the skin. She neither spoke nor moved. He struck again, this time effectively. The head hung by a shred of skin, which he divided without withdrawing the axe; and at once a metamorphosis was witnessed, strange as was ever wrought by wand of fabled enchanter. The coif fell off and the false plaits. The labored illusion vanished. The lady who had knelt before the block was in the maturity of grace and loveliness. The executioner, when he raised the head, as usual, to show it to the crowd, exposed the withered features of a grizzled, wrinkled old woman. "So perish all enemies of the Queen," said the Dean of Peterborough. A loud Amen rose over the hall. "Such end," said the Earl of Kent, rising and standing over the body, "to the Queen's and the Gospel's enemies." Orders had been given that everything which she had worn should be immediately destroyed, that no reliques should be carried off to work imaginary miracles. Sentinels stood at the doors who allowed no one to pass out without permission; and after the first pause, the earls still keeping their places, the body was stripped. It then appeared that a favorite lapdog had followed its mistress unperceived, and was concealed under her clothes; when discovered it gave a short cry, and seated itself between the head and the neck, from which the blood was still flowing. It was carried away and carefully washed, and then beads, Paternoster, handkerchief—each particle of dress which the blood had touched, with the cloth on the block and on the scaffold, was burnt in the hall fire in the presence of the crowd. The scaffold itself was next removed. A brief account of the execution was drawn up, with which Henry Talbot, Lord Shrewsbury's son, was sent to London, and then every one was dismissed. Silence settled down on Fotheringay, and the last scene of the life of Mary Stuart, in which tragedy and melodrama were so strangely intermingled, was over. A spectator, who was one of her warmest admirers, describes her bearing as infinitely tran-

scending the power of the most accomplished actor to represent. The association of the stage was, perhaps, unconsciously suggested by what was in fact, notwithstanding the tremendous reality with which it closed, the most brilliant acting throughout. The plain gray dress would have sufficed, had she cared only to go through with simplicity the part which was assigned to her. She intended to produce a dramatic sensation, and she succeeded. The self-possession was faultless, the courage splendid. Never did any human creature meet death more bravely; yet, in the midst of the admiration and pity which cannot be refused her, it is not to be forgotten that she was leaving the world with a lie upon her lips. She was a bad woman, disguised in the livery of a martyr, and, if in any sense at all she was suffering for her religion, it was because she had shown herself capable of those detestable crimes which in the sixteenth century appeared to be the proper fruits of it. To assume and to carry through the character of a victim of religious intolerance, to exhibit herself as an example of saintliness, suffering for devotion to the truth, would be to win the victory over Elizabeth, even in defeat and death, to fasten upon her the reputation of a persecutor, which she had most endeavored to avoid, to stamp her name with infamy, and possibly drag her down to destruction. Nor can it be said that she failed. She could not, indeed, stay the progress of the Reformation,

make England a province of Spain, or arrest the dissolution of an exploded creed; but she became a fitting tutelary saint for the sentimental Romanism of the modern world. She has had her revenge, if not on Elizabeth living, yet on her memory in the annals of her country; and English history will continue, probably to the end of time, to represent the treatment of Mary Stuart, which, if it erred at all, erred from the beginning on the side of leniency and weakness, as the one indelible stain on the reputation of the great Queen. "Who now doubts," writes an eloquent modern writer, "that it would have been wiser in Elizabeth to spare her life?" Rather, the political wisdom of a critical and difficult act has never in the world's history been more signally justified. It cut away the only interest on which the Scotch and English Catholics could possibly have combined. It determined Philip upon the undisguised pursuit of the English throne, and it enlisted against him and his projects the passionate patriotism of the English nobility, who refused to be tempted, even by their creed, to betray the independence of their country. At once and forever it destroyed the hope that the Spanish Armada would find a party to welcome it. The entire Catholic organization, as directed against England, was smitten with paralysis; and the Queen found herself, when the invader arrived at last, supported by the loyal enthusiasm of an undivided nation.

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The Quarterly Review.

ISLAM.

(Concluded.)

We shall return to this "Religion of Abraham," which is the clue to Islam—and the mystery of which the Midrash alone solves satisfactorily. At this stage it behoves us to follow out the vicissitudes of Mohammed's career as briefly as we may: for without these we could never fully comprehend that religion, whereof he is the corner-stone and the pinnacle.

And first as to his early miracles, which nearly proved his ruin. The Jews required a sign, says the New

Testament. The desire to see the Prophet, the chosen and gifted person, perform things apparently contrary to what is called nature—sights and sounds to wonder at, things by which to prove his intimate communication with and the command over the more or less personified powers of the Cosmos, of which ancient and mediæval times had so vague a notion—is very easily understood; and both the Old and New Testament are replete with extraordinary manifestations. The Talmud, while re-

presenting, to a certain extent, what is called the "advanced" opinion of the time, certainly contains views somewhat different from the popular one. "Esther's Miracle," it says, "was the last—the end of all miracles." And she is called, in allusion to the well-known Psalm-heading, "Hind of the Dawn"—"because with her it first became Light." And since there is nothing in the whole story of Esther which resembles in the faintest degree a "supernatural" act; and since, moreover, the name of God does not even appear in the book from beginning to end, this talmudic parlance of "miracles" is very like the modern use of the word, "prophet," of which it was remarked the other day that "many living writers, having first stripped the word of its ancient meaning, bestow it freely upon anybody." Furthermore the Mishnah had distinctly declared that miracles were "created" from the very beginning, in the gloaming of the sixth day. "God," says the Talmud, still more explicitly, "made it a condition upon the sea, when He created it, to open itself before the Israelites; the fire to leave the three martyrs unscathed; the heavens to open to the voice of Hezekiah," &c.* No less clearly is the meaning of the Masters further expressed in such sentences as these: "The healing of a sick person often is a greater miracle than that which happened to the men in the pit. Those that have been saved from flagrant sin may consider that a miracle has happened to them. Do not reckon upon a miracle—they do not happen every day. Those to whom a miracle happens often know it not themselves," &c., &c. But the old craving for wonders was either still strong among them, or they wished to vex Mohammed's soul—as they did in a thousand bitter little ways—when they found themselves disappointed in him, and so incited people to ask him for some miraculous performance. He is asked, he complains, to cause wells and rivers to gush forth, to bring down the heaven in pieces, to remove mountains, to have a house of gold, to ascend to heaven by a ladder, to cause the dead to speak, and to make Allah and his Angels tes-

tify to him—and he indignantly bursts out, "My Lord be praised! Am I more than a man sent as an apostle? . . . Angels do not commonly walk the earth, or God would have despatched an angel to preach His truth to you;" and, he says, when they do see a sign—even the moon splitting—these unbelievers but turn aside, saying: "This is a well-devised trick, a sleight of hand."

How well he had entered into the meaning of those Talmudical notions on miracles—"Esther's being the last"—and how positively he spoke upon that point, though in vain, is best shown by his protest that "the miracles of all prophets were confined to their own times. My miracle is the *Koran*, which shall remain forever, and I am hopeful of having more followers than any of the other prophets." "Former prophets," he also used to say (and this is one of the most momentous dicta), "were sent to their own sects. I was sent to all. I have been sent for one thing only: to make straight the crooked paths, *to unite the strayed tribes*, and to teach that 'There is no God but God by whom the eyes of the blind and the ears of the deaf shall be opened, and the hearts of those who know nothing.'" And over and over again he points to those much greater signs "in Heaven and on Earth" than any wondrous manifestation that had ever been wrought by prophets—the sun, and the moon, and the stars, the day and the night, the structure of men's bodies, the mountains which steady the earth, the water that comes from on high to slake the thirst of man, and cattle, and plant, and tree: even the olive-tree, and the palm-tree, and the vine—and he speaks to these desert folk of the sea upon which walk the great ships. Are not all these things made for man's use and service, even while they serve Allah. . . ."I never said that Allah's treasures are in my hands, that I knew the hidden things, or that I was an Angel. . . . I, who cannot even help or trust myself, unless Allah willeth. Will ye not reflect a little?" . . . Did they perceive the flashes of lightning and the thunderous rolls? Allah would show them His miracles in good time—even the yawning mouth of Hell. Then they would indeed believe, even as those people of the Cities of the

* See "Talmud," p. 457.

Plain had believed, when it was too late. Had their caravans passed the Dead Sea—even Sodom and Gomorrah? Did they know how Thamud and Ad were destroyed by a terrible cry from Heaven, or what had become of Pharaoh? "These are the signs of Allah.... He giveth Life, and He giveth Death, and unto Him ye must return.".... And to leave no doubt as to what his own signs and wonders really consist of, the single verses of the Koran are called *Ayat* = Hebr. *Ot* :—*letter, sign, wonder.*

But all these protests availed naught. Miracles there must be, and miracles there were. Three—and that is all—are *hinted* at in the Koran. First, Mohammed's seeing Gabriel "in the open horizon," when despair drove him to attempt self-destruction: "One mighty in power, endued with understanding," revealed himself to him, then "on the highest part of the horizon, at two bows' length." And again he appears to him under a certain tree, "the Tree of the Limit"—a lotos-tree: covered with myriads of angels, near the Garden of Repose. This second vision, however, is probably connected with the *Miraj*, or Mohammed's Night-journey. The Jews had told the Arabians that no prophet ever arose out of the Holy Land, and that Moses had gone up to Heaven. What they did not tell them probably was that other significant saying, that, since the destruction of Jerusalem, the gift of prophecy had fallen to fools and babes—a dictum we have often enough felt inclined to quote of our own days. And further, that the Talmud states, as expressly as can be, that "Moses never went up to Heaven,—even as it is written, 'The Heavens are Jehovah's, and the Earth hath He given to the children of man.'"*

It was therefore absolutely necessary that the Prophet should have been in the Holy Land, nay in Jerusalem. And the *Miraj* happened, the transfiguration, the ascension, the real consummation of Mohammed's mission, and the centre of Islamic transcendental legend and creed. A whole volume of traditions exists on this one single point.

"Praise be unto Him," says the Koran, "who transported His servant by night from

the temple Al Harâm (Mecca) to the remotest temple (of Jerusalem), the circuit of which we have blessed, that we might show Him some of our signs. Verily He, that heareth, that seeth!" . . .

And in verse sixty-two of that same chapter, this journey is emphatically declared to be a "Vision"—"a dream"—"a trial for men."

And these are its brief outlines, though Mohammed's own account was probably still more briefly and soberly conceived as compared with the worlds of golden dreams in which the later legend revels.*

In the middle of the night Gabriel appeared to Mohammed and told him that the Lord had intended to bestow honor upon him such as He had not bestowed upon any born being yet, such as had never come into any man's heart. He arose and they went to the Kaaba, which they encompassed seven times. Gabriel then took out Mohammed's heart, washed it in the well Zemzem, filled it with faith and knowledge, and put it back in its place. He was then clothed in a robe of light, and was covered with a turban of light, in which, in thousandfold rays of light gleamed the words, "Mohammed is God's Prophet; Mohammed is God's Friend." Then, surrounded by myriads of angels, he bestrode the *Borak*—which only means Lightning—and he had the face of a man; his red chest was as a ruby, and his back like a white pearl. His wings reached from the eastern point of the horizon to the western, and at every step he went as far as eye could see. Thrice Mohammed prayed while he flew: at Medina, at Madyan, at Bethlehem. Sweet voices were calling—to the left, to the right, before him, behind him: beautiful women flitted around: he heeded naught. And the angel told him that had he listened to the first voice, his followers would have

* We may have occasion to trace some of the gorgeous features of this Vision in the later Haggadah, when we speak of Mohammed's Heaven and Hell. Exceedingly characteristic are the differences on some points: among other things, the entire omission in the Mohammedan legend of that fifth Heaven of the Midrash "Gan Eden," which is reserved for the souls of noble women—Pharaoh's daughter, who so tenderly took pity on the child Moses, occupying the first place in the first circle.

* See "Talmud," p. 459.

become Jews; to the second, Christians; to the third, they would have given up Paradise for the pleasures of this world. At Jerusalem he entered, greeted by now hosts of angels, the Temple (and the ring by which the Borak was fastened has no doubt been seen by many of our readers near the "Dome of the Rock"); and here all the prophets, Christ among them, were assembled; and very striking are the likenesses given of them. Abraham resembled Mohammed most of all.

Prayers were said, and Mohammed acted as Priest Precentor. Most of the prophets then held a brief discourse in praise of God, and descriptive of their own individual mission on earth. Mohammed, having spoken last, ascended Jacob's ladder, standing upon the Rock, the same which forms, according to the Midrash, the foundation-stone of the earth. And a very strange-looking rock it is, rising a few feet above the marble around, scarcely touched with the chisel, and at its south-western corner there is seen the "footprint of the Prophet," and next to it the "handprint of Gabriel," who held down the rock as it tried to rise heavenwards with God's Messenger. The ladder on which Mohammed mounted into the regions of light is the same which Jacob saw in his dream: it reaches from Heaven to Earth, and on it the souls of the departed return to God. It is made of ruby and emerald; of gold and of silver, and of precious stones.

Having passed the angel who held the seven earths and the seven heavenly spheres, and the blue abyss in which float all ideal prototypes of things sub-lunary, he and Gabriel arrived at the Gates of the first Heaven of the World, where myriads of new angels held watch. Both he and Gabriel entered and found other myriads praising God in the postures of Muslim prayer. On a magnificent throne sat Adam, dressed in light, the human souls arrayed by his sides—to his right the good souls, to his left the wicked ones. Further on were Paradise and Hell. Punishments were wrought here according to earthly deeds. The miserly souls were naked, and hungry, and thirsty; thieves and swindlers sat at tables filled with gorgeous things, of which they were not

allowed to participate; and scoffers and slanderers carried heavy spiked logs of wood that tore their flesh, even as they had wounded the hearts of their fellow-men. Thus they passed heaven after heaven. In the second they found Christ and John the Baptist; in the third, Joseph and David; in the fourth, Enoch; in the fifth, Aaron; in the sixth, Moses, who wept because Mohammed was to be more exalted than he had been. In the highest heaven they found Abraham. Above the seventh heaven they came to a tree of vast leaves and fruits. In it is Gabriel's dwelling-place, on one branch of untold expanse; in another, myriads of angels are reading the Pentateuch; in another, other myriads of angels read the Gospel; yet in another, they sing the Psalms; and in another they chant the Koran, from eternity to eternity. Four rivers flow forth from this region, one of which is the *River of Mercy*. There is also a House of Prayer there, right above the Kaaba.* Near it a tank of light, from which, when Gabriel's light approaches it, seventy thousand angels spring into existence—which will remind our readers of the river of fire that rolls its flames under the Divine throne, and out of which rise ever new myriads of angels, who praise God and sink back into naught. They approach the temple singing praises unto God; and each time, when their voices resound, a new angel is born. "Not a drop of water is in the sea, not a leaf on a tree, not a span of space in the heavens that is not guarded by an angel." And to this day all these gorgeous transcendentalisms and day-dreams survive bodily in certain Jewish mystic liturgical poems (*Piut*), into which the golden rivers of the Haggadah have been turned by Poets or "Paitanas" at an early period.†

A space further, a little space, after the Tree of the Limit, Mohammed found himself of a sudden alone. Neither Gabriel nor Borak dared go beyond it; and he heard a voice calling "Approach." And

* In accordance with the haggadic notion of the "Jerusalem above," and the "heavenly Jerusalem" of the New Testament.

† In Western Europe this part of the Jewish Liturgy, as too mystical for the weaker brethren, has now mostly been abrogated.

he passed on, and curtain after curtain, and veil after veil was drawn up before him and fell behind him. When the last curtain rose, he stood within two bow-shots from the Throne ; and here—says the Koran—" he saw the greatest of the signs of his Lord." No pen dared to say more. "There was a great stillness, and nothing was heard except the silent sound of the reed, wherewith the decrees of God are inscribed upon the tablets of Fate." . . .

It would indeed be a labor of love, and not without its reward, to follow this Miraj-Saga through all its stages, down to the Persian and Turkish cycles. But it is not our task. All we have to add here is that Mohammed is not to be made responsible for some of his enthusiastic admirers when they transformed this vision—a vision as grand as any in the whole Divine Comedy,—which indeed has unconsciously borrowed some of its richest plumage from it,—but which Mohammed, until he was sick of it, insisted on calling a *Dream*, into insipidity and drivel.

One feature more deserves mention. When Zaid asked the Prophet after his little daughter who had died, he answered that she was in Paradise and happy. And Zaid wept bitterly.

Remains, as of traditional miracles, the last one of the two Angels who took out Mohammed's heart when he was a boy, purified it in snow, then weighed it, and found it weightier than all the thousands they put into the other scale:—a parable equally transparent, and hardly a "miracle" in the conventional sense of the word.

One only command was given to Mohammed on that occasion of the Ascension :—that his faithful should pray fifty times daily. And when he returned to where Moses waited for him, and told him this, Moses made him return to pray to God to reduce the number. And it was made forty. This is still too much, Moses said ; I know that the faithful will not be able to do even thus much. And again and again was the number reduced till it came to five, and Mohammed no longer dared return to God, though Moses urged him to do so.

Very strikingly indeed does the Hagadah manifest her constant presence, not merely throughout this whole Vision, but even in such minute features as this last, of God's instructing Mohammed

about prayer.* For when the Pentateuch records that extraordinary manifestation of God to Moses on the rock, where the glory of the Lord passeth by, and proclaims : "Jehovah, Jehovah, God, merciful and gracious, long-suffering, and abundant of goodness and truth, and keeping mercy for thousands, forgiving iniquity, and transgression and sin" . . . the Talmud first of all introduces this passage, as is its wont in the like anthropomorphic passages, with the awe-stricken, half-trembling words that, If Holy Writ had not said this, no man would dare to speak of a like manifestation ; and, next, proceeds to explain that "*God showed Moses how that men should pray.*" "Let them invoke my Mercy and my Long-suffering. I will forgive them. Jehovah—twice repeated—means, It is Jehovah, even I, before man sinneth, and I, the selfsame Jehovah, after he has sinned and repented."

It is time that we should now return, after these many indispensable little monographs, to the founder of Islam himself, as a historical personage. Ere we proceed to his book and faith, we must sum up the events that led first to his Flight, that event with which not only he, but Arabia, enters history, an event fraught with intense importance for all mankind.

When Mohammed had become clear as to his mission, he sought converts. And his first convert was his faithful motherly Chadija ; his second the freed slave Zaid, probably a Christian, whom he adopted ; and his third, his small cousin Ali, ten years of age. Chadija, his good angel, Tradition reports,

"believed in Mohammed and believed in the truth of the Revelation, and fortified him in his aims. She was the first who believed in God, in His messenger, and in the Revelation. Thereby God had sent him comfort, for as often as he heard aught disagreeable, contradictory, or how he was shown to be a liar, she was sad about it. God comforted him through her when he returned to her, in rousing him up again and making his burden more light to him, assuring him of her own faith in him, and representing to him the futility of men's babble."

And, in truth, when she died, not merely he but Islam itself lost much of their fervor, much of their purity. He

* For the shortening of it see above, p 318, note †.

would not be comforted, though he married many wives after her; and the handsomest and youngest of his wives would never cease being jealous of that "dead, toothless old woman." Abu Bakr, a wealthy merchant, energetic, prudent, and honest, joined at once. He had probably been a fellow-disciple of Mohammed at the feet of Zaid the Skeptic, and was his confidant and bosom friend throughout his life—the only one who unhesitatingly joined, "who tarried not, neither was he perplexed," Mohammed said of him. It was he who stood at the head of the twelve chosen Apostles who subsequently rallied round the Prophet, among whom we find Hanza, the Lion of God, Othman, Omar, and the rest, men of energy, talent, and wealth, and long before adverse to Paganism. Those twelve were his principal advisers while he lived, and after his death they founded an empire greater than that of Alexander or Rome. As to Abu Bakr, he was but two years younger than the Prophet, not a man of genius, but of calm, clear, impartial judgment, and yet of so tender and sympathetic a heart that he used to be called "the Sighing." He was not only one of the most popular men, but also rich and generous, and thus his influence cannot well be overrated. It is his adherence to Mohammed throughout, which, even by those who most depreciate the Prophet, is taken as one of the highest guarantees of the latter's sincerity. Nay, he is said to have done more for Islam than Mohammed himself—not to mention that, with his extensive knowledge of genealogy, one of the most important sciences of the period, he was able, at the Prophet's desire, to supply Hassan, the poet of the Faith, with matter for satires against the inimical Kureish.

Most of Mohammed's relations seemed to have treated his teachings with scorn. "There he goes," they used to say; "he is going to speak to the world about the Heavens now." Abu Lahab, in open family council, called him a fool, instantly upon which followed that characteristic Surah, "Perish shall the hands of Abu Lahab. May he perish. . . And his wife shall carry fuel for his hell fire." The other Meccans treated the whole story of his mission, his revelations, and dreams, with something like

pitying contempt, as long as he kept to generalities, though the number of un-influential adherents grew apace. But when he spoke of their gods, which they naively enough would call *Thagut* (Error), the technical Jewish word for Idols,* as Idols, they waxed wroth, and combined against him, until the stir both he and they made, spread more and more rapidly and dangerously, and with it rose his own courage. He felt committed. All hesitations, and doubts, and fears, and reconciliations, he cast behind him now. He openly set the proud Meccans at defiance. He cursed those who reviled him with burning curses. He cursed their fathers in their graves; nay, his own father would undergo eternal punishment in hell, for that he had been an idolater. "There is no God but Allah!" He cried it aloud, day and night, and the echoes became more and more frequent.

His life was in jeopardy now, and his uncle Abu Talib, under whose protection he had fallen when a youth, stood forth against the whole clan. He would protect him if they all combined against him. Did he believe in his Mission? Not in the least. He remained steadfast in his own creed or skepticism to the day of his death. But he was an Arab, a Shemite. He had adopted him, and promised to protect him; and nothing, absolutely nothing, could cause him to break that holiest of engagements. He received the deputations of his kinsfolk, listened to their speeches, "how that Mohammed blasphemed their gods, called the living fools and the dead denizens of hell fire, that he was mad, brought disgrace upon their family and the whole clan, that he ought to be extinguished somehow—anyhow;" and he shook his head, saying nothing, or next to nothing. Again they returned and again, and, at last, demanded that the Possessed Man should be given up to them to be dealt with according to their judgment. If not—"We are determined no longer to bear his blasphemy towards our gods, nor his insults towards ourselves. If thou givest him protection, we will fight both him and thee, until one of us shall have been extinguished."

Abu Talib sent for Mohammed and

* See *Targums*, in Smith's "Dict. of the Bible."

told him what had happened, representing to him the position of affairs, and spoke to him about the danger he had brought upon their good old tribe. And very characteristic, not merely for the dramatic personæ, but for Arab feeling, is the further story of the interview. Mohammed, though fully believing now that even his uncle was about to abandon him to the mercies of his kinsfolk, replied—"By Allah, uncle, if they put the sun to my right hand, and the moon to my left, I will not give up the course which I am pursuing until Allah gives me success or I perish." And the tears starting to his eyes, he turned to depart. Then Abu Talib cried out aloud, "Son of my brother, come back!" And he returned. And Abu Talib said: "Depart in peace, O my nephew! Say whatever thou desirest, for, by Allah, I will in no wise abandon thee, forever."

Fanaticism here baffled sought an outlet elsewhere. As usual, the weak and the unprotected became the first victims and martyrs to their faith, whilst others apostatized, until Mohammed himself advised his converts to go to Abyssinia, where there ruled a pious and just king, and where they would find protection. Here also, when Meccan ambassadors pursued them, and tried to obtain their extradition, they declared their creed to the Negus in these words:—

"We lived in ignorance, in idolatry, and unchastity, the strong oppressed the weak, we spoke untruth, violated the duties of hospitality. Then a prophet arose, one whom we knew from our youth, with whose descent, and conduct, and good faith, and morality we are all well acquainted. He told us to worship one God, to speak the truth, to keep good faith, to assist our relations, to fulfil the rights of hospitality, to abstain from all things impure, ungodly, unrighteous. And he ordered us to say prayers, give alms, and to fast. We believed in him, we followed him. But our countrymen persecuted us, tortured us, and tried to cause us to forsake our religion, and now we throw ourselves upon your protection and confidence."

They then read him the nineteenth chapter of the Koran, which speaks of Christ and John the Baptist, and they all wept, and the King dismissed the Meccan messengers, refusing to give up the refugees. As to the nature of Christ they gave him a somewhat vague account, with which

the King, however, agreed—to his later discomfiture.

This nineteenth chapter, which so moved them all, contains the story both of the Annunciation of John's birth to Zacharias, and that of Christ's birth to the Virgin. It is here where Maryam—Mary, "the daughter of Amrān, the sister of Harūn," is described, as in the Gospel of the Infancy, as leaning on a barren trunk of a palm-tree when the throes come upon her, and she cries, "Would to God that I had been dead and forgotten before this." . . . And a voice came from within, "Grieve not." And a rivulet gushed forth at her feet, and the erst withered palm glistened with luscious dates. Then, taunted by the people for having borne a child—"her father not being a bad man, nor her mother disreputable," —the child itself, even Christ, to whom she mutely points, answers to everybody's wonderment, out of his cradle, in this wise: "I am a servant of Allah. He has given me the Book, and He has appointed me as a Prophet." And a few verses further on, a new rhyme indicates the commencement of a new episode, which reads as follows: "This is Jesus the son of Maryam, according to the true doctrine (not 'the words of truth,' as often translated), which they doubt. It is not fit for God that He should have a son. Praise to Him!" (i.e., far be it from Him). And finally, at the end of this same chapter,—

"They say God has begotten a son. In this ye utter a blasphemy; and but little is wanting but the Heavens should tear open, and the earth cleave asunder, and the mountains fall down, for that they attribute children to the Merciful, whereas it is not meet for God to have children. No one in Heaven and on Earth shall approach the Merciful otherwise than as His servant." . . .

This is the first *Hejrah*, the first triumph of the Faith. But meanwhile Mohammed himself had recanted, apostatized—twice. While the small band were proclaiming the purity of his Revelation before the Negus of Abyssinia, Mohammed had gone to the Kaaba, and in his sorely embittered state of mind, finding himself alienated from everybody, in the midst of an absolutely hopeless, almost single-handed struggle, invoked, before the assembled Kureish,

their three popular idols—"the sublime swans," whose intercession might be sought. The Assembly were delighted, and, though they despised his feebleness, they yet wished to put an end to the unseemly strife, and forthwith declared their readiness to believe in his doctrine, since it embraced the worship of their ancient gods. But on the day following Mohammed publicly rescinded that declaration. "The devil had prompted him," he declared boldly, and bitterer waxed the feud than before. But his mind was, as we said, in a sorely vexed state at that time. He was low spirited, nervous, full of fear, and he was still ready to make concessions. To escape abuse, he at about the same period declared that he had been commanded to permit the continuation of sacrifices to the idols; and then he repented again, and verses expressive of his contrition at his momentary weakness came and comforted him in the midst of the new troubles caused by his recantation. At that time it was also that great comfort came to him in the conversion of those two: Hamza, called the Lion of God, and Omar, the Paul of Islam, whom Mohammed's bitterest adversary, who had entered the house of Mohammed girded with his sword, resolved on slaying him, and who returned a Muslim, the most zealous apostle of the faith, its most valiant defender and mainstay. Among the twelve of whom we spoke, Abu Bakr and Hamza became the principal heads and mainsprings of young Islam.

And now the breach in the clan was completed. The whole family of Mohammed, the Hashimites, were excommunicated. Great hardships ensued for both sides for the space of three years, until when both were anxious to remove the excommunication, the document itself was found to have been destroyed by worms—all but the name of God with which it commenced. While thus, on the one hand, Mohammed's star seemed in the ascendant, he having forced, if not recognition, at any rate toleration, a bitter grief befell him. Chadija, sixty-five years of age, died; shortly after his protector, Abu Talib; and, as if to fill the gap of his misery, he now became aware also that he was a beggar. As long as Chadija lived she

provided for him, leaving him to believe in his prosperity. For he was chiefly occupied with his Revelations, and with going about preaching to the caravans, the pilgrims, the people, at the fairs. And behind him went his other uncle, like a grim shadow, and when he exhorted the people to repeat after him: "There is no God but Allah," and promised that they would all be kings if they did—as indeed they became; Abu Lahab "the squinter," with his two black side-curls, would mock at him, call him a liar and a Sabian. And the people mocked after him, and drove him away, and said, "Surely your own kinsfolk must know best what sort of a prophet you be." This Abu Lahab now had to stand forward, and as kinsman to take upon himself the galling charge of protecting Mohammed, whom he loathed. Abu Talib had resisted on his death-bed the entreaties both of Mohammed and of the Koreish—the one trying to induce him to embrace Islam, the others to give up his nephew. He did neither, and thus left the matter where it was. But Mohammed felt the awkwardness and danger of his position as the protected of his great foe very keenly, and he resolved to turn away from the place of his birth, even as Abraham had done, and Moses, and other prophets, and try to gain a hearing elsewhere. He accordingly went to Tayif, within three days' journey of Mecca, but he was unsuccessful. They hinted that his life would not be safe among them. The rabble hooted and pelted him with stones. He returned with a sad heart. On his road he stopped, and preached. And as whilom the stones had said Amen to the blind Saint's sermon, so now, legend says, the Jin listened to his words, as men would not hear him. And when Zaid, who went with him, asked him how he dared to return to the Koreish, he replied, "God will find means to protect His religion and his prophet."

And in the midst of these vicissitudes the event happened without which Mohammedanism would never have been heard of, save as one of the thousand outbreaks of sectarianism.

Medina, then Yathrib, was inhabited by a great number of Jews. They had, as mentioned before, an academy, where both Halachah and Haggadah were ex-

pounded, though very unostentatiously. They lived in peace and friendship with their neighbours, but had often religious conversations with them, in which the idolaters fared badly enough. With keenness of intellect, with sudden sparks of *esprit*, with all the arts of casuistry, they showed them the inanity of their form of belief. They further, as the keepers of holy books, told them such legends and tales about their common ancestor Abraham, their common kinsman Ishmael, and all that befell those before, and those after them, that their imagination was kindled, their heart moved, their intellect fired, and that secretly they could not but agree to the mental and religious superiority of these their neighbors. But their Arab pride would not yield; and when they openly denied this superiority of Faith, the Jews would tell them that their Messiah would come and punish them for their unbelief, even as the unbelief of the legendary aborigines who had lived there before them had been punished.

When the few pilgrims who had patiently listened to Mohammed, at his many preachings, brought back the strange tidings to Medina that a certain man of good family had publicly renounced the old gods, and had spoken of the God of Abraham, and of his mission to convert his brethren to him, not a Jew, not preaching Judaism, but an Arab, a Gentile like themselves, a man of their own kith and kin, a man who had gradually acquired a certain position and following in spite of all attacks and hindrances, it struck some of the advanced and far-seeing men of that city, that this was an opportunity not to be lost. If their people, "in whom more dissension was to be found than in any other on the face of the earth," could be united by one pure faith, which was emphatically their own, and which, though acknowledging some of the fundamental truths of Judaism, did not acknowledge Judaism itself, it would be a vast achievement; and if, further, they would acknowledge the coming man, the Messiah, with whom they had been threatened by the Jews, before even these knew of him, they would gain a doubly brilliant victory. And they went to Mohammed secretly as a deputation, and told him that if he were capable of creating that

union, religious and political, which was needed, they would acknowledge him to be the foretold prophet, and "the greatest man that ever lived."

Mohammed then recited to them a brief summary of the commandments—to worship but One God, not to steal, not to commit adultery, not to kill their children, not to slander, and to obey his authority in things "right and just," which they repeated after him. This is called the women's vow, because the same points were afterwards repeated for the benefit of the women in the Koran, and because there was no mention of fighting for the faith in this formula.

Shortly after this a solemn and secret compact was entered into between another influential deputation from Medina and himself: in the stillness of night, "so that the sleeper should not be awakened, and the absent not be waited for." Here he more fully declared his faith. There are, he told them, many forms of Islam or Monotheism; and each takes a different kind of worship or outer garment. The real points consist of the belief in the Resurrection, in the Day of Judgment, and, above all, unconditional faith in one only God, Allah, unto whom utter submission is due, and who alone is to be feared and worshipped. Other essential points are consistency in misfortune, prayer, and charity.

Whereupon they swore allegiance into his hands. This over, he selected twelve men among them—Jesus had chosen twelve Apostles, and Moses his elders of the tribes of Israel, he said—and exhorted those who had not been chosen, not to be angry in their hearts, inasmuch as not he but Gabriel had determined the choice. These were the twelve "Bishops" (Nakib), while the other men of Medina are called "Aids" (Ansár).

Secretly as these things had been done, they soon became known in Mecca, and now not a moment was to be lost. The Koreish could no longer brook this; Mohammed's folly had become dangerous. About one hundred families of influence in Mecca, who believed in the Prophet, silently disappeared, by twos, and threes, and fours, and went to Medina, where they were received with enthusiasm. Entire quarters of the city

thus became deserted, and Otba, at the sight of these vacant abodes, once teeming with life, "sighed heavily," and recited the old verse : "Every dwelling-place, even if it have been blessed ever so long, at last will become a prey to wind and woe." . . . "And," he bitterly added, "all this is the work of our noble nephew, who hath scattered our assemblies, ruined our affairs, and created dissension among us." The position now grew day by day more embarrassing. A blow had to be struck. Still Mohammed was in Mecca, he, Ali, and Abu Bakr. An assembly of the Koreish met in all despatch at the town-hall, and some chiefs of other clans were invited to attend. The matter had become a question for the commonwealth, not for a tribe. And the Devil also came, according to the legend, in the guise of a venerable sheikh. Stormy was the meeting, for the men began to be afraid. Imprisonment for life, perpetual exile, and finally death, were proposed. It is for this that Satan is wanted by the legend. No Arab would have counselled death for Mohammed. The last proposal was accepted; its execution deferred to the first dark night. A number of noble youths were to do the bloody deed. Meanwhile they watched his house to prevent his escape.

But meanwhile, also, "the angel Gabriel" had told Mohammed what his enemies had planned against him. And he put his own green garment upon Ali, bade him lie on his own bed, and escaped, as David had escaped, through the window. A price was set upon his head. Abu Bakr, the "sole companion," was with him. They hid in a cave in the direction opposite from that leading to Medina, on Mount Thaur. A spider wove his web over the mouth of the cave, relate the traditions. Be it observed, by the way, that even this spider and web belong to the Haggadah, and are found in the Targum to the ninety-fifth Psalm, where David is, by these means, hidden from his enemies. Two wild pigeons laid their eggs at the entrance of the cave, so that the pursuers were convinced that none could have entered it for many a long day; and the pigeons were blessed ever after, and made sacred within the Holy Territory. Once or twice danger was nigh, and Abu

Bakr began to fear. "They were but two," he said. "Nay," Mohammed said, "we are three; God is with us." And He was with them. It was a hot day in September, 622, when Mohammed entered Yathrib, from that time forth honored by the name of *Medinat An-Nabi*, the City of the Prophet, at noon :—ten, thirteen, or fifteen years (the traditions vary) after his assumption of the sacred office. This is the Hejrah, or Mohammanian Era, which dates from the first month of the first lunar year after the Prophet's entry into the city. A Jew watching on a tower espied him first, in order that there might be fulfilled the words of the Koran, "The Jews know him better than they know their own children." Before entering the gate he alighted from his camel and prayed.

From that time forth Mohammed's life, hitherto obscure and dark, stands out in its minutest details. He now is judge, law-giver, king; even to the day of his death. We shall leave our readers to follow out the minutiae of his life in any of the biographies at their hand, which, from this period forth, no longer differ in any essential point.

But here we turn at once to that period of his own dissensions with the Jews, who, as we said already, formed a very influential section at Medina. He had by degrees come to sanction and adopt as much of their dogmas, their legends, their ceremonies, as ever was compatible with his mission as a Prophet of the Arabs, and one who, barring the fundamental dogma of the Sonship, wished to conciliate also the Christians. He constantly refers to the testimony of the Jews, calls them the first receivers of the Law, and not merely in such matters as turning in prayer towards Jerusalem, instead of the national sanctuary, the Kaaba, he had followed them—nay, at Medina he even adopted the Day of Atonement, date, name, and all. All he wanted in return was that they should acknowledge him as the Prophet of the Gentiles (*Ummi*), and testify to his mission. But the veil had suddenly been torn from the eyes of these Jews. If they had thought him a meet instrument to convert all Arabia to Judaism, and had eagerly fostered and encouraged him, had instructed him in law and legend, and had caused him to believe in

himself and his mission, they of a sudden became aware that their supposed tool had become a thing of ever-growing power; and they had recourse to the most dangerous arms imaginable for laying that ghost which they had helped to raise. They laughed at him publicly. They told stories of how he came by his "Revelations." They who had been so anxious to injure him into the Midrash, challenged him by silly questions in Haggadic lore,—to which he was imprudent enough to give serious replies,—to prove his Messiahship, with which they unceasingly taunted him. They produced the Bible, and showed how different the tales he told of the patriarchs and others were from those contained in that book; they who had begotten this Haggadic guise themselves. Of course the stories did not agree, and even Christians (Omayyah and others) testified to that fact. What remained for Mohammed but to declare that, in those instances, both Jews and Christians had falsified their books, or that they did not understand them—applying to them the rabbinical designation of certain scholars: that though they had the books, they were but "as asses laden with them," and comprehended not their contents; or that they gave out foolish stories to be the Book itself. He now declared that, "of all men, Jews and Idolaters hate the Muslims most." And, in truth, when asked whether they preferred Mohammed's teaching or Idolatry, they would reply—as their ancestors had done centuries before—"Idolatry:—since idolaters did not know any better, whilst there were those who knowingly perverted the pure doctrine, and sowed strife and dissension between Israel and their Father which is in Heaven." Some Jewish fanatics even attempted his life—one, innocently enough, by witchcraft; another, by the more earnest missile of a stone. They wrote satires and squibs upon him, men and women. There was no end to their provocations. They mispronounced his Koranic words—"twisting their tongues"—so as to give them an offensive meaning. Their "look down upon us," sounded like "O our wicked one." For "forgiveness" they said "sin;" for "peace upon thee"—"contempt upon thee" and the like. They mocked at his expression of "giving God

a good loan"—"we being rich and He poor!" they said—evidently forgetting the similar expressions of the Mishnah itself, which speaks of certain good deeds* as bringing interest in this world, while the capital is reserved for the next. And the inevitable happened. The breach came to pass, and there was hatred even unto death on both sides. It was too late to substitute another faith, other doctrines, other legends, even had they been at hand. But as much as could be done without endangering the whole structure, to show the irreconcilable breach, was done now. The faithful were no longer to turn their faces toward Jerusalem, but towards Mecca. Friday was made the day of rest, and the call to prayer was introduced as a supposed protest against the trumpet of the synagogue, though the trumpet was scarcely ever used for the purpose of the call to prayer. The Jews were not to be saluted in the streets; the faithful were to abstain from eating with them; they are declared beyond the pale—and bitterly had they to rue their lost game.

In the first year of the Hegira Mohammed proclaimed war against the enemies of the faith. At Badr the Muslins first stood face to face with the Meccans, and routed them, though but 316 against 600. The Koreish and certain Jewish tribes were the next object of warfare. Six years after the flight he proclaimed a general pilgrimage to Mecca. Its inhabitants, though prohibiting this, concluded a peace with him, whereby he was recognized as a belligerent, and the pilgrimage was carried out the very next year. Next other Jewish tribes had to feel his iron rod, whilst he nearly lost his life at the hands of a Jewess, another Judith, who tried to poison him, and, when charged with the crime, said that she had only wished to see whether Mohammed really was a prophet, and now she was convinced of it. She thus saved her own life; but the poison worked on, and in his dying hour Mohammed spoke of that poison "cutting his heart-strings." His missionaries now sought a larger

* Such as reverence for father and mother, charity, early application to study, hospitality, doing the last honors to the dead, promoting peace between man and his neighbor. See "Talmud," p. 444

sphere than Arabia. Letters were sent by him to Heraclius, to the Governor of Egypt, to Abyssinia, to Chosroës II., to Amra the Ghassanide. The latter resented this as an insult, executed the messenger, and the first war between Islam and Christianity broke out. Islam was beaten. Mecca at these news rose anew, threw off the mask of friendship, and broke the alliance. Whereupon Mohammed marched of a sudden 10,000 men strong upon them before they had time for any preparation, took Mecca by storm, and was publicly acknowledged chief and prophet. More strife and more, chiefly minor, contests followed, in which he was more or less victorious. In the year of the Hejrah he undertook his last solemn pilgrimage to Mecca, with at least 40,000 Muslims, and there on Mount Arafa blessed them, like Moses, and repeated his last exhortations; chiefly telling them to protect the weak, the poor, and the women, and to abstain from usury.

Once again he thought of war. He planned a huge expedition against the Greeks; but he felt death approaching. One night, at midnight, he went to the cemetery of Medina, and prayed and wept upon the tombs, and asked God's blessing for his "companions resting in peace." Next day he went to the mosque as usual, ascended the pulpit, and commenced his exhortation with these words: "There was once a servant unto whom God had given the option of whatever worldly goods he would desire, or the rewards that are near God; and he chose those which are near God." And Abu Bakr, hearing these words, wept and said, "May our fathers and mothers, our lives and our goods, be a sacrifice for you, O messenger of God." And the people marvelled at these words. They wist not that the prophet spoke of his near death, but Abu Bakr knew. For a few more days Mohammed went about as usual; but terrible headaches, accompanied by feverish symptoms, soon forced him to seek rest. He chose Ayisha's house close to the mosque, and there took part as long as he could in public prayers. For the last time he addressed the faithful, asking them, like Moses, whether he had wronged any one, or whether he owed aught to any one. To round the story off right real-

istically, there was an imbecile present who claimed certain unpaid pennies; which were immediately refunded to him, though not without a bitter word. He then read passages from the Koran preparing them for his death, and exhorted them to keep peace among themselves. Never after that hour did he ascend the pulpit, says the tradition, "till the day of the Resurrection." Whether he intended to appoint a successor—Mosaylima, perhaps, the pseudoprophet, as Sprenger suggests—or not, must always remain a mystery. It is well known that the writing materials for which he had asked were not given to him. Perhaps they did think him delirious, as they said. Some medicine was given to him, accompanied by certain superstitious rites and formulas. He protested with horror when he became aware of this. He wandered; somewhat of Heaven and Angels were his last words—"Denizens of Heaven . . . Sons of Abraham . . . prophets . . . they fall down, weeping, glorifying His Majesty . . ." Ayisha, in whose lap his head rested, felt it growing heavy and heavier; she looked into his face, saw his eyes gazing upwards, and heard him murmuring: "No, the companions above . . . in Paradise." She then took his hand in hers, praying. When she let it sink, it was cold and dead. This happened about noon of Monday (12th or 11th) of the third month in the 11th year of the Hejrah (8th June, 632). Terrible was the distress which the news of his death caused. Many of the faithful refused to believe in it, and Omar confirmed them in their doubt. But Abu Bakr sprang forth, saying, "Whosoever among you has believed in Mohammed, let him know that Mohammed is dead; but he who has believed in Mohammed's God, let him continue to serve Him, for He is still alive and never dies. . . ."

We have in this succinct review of the stages through which Mohammed went, carefully abstained from pronouncing upon him *ex cathedra*, from accusing or defending him. All this has been done, and public opinion is at rest on the point, for instance, of his marrying many wives, or committing wholesale slaughter when an example had to be made. Also with regard to his "cun-

ning," and "crafiness," and the rest of it. There is, Mohammedans tell us now, polygamy and massacre enough and to spare in the Bible, and its heroes are in no wise exempt from human frailties. Moreover, "far-sighted prudence and energetic action"—provided always that they belong to the victorious camp—are not considered very grave faults. But we have also abstained from adducing many Koranic passages, however tempting it was to substitute for our own sober account the glowing words of "inspiration"—the cry out of the depths of an intensely human heart in its sore agony—the wail over the peace that is lost—the exultant bugle-call that proclaims the God-given triumph—the yell of revenge, or the silent anguish, and the unheard, the unseen tear of a man. These things do indeed write a more faithful biography than the acutest historian will ever compile out of the infinite and infinitesimal mosaics at his disposal.

Mohammed has had many biographers, from the Byzantines who could not satisfy their souls with heaping up mountains of silly abuse; from Maracci and Prideaux—the former of whom has, not without some show of reason, been accused of being a secret believer, while the latter wishes to stop by his biography, "the great prevailing infidelity in the present age," more especially as he has reason to fear that "wrath hath some time gone forth from the Lord," and that the "Wicked One may, by some other such instrument, overwhelm us with foulest delusions"—to those great authorities, Sprenger, Muir, Nöldeke, Weil, Amari. The work of the first of these we have placed at the head of our paper because it is the most comprehensive, the most exhaustive, the most learned of all, because, more than any of the others, it does, by bringing all the material bodily before the reader, enable him to form his own judgment. Next to him in fulness and genuineness of matter, though not in genius perhaps, stands, to our thinking, Muir; only that a certain preconceived notion acent Satan seems to have taken somewhat too firm a hold upon his mind. Both Muir and Sprenger have drunk out of the fulness of the East in the East, spending part of their lives in research on In-

dian and Mohammedan soil. Weil, Amari, Nöldeke,* have earned the first places among Koranic investigators in Europe, while Lane, that most illustrious master of Arab lexicography, has, both in his classical Notes on the "Arabian Nights" and in his "Modern Egyptians," thrown out most precious hints on the subject. And those that have written his life have all written it out of his book, the Koran, and its complement the Sunnah, and each has written it differently.

The Koran is a wonderful book in many respects, but chiefly in this, that it has no real beginning, middle, or end. Mohammed's mind is best portrayed here. It was not a well-regulated mind. Weil, in touching terms, almost appeals to the shadow of Mohammed to come and enlighten him as to what he said, when he said it, how he said it. He cannot forgive him, he states at the commencement of his "Introduction," that he did not put everything clearly and properly in order before his death—even, as a man sends his "copy" to the printers. From date-leaves and tablets of white stone, from shoulder-bones and bits of parchment, thrown promiscuously into a box, and from "the breasts of men," was the first edition of the Koran prepared, one year after the prophet's death, and the single chapters were arranged according to their respective lengths: organ-pipe fashion—and not even that accurately. And Mohammed's book is not even as the Pentateuch, according to the Documentary Theory. There are not several accounts of the same or different events vaguely put together. Nor is it even like the Talmud, which, though apparently leading us by the Ariadne-thread of the Mishnah through its labyrinths, yet every now and then plunges us into pathless wildernesses of cave and vault; through which ever and anon streams in the golden light of day, showing the wise aim and plan of their tortuous windings. But in the Koranic structure there is no cunning, no special purpose, and, indeed, you may begin at every page and end at every

* We may on another occasion enter more fully upon the individual merits of their works, and those of many others in this large field: for the present, a bare reference to them must suffice.

page. Unless one should prefer to read it from beginning to end—and we warrant that, as it now stands, no one will easily perform that feat, unless he be a pious Muslim, or, perchance, makes it his Arabic text-book. Hence also not one of these *Savans* agrees about the succession of the Chapters. There is certainly a vast amount of truth or probability on the side of some suggestions: and Sprenger has, to our mind, come nearest, because he was the least fettered by conventionalities of view, but, son of the Alps and of the Desert, he set authority at defiance and sought out his path for himself. Yet with him, too, it is difficult to agree at times, according to the greater or less sympathy one feels with his stand-point and the view he takes of the Prophet himself.

Broadly speaking, three principal divisions may, with psychological truth, be established; the first, corresponding to the period of early struggles, being marked by the higher poetical flight, by the deeper appreciation of the beauties of nature, in sudden, most passionate, lava-like outbursts, which seem scarcely to articulate themselves into words. The more prosaic and didactic tone warns us of the approach of manhood, while the dogmatizing, the sermonizing, the reiteration, and the abandoning of all Scriptural and Haggadistic helpmates point to the secure possession of power, to the consummation and completion of the mission. But these divisions must not be relied upon too securely. There rings through what may very fairly be considered some of the very last Revelations ever and anon the old wild cry of doubt and despair, the sermon turns abruptly into a glowing vision; a sudden rhapsody inappropriately follows a small dogmatic disquisition, or a curse fiery and yelling as any of the hottest days is hurled upon some unbeliever's doomed head; while the very first utterances at times exhibit the theorizing, reflecting, arguing tendencies of ripe old age.

And it is exactly in these transitions, quick and sudden as lightning, that one of the great charms of the book, as it now stands, consists, and well might Goethe say that, "as often as we approach it, it always proves repulsive anew; gradually, however, it attracts, it

astonishes, and, in the end, forces into admiration." The Koran, moreover, suffers more than any other book we could think of by a translation, however masterly. If anywhere, it is here that the *summum jus summa injuria* holds good. What makes the Talmud so particularly delightful is this peculiar fact, that whenever jurisprudence with its thousand technicalities and uncouth terms is out of the question, it becomes easy, translucent, and clear to the merest beginner. The pathetic *naïveté* of its diction, and the evident pains it takes to make all its sayings household words, is something for which we cannot be too grateful. Hence also the fact that these words in their wisdom and grace must needs find an echo in every true heart, if told exactly as they stand, without attempt to color them. The grandeur of the Koran, on the other hand, consists, its contents apart, in its diction. We cannot explain the peculiarly dignified, impressive, sonorous nature of Semitic sound and parlance; its *sesquipedalia verba*, with their crowd of prefixes and affixes, each of them affirming its own position, while consciously bearing upon and influencing the central root—which they envelop like a garment of many folds, or as chosen courtiers move around the anointed person of the king.

Maybe, some stray reader remembers a certain thrill on waking suddenly in the middle of his first night on Eastern soil—waking, as it were, from dream into dream. For there came a voice, solitary, sweet, sonorous, floating from on high through the moonlight stillness—the voice of the blind Mueddin, singing the Ulah, or first Call to Prayer. At the sound whereof many a white figure would move silently on the low roofs, and not merely, like the palms and cypresses around, bow his head, but prostrate, and bend his knees. And the sounds went and came, "Allahu Akbar Prayer is better than sleep There is no God but He He giveth life, and He dieth not O! thou Bountiful Thy mercy ceaseth not My sins are great, greater is Thy mercy I extol his perfection Allahu Akbar!"—and this reader may have a vague notion of Arabic and Koranic sound, one which he will never forget.

But the Koran is *sui generis*, though its contents be often but the old wine in new bottles, and its form strikingly resembling that of pre-Islamic poetry, which it condemns. It is rhythmical, rhymed, condescends to word-plays, and indulges—and in one place to an appalling degree—in refrains. As usual, the rhyme—the swaddling-clothes of unborn thought—here too seems to run away at times, if not with the sense, at all events with the numbers. Yet not far; only that for the sake of the soft dual termination certain gardens and fountains and fruits are doubled: whilst on the other hand a lofty contempt for this thraldom is shown by *m* being made to answer to *n*, *l* to *r*, and so forth. Yet here, as in all these critical exoteric questions, we are treading on very dangerous ground, and we shall content ourselves with mentioning that there are at least three principal schools at variance on the very question whether the Koran is rhymed throughout: one affirming it, the other denying it, and the third taking a middle course.

We reserve all that we have to say on the outer or critical aspect of the Koran for the present; the scientific terms on this field: rules, divisions, and subdivisions, most minute and manifold, and the entire masoretic apparatus, with all the striking analogies with the corresponding Jewish labors that reveal themselves at every step.

We turn, in preference, at once to the intrinsic portion of this strange book—a book by the aid of which the Arabs conquered a world greater than that of Alexander the Great, greater than that of Rome, and in as many tens of years as the latter had wanted hundreds to accomplish her conquests; by the aid of which they, alone of all the Semites, came to Europe as kings, whither the Phœnicians had come as tradesmen, and the Jews as fugitives or captives; came to Europe to hold up, together with these fugitives, the light to Humanity—they alone, while darkness lay around; to raise up the wisdom and knowledge of Hellas from the dead, to teach philosophy, medicine, astronomy and the golden art of song, to the West as well as to the East, to stand at the cradle of modern science, and to cause us late epigoni forever to weep over the day when Granada fell.

We said that there is a great likeness between pre-Islamic poetry (even that of those inane “priests”) and the Koran. If Mohammed wished to go straight to the heart of his people, it could only be through the hallowed means of poetry—the sole vehicle of all their “science,” all tradition, all religion, all love, and all hatred. And, indeed, what has remained of fragments of that period of pre-Islamic poetry which immediately preceded Mohammed, broken, defaced, dimmed, as it is, by fanaticism and pedantic ignorance, prove it sufficiently to have been of all the brilliant periods of Arabic literature the most brilliant. There arises out of the Hamasa, the Moallakat, the Kitab Al-Aghani, nay, out of the very chips that lie imbedded in later works, such a freshness, and glory, and bloom, of desert-song—even as out of Homer’s epics rise the glowing spring-times of humanity, and the deep blue heavens of Hellas—as has never again been the portion of Arab poetry. Wild, and vast, and monotonous as the yellow seas of its desert solitudes, it is withal tender, true, pathetic, soul-subduing; much more so than when in beauteous Andalus the great-grandchildren of these wild rovers sang of nightly boatings by torchlight, of the moon’s rays trembling on the waves, of sweet meetings in the depths of rose-gardens, of Spain’s golden cities and gleaming mosques, and the far-away burning desert whence their fathers came. Those grand accents of joy and sorrow, of love, and valor, and passion, of which but faint echoes strike on our ears now, were full-toned at the time of Mohammed; and he had not merely to rival the illustrious of the illustrious, but to excel them; to appeal to the superiority of what he said and sang as a very sign and proof of his mission. And there were, at first, many and sinister tokens of rivalry and professional hatred visible, to which religious fanaticism carried fuel. Those that had fallen fighting against him were lamented over in the most heartrending and popular dirges. Poets of his time said even as Jehuda Al-Hassan-Halevi, that great Hebraeo-Arabic minstrel, did hundreds of years after them, that they failed to see anything extraordinary in his verses. Nay, they called him names,—a fool, a madman, a ridiculous pretender and impostor; they

laughed at the people of Medina for listening to "such an one." And these rival-poets formed a formidable power. Their squibs told, while the counter-satires he caused to be written fell flat. Not even "sudden visitations," by which some of the worst offenders were found struck to death, stopped the "press." Until there came a revelation—"Shall I declare unto you?", he asks in the Surah called "the Poets," "on whom the Devils descend? They descend upon every lying and wicked person . . . most of them are liars. And those who err follow the steps of the poets. Seest thou not how they rove as bereft of their senses through every valley?" . . . Which reminds us strikingly of Kutayir, a pre-Islamic poet, and the answer he gave to people asking him "How he managed when poetry became difficult to him?" and he said, "I walk through the deserted habitations, and through the blooming greenswards; then the most perfect songs become easy, and the most beautiful ones flow naturally"—"roving bereft of his senses through every valley!" . . .

Mohammed is said to have convinced a rival, Lebid, a poet-laureate of the period, of his mission, by reciting to him a portion of the now second Surah. Unquestionably it is one of the very grandest specimens of Koranic or Arabic dictation, describing how hypocrites "are like unto those who kindle a fire without and think themselves safe from darkness. But while it is at its biggest blaze, God sends a wind; the flame is extinguished, and they are shrouded in dense night. They are deaf, and dumb, and blind. . . . Or when in darkness, and amidst thunder and lightning, rain-filled clouds pour from heaven, they in terror of the crash thrust their fingers into their ears . . . But God compasseth the infidels around. . . . The flash of the lightning blindest their eyes—while it lights up all things, they walk in its light—then darkness closes in upon them, and they stand rooted to the ground." . . .

But even descriptions of this kind, grand as they be in their own tongue, are not sufficient to kindle and preserve the enthusiasm and the faith and the hope of a nation like the Arabs, not for one generation, but for a thousand. Not the most passionate grandeur, not the

most striking similes, not the legends, not the parables, not the sweet spell of rhyme-fall and the weaving of rhythmic melodies, and all the poet's cunning craft—but the kernel of it all, the doctrine, the positive, clear, distinct doctrine. And this doctrine Mohammed brought before them in a thousand, so to say, symphonic variations, modulated through the whole scale of human feeling. From prayer to curse, from despair to exultant joy, from argument, often casuistic, largely-spun-out argument, to vision, either in swift, and sudden, and terrible transition, or in repetitions and reiterations—monotonous and dreary and insufferably tedious to the outsider—but to him alone.

The poets before him had sung of love. One of the principal forms of pre-Islamic poetry was, indeed, the Kasida, which almost invariably commenced with a sorrowful remembrance of her who had gone none knew whither, and the very traces of whose tent, but yesterday gleaming afar in the midst of the wide solitudes, had disappeared overnight. Antara, himself the hero of the most famous novel, sings of the ruins, around which ever hover lovers' thoughts, of the dwelling of Abla, who is gone, and her dwelling-place knows her not; it is now desolate and silent. Amr Al Kais, "the standard-bearer of poets, but on the way to hell," as Mohammed called him, of all things praises his fortune with women, chiefly Oneisa, and in brilliant, often Heinesque, verse sings of the good things of this world; until his father banishes him on account of an adventure wherein he, as usual, had been too happy. And of a sudden, in the midst of a wild revel, he hears that his father has been slain, and not a word said he. But higher and louder waxed the revel, and he drank deep, and gamed till the gray dawn; when he arose of a sudden, and swore a holy oath that neither wine nor woman should soothe his senses until he had taken bloody vengeance for his father; and when consulting the oracle, he drew an arrow with the inscription "Defence," he threw it into the idol's face, saying, "Wretch, if thy father had been killed, thou wouldest have counselled Vengeance, not Defence."

They sang of valor and generosity, of love and strife, and revenge, of their noble tribe and ancestors, of beautiful

women, "often even of those who did not exist, so that woman's noble fame should be spread abroad among kings and princes," as the unavoidable schoolman informs us; of the valiant sword, and the swift camel, and the darling horse, fleetest than the whirlwind's rush. Or of early graves, upon which weeps the morning's cloud, and the fleeting nature of life, which comes and goes as the waves of the desert-sand, and as the tents of a caravan, as a flower that shoots up and dies away—while the white stars will rise and set everlasting, and the mountains will rear their heads heavenwards, and never grow old. Or they shoot their bitter arrows of satire right into the enemy's own soul.

Mohammed sang none of these. No love-minstrelsy his, not the joys of this world, nor sword nor camel, not jealousy or human vengeance, not the glories of tribe or ancestor, nor the unmeaning, swiftly and forever extinguished existence of man, were his themes. He preached *Islam*.

And he preached it by rending the skies above and tearing open the ground below, by adjuring heaven and hell, the living and the dead. The Arabs have ever been proficient in the art of swearing, but such swearing had never been heard in and out of Arabia. By the foaming waters and by the grim darkness, by the flaming sun and the setting stars, by Mount Sinai and by Him who spanned the firmament, by the human soul and the small voice, by the Kaaba and by the Book, by the Moon and the dawn and the angels, by the ten nights of dread mystery and by the day of judgment. That day of judgment, at the approach whereof the earth shaketh, and the mountains are scattered into dust, and the seas blaze up in fire, and the children's hair grows white with anguish, and like locust-swarms the souls arise out of their graves, and Allah cries to Hell, Art thou filled full? and Hell cries to Allah, More, give me more, . . . while Paradise opens its blissful gates to the righteous, and glory ineffable awaits them—both men and women.

The kernel and doctrine of Islam Goethe has found in the second Surah, which begins as follows:—

"This is the Book. There is no doubt in the same. A Guidance to the righteous

Who believe in the *Unseen*, who observe the *Prayer*, and who give *Alms* of that which we have vouchsafed unto them. And who believe in that which has been sent down unto thee—(the *Revelation*) which had been sent down to those before thee, and who believe in the *Life to come*. They walk in the guidance of their Lord, and they are the blessed. As to them who believe not—it is indifferent to them whether thou exhortest them or not exhortest them. They will not believe. Sealed hath Allah their hearts and their ears, and over their eyes is darkness, and theirs will be a great punishment."—"And in this wise," Goethe continues, "we have Surah after Surah. Belief and unbelief are divided into upper and lower. Heaven and hell await the believers or deniers. Detailed injunctions of things allowed and forbidden, legendary stories of Jewish and Christian religion, amplifications of all kinds, boundless tautologies and repetitions, form the body of this sacred volume, which to us, as often as we approach it, is repellent anew, next attracts us ever anew, and fills us with admiration, and finally forces us into veneration."

Thus Goethe. And no doubt the passage adduced is as good a summary as any other. Perhaps, if he had gone a little further in this same chapter, he might have found one still more explicit. When Mohammed at Medina told his adherents no longer to turn in prayer towards Jerusalem, but towards the Kaaba at Mecca, to which their fathers had turned, and he was blamed for this innovation, he replied:—

"That is not righteousness: whether yo turn your faces towards East or West, God's is the East as well as the West. But verily righteousness is his who believes in God, in the day of judgment, in the angels, in the Book and the prophets; who bestows his wealth, for God's sake, upon kindred, and orphans, and the poor, and the homeless, and all those who ask; and also upon delivering the captives; he who is steadfast in prayer, giveth alms, who stands firmly by his covenants, when he has once entered into them; and who is patient in adversity, in hardship, and in times of trial. These are the righteous, and these are the God-fearing."

Yet these and similar passages, characteristic as they be, do not suffice. It behoves us to look somewhat deeper.

First of all, What is the literal meaning of Islam, the religion of a Muslim? We find that name Muslim already applied to those *Hanifs*, of whom we have spoken above, who had renounced, though secretly, idolatry before Moham-

med, and had gone out to seek the "religion of Abraham," which Mohammed finally undertook to re-establish. The Semitic root of the word Muslim yields a variety of meanings, and accordingly Muslim has had many interpretations. But in all these cases—even as is now becoming so universally clear in the terms of the New Testament—it is as useless to go back to the original root for the elucidation of some special or technical, dogmatic, scientific, or other term of a certain period, as it is to ask those for an explanation who lived to use that same term long after it had assumed an utterly new, often the very opposite, meaning. *Salm*, the root of *Islam*, means, in the first instance, to be tranquil, at rest, to have done one's duty, to have paid up, to be at perfect peace, and, finally, to hand oneself over to Him with whom peace is made. The noun derived from it means peace, greeting, safety, salvation. And the Talmud contains both the term and the explanation of the term Muslim, which in its Chaldee meaning had become naturalized in Arabia. It indicates a "Righteous man." In a paraphrase of Proverbs xxiv. 16, where the original has *Zadik* (*Ziddik* in Koran), which is rightly translated by the Authorized Version, "Just Man," the Talmud has this very word. "Seven pits are laid for the 'Muslim,'" (*Shalmane—Syr.: Msalmono*) it says, and "one for the wicked, but the wicked falls into his one, while the other escapes all seven."* The word thus implies absolute submission to God's will—as generally assumed—neither in the first instance, nor exclusively, but means, on the contrary, one who strives after righteousness with his own strength. Closely connected with the misapprehension of this part of Mohammed's original doctrine is also the popular notion on that supposed bane of Islam, Fatalism: but we must content ourselves here with the observation that, as far as Mohammed and the Koran is concerned, Fatalism is an utter and absolute invention. Not once, but repeatedly, and as if to guard against such an assumption, Mo-

hammed denies it as distinctly as he can, and gives injunctions which show as indisputably as can be that nothing was further from his mind than that pious state of idle and hopeless inanity and stagnation. But to return to Islam. The real sum and substance of it is contained in Mohammed's words: "We have spoken unto thee by revelation:—Follow the religion of Abraham."

What did Mohammed and his contemporaries understand by this religion of Abraham? "Abraham," says the Koran, pointedly and pregnantly, "was neither a Jew nor a Christian, but he was pious and righteous, and no idolator." Have we not here the briefest and the most rationalistic doctrine ever preached? Curious and characteristic is the proof which the Koran finds it necessary to allege (partly found, by the way, in the Midrash) for this:—There was no Law (or Gospel) revealed then—there were, in fact, no divisions of Semitic creed, no special and distinctive dogmas in Abraham's time yet. The Haggadah, it is true, points out that, when Scripture says "he heard my voice," it meant that to him were given, by anticipation, all that the Law and the Prophets contain. And in order rightly to understand the drift of Mohammed's words, we must endeavor to gather the little mosaics as they lie scattered about in all directions in the Talmud and Midrash. Perchance a picture, aenent Abraham's faith and works, may arise under our hands—a not unworthy ideal of Judaism, which formed it, and Mohammedanism, which adopted it; of Abraham, the righteous, the first, and the greatest Muslim. It may also further elucidate, by the way, the words of the Mishnah, "Be ye of the Disciples of Abraham." "The divine light lay hidden," says the Midrash, "until Abraham came and discovered it."

Again we have to turn—driven by absolute necessity—to one of those indigestible morsels, one of the many *crucis* of the exegetes of Orient and Occident. The word used in the Koran for the "Religion of Abraham" is generally *Milla*. Sprenger, after ridiculing the indeed absurd attempts made to derive it from an Arabic root, concludes that it must be a foreign word, introduced by the teachers of the "Milla of Abraham,"

* There is also the story in the Talmud of the Master whose name was *Shalman* (Solomon), and they said to him, "Thou art full of peace, and thy teaching is peace (perfect), and thou hast made peace between the disciples."

into the Hejaz. He is perfectly right. Milla=Memra=Logos, are identical : being the Hebrew, Chaldee (Targum, Peschito in slightly varied spelling), and Greek terms respectively for "Word,"—that surrogate for the Divine Name used by the Targum, by Philo, by St. John. This Milla, or "Word," which Abraham proclaimed, he, "who was not an astrologer, but a prophet"—teaches, according to the Haggadah, first of all, the existence of One God, the Creator of the Universe, who rules this Universe with mercy and lovingkindness.* He alone also, neither angel nor planet, guides the destinies of man. Idolatry, even when combined with the belief in Him, is utterly to be abhorred; He alone is to be worshipped; in Him alone trust is to be placed in adversity. He frees the persecuted and the oppressed. You must pray to Him and serve Him in love, and not murmur when He asks for your lives, or even for lives still dearer to you than your own. As to duties towards man, it teaches—"Lovingkindness and mercy are the tokens of the faith of Abraham." "He who is not merciful is not of the children of Abraham." "What is the distinguishing quality of Abraham's descendants? their compassion and their mercy." (Be it observed, by the way, that in all these talmudical passages the word *Rachman* is used, which term for "Merciful" forms an emphatic mark in the Koran.) "Abraham not merely forgave Abimelech, but he prayed for him;" and this mercy, charity, and lovingkindness is to be extended to every being, without reference to "garment," birth, rank, creed, or nationality. Disinterestedness and unselfish-

ness are self-understood duties. Though the whole land had been promised to Abraham by God, he *bought* the ground for Sarah's tomb. After the victorious campaign he took nothing, no, not even "from a thread to a shoe-latchet" from the enemy. Modesty and humility are other qualities enjoined by him. Rule yourself, he said, before you rule others. Eschew pride, which shortens life—modesty prolongs it. It purifies from all sins, and is the best weapon for conquest. His humility was shown even by the way in which he exercised his hospitality. He waited himself on his guests, and when they tried to thank him, he said, Thank "Him, the One, who nourishes all, who ruleth in heaven and earth, who killeth and giveth life, who causeth the plants to grow, and who createth man according to His wisdom." He inaugurated the Morning Prayer—even as did Isaac that of the Evening, and Jacob that of the Night. He went, even in his old age, ever restless in doing good, to succor the oppressed, to teach and preach to all men. He "wore a jewel round his neck, the light of which raised up the bowed-down and healed the sick, and which, after his death, was placed among the stars." And see how he was chosen to be tempted with the bitterest trial, in order that mankind might see how steadfast he remained—"even as the potter proves the strength of his ware, not by that which is brittle, but by that which is strong." And when he died, he left to his children four guardian angels—"Justice and Mercy, Love and Charity."

Such are the floating outlines of the faith of Abraham to be gathered from the Haggadah; and these traits form the fundamental bases of Mohammed's doctrine—often in the very words, always in the sense, of these Jewish traditions. The most emphatic moment, however, we find laid upon the Unity of God, the absence of Intermediators, and the repudiation of any special, elusive, "privileged" creed. This is a point on which the Talmud is very strong—not merely declaring its aversion to proselytism, but actually calling every righteous man, so that he be no idolater, a "Jew" to all intents and purposes. The tracing of the minutiae of general human ethics is, comparatively

* "God," says the Talmud, in boldest transcendental flight, "prays." And what is that prayer?—"Be it my will that my mercy overpower my justice." The Koran says:—"God has laid down for Himself the Law of Mercy."

God's Mercy, says the Midrash, was the only link that held the universe together before the "Law" came to be revealed to man. And very beautifully does the Haggadistic version of the manner in which the universe, which, spite of all, would not rest firmly, but kept swaying to and fro in space, "even as a great palace built of mortal man, the foundations whereof are not firmly laid," contrast from all those well-known wild heapings-up of monsters begotten for steady purposes—"The earth shook and trembled, and would not find rest until God created Repentance: then it stood."

speaking, of less import, considering that these, in their outlines, are wonderfully alike, in Hellas and India, and Rome and Persia and Japan; so that it would indeed be difficult to say who first invented the great law of good-will towards fellow-creatures. But the manner and the words in which these things are inculcated, mark their birthplace and the stages of their journey clearly enough in the Semitic creeds.

And with the doctrines—if so we may call them—of Abraham, as we gathered them from the Jewish writings, Mohammed also introduced the whole legendary cycle that surrounds Abraham's head, like a halo, in these same writings. We have in the Koran, first of all, that wondrous Haggadic explanation, how Abraham first came to worship, in the midst of idolators, the One invisible God—how he first lifted up his eyes heavenwards and saw a brilliant star, and said, This is God. But when the star paled before the brightness of the moon, he said, This is God. And then the sun rose and Abraham saw God in the golden glory of the sun. But the sun, too, set, and Abraham said, "Then none of you is God; but there is One above you who created both you and me. Him alone will I worship, the Maker of Heaven and Earth!" How he then took an axe and destroyed all the idols and placed the axe in the hand of the biggest, accusing him of the deed; how he is thrown into the fiery furnace, and God said to the fire, "Be thou cold;" how he entertained the Angels, and how he brought his beloved son to the Altar,

and an "excellent victim" (a ram from Paradise) was sacrificed in his stead; and so on. All this, though only sketched in its outlines in the Koran, is absolute Haggadah, with scarcely as much of alteration as would naturally be expected in the like fantastic matter, even as is the rest of that "entire world of pious biblical legend which Islam has said and sung in its many tongues, to the delight of the wise and simple, for twelve centuries now, to be found either in embryo or fully developed in the Haggadah." *

But here, in the midst of our discourse, we are compelled to break off, reserving its continuation: notably with regard to the theoretical and practical bearing of the religion of Mohammed, and the relation of its religious terms† and individual tenets to those of Judaism; also its progress and the changes wrought within the community by many and most daring sects; and the present aspect of the Faith and its general influence. And this our Exordium we will sum up with the beginning of the Surah, called the Assembly, revealed at Medina:—

"In the name of God, the Merciful, the Compassionate. Whatsoever is in heaven and on earth praises God the King, the Holy One, the Almighty, the Allwise. It is He who out of the midst of the illiterate Arabs has raised an Apostle to show unto them his signs, and to sanctify them, and to teach them the Scripture and the Wisdom, them who before had been in great darkness. . . . This is God's free Grace, which He giveth unto whomsoever He wills. God is of great Mercy!"

Macmillan's Magazine.

LAMBETH AND THE ARCHBISHOPS.

BY THE HON. LAMBETH LIBRARIAN.

PART III.

FIRST in date among the genuine portraits of the primates which hang round the walls of the Guard-room at Lambeth is the portrait of Archbishop Warham. The plain homely old man's face still looks down on us line for line as the "seeing eye" of Holbein gazed on it three centuries ago. "I instance this picture," says Mr. Wornum, in his life of the pain-

ter, "as an illustration that Holbein had the power of seeing what he looked on.

* "Talmud," p. 455.

† e. g. Koran, Forkan (=Pirke, exposition of Halachah), Torah (Law), Shechinah (presence of God), Gan Eden (Paradise), Gehinnom (Hell), Haber (Master), Darash (search the Scriptures), Rabbi (teacher), Sabbath (day of rest), Mishnah (Oral Law), &c., all of which are bodily found in the Koran, as well as even such words as the Hebrew *Yam* (for Red Sea), &c.

and of perfectly transferring to his picture what he saw." Memorable in the annals of art as the first of that historic series which brings home to us as no age has ever been brought home to eyes of after-time the age of the English Reformation, it is even more memorable as marking the close of the great intellectual movement which the Reformation swept away. It was with a letter from Erasmus in his hands that Hans Holbein stood before the aged Archbishop, still young as when he sketched himself at Basel with the fair, frank, manly face, the sweet gentle mouth, the heavy red cap flinging its shade over the mobile, melancholy brow. But it was more than the "seventy years" that he has so carefully noted above it that the artist saw in the Primate's face; it was the still impassive calm of a life's disappointment. Only ten years before, at the very moment when the painter first made his entry into Basel, Erasmus had been forwarding to England the great work in which he had recalled theologians to the path of sound Biblical criticism. "Every lover of letters," the great scholar wrote sadly, after the old man had gone to his rest,—"Every lover of letters owes to Warham that he is the possessor of my Jerome;" and with an acknowledgment of the Primate's bounty such as he alone in Christendom could give, the edition bore in its forefront his memorable dedication to the Archbishop. That Erasmus could find protection for such a work in Warham's name, that he could address him with a conviction of his approval in words so bold and outspoken as those of his preface, tell us how completely the old man sympathized with the highest tendencies of the New Learning. Nowhere has Erasmus spoken out his mind so clearly, so freely. "Synods and decrees, and even councils," he says, "are by no means in my judgment the fittest means of repressing error, unless Truth depends simply on authority. On the contrary, the more dogmas there are, the more fruitful is the ground in producing heresies. Never was the Christian faith purer or more undefiled than when the world was content with a single creed, and that the shortest creed we have."

It is touching to listen to that last appeal of reason and of culture against the tide of dogmatism that was so soon

to flood Christendom with Augsburg Confessions, and Creeds of Pope Pius, and Westminster Catechisms and Thirty-nine Articles. One man, at any rate, the appeal found full of hope in the peaceful victory of the truth. Is it by a mere accident or with a deeper significance, that in the accessories of his figure Holbein has expressed that strange double life in which Warham's interest consists? In his right hand the Primate bears the jewelled crozier of the old religion; may we not read the symbol of the New Learning in the open book that lies close beside his left? So to blend the past with the future, so to purify and inform the older pieties of Christendom by the larger "humanities" of science and of art, this was the aim of Warham, as it was the aim of Erasmus. It is this spirit which breathes through the simple, earnest letter in which the Primate announces the arrival of the volumes of Jerome, and tells his friend with what pleasure he was reading them. His edition of the New Testament, he adds (surely with a touch of his usual humor), he was lending to Bishop after Bishop. But while Holbein's pencil was travelling over the canvas, the golden dream of a new age wrought peaceably, purely, by the progress of intelligence, by the growth of letters, was fast vanishing away. More than a year before, the Archbishop, had received from his friend at Basel the famous treatise against Luther that marks the ruin of the Renaissance.

Of that "new birth" of the world—for I cling to a word so eminently expressive of a truth that historians of our day seem inclined to forget or to deny—that of regeneration of mankind through the sudden upgrowth of intellectual liberty, Lambeth was in England the shrine. With the Reformation Lambeth had little to do. Bucer, and Peter Martyr, and Alasco gathered indeed for a moment round Cranmer, but it was simply on their way to Cambridge, to Oxford, to Austin Friars. Only one of the symbols of Protestantism has any connection with it; even the Prayer-book was drawn up in the peaceful seclusion of Otford. The party conferences, the martyrdoms of the warring faiths, took place elsewhere. But Lambeth was the home of the revival of letters. With a singular fitness, the

venerable library which still preserves their tradition, ousted from its older dwelling-place by the demolition of the cloister, has in modern days found refuge in the Great Hall, where the men of the New Learning, where Colet and More and Grocyn and Linacre, gathered round the table of Warham. It was on the return of the last two from the Florentine school of Chalondylas that the new intellectual revival, heralded as it had been in the very tumult of civil war by the learning of Tiptoft, the visit of Poggio, the library of Duke Humphrey of Gloucester, the presence of Italian scholars at the Court of Henry the Seventh, had fairly reached England. Like every other movement, it had shrunk from the cold suspicion of the King, but it had found shelter in the patronage of his minister. Warham, like Morton, was the royal Chancellor, immersed in the political business of the state; but, unlike him, he was no mere politician. The eulogies which Erasmus lavished on him while he lived, his endless praises of the Primate's learning, his powers of business, his pleasant wit, his quiet modesty, his fidelity to his friends, may pass for what eulogies of living men are commonly worth. But it is impossible to doubt the sincerity of the glowing picture which he drew of him when death had destroyed all interest in mere adulation. The very letters indeed that passed between the great Churchman and the wandering scholar; the quiet, simple-hearted grace which amid constant instances of munificence preserves the perfect equality of literary friendship; the enlightened, unaffected piety which greets as the noblest of gifts the "New Testament" that bigots were denouncing, and to which Erasmus could confidently address the noble far-seeing words of his prefaces to St. Jerome, confirm the judgment of every good man of Warham's time. In the pious simplicity of his actual life the Archbishop offered a striking contrast to the great Continental prelates of his day. He cared nothing for the pomp, the sensual pleasures, the hunting and dicing in which they indulged. An hour's pleasant reading, a quiet chat with some learned new comer, alone broke the endless round of civil and ecclesiastical business. His favorite re-

laxation was to sup among a group of learned visitors, taking nothing, but contenting himself with his enjoyment of their jokes, and retorting with fun of his own. But the scholar-world found more than supper or fun at the Archbishop's board. His purse was ever open to relieve their poverty: "Had I found such a patron as Warham in my youth," Erasmus wrote long years after, "I too might have been counted among the fortunate ones!" Enormous as were the resources of his see, his liberality outran them. "How much have I left in my treasury?" the Archbishop asked on his death-bed. They told him there was scarce enough to bury him. "Bene habet! —It is well," replied the old man as he passed away.

Letters owed more to Warham than even his prodigal gifts of money. Frowned on by one king, neglected for war and statecraft by another, jealously watched by prelates, like Stokesley, drifting nearer and nearer to the perils of heterodoxy, the Primate flung around the new movement his own steady protection. It was Warham who so long sheltered Colet from the charge of heresy; it was at the Archbishop's request that the heterodox dean preached the famous sermon of rebuke to the clergy which Mr. Seebohm has lately recalled to us. Grocyn, first to introduce Greek literature into England, became, by the Archbishop's patronage, master of the college at Croydon. It was with Grocyn that Erasmus rowed up the river to the Primate's board. Warham addressed a few kindly words to the poor scholar before and after dinner, and then drawing him aside into a corner of the hall (his usual way when he made a present to any one) slipped into his hand an acknowledgment for the book and dedication he had brought with him. "How much did the Archbishop give you?" asked his companion, as they rowed home again. "An immense amount!" replied Erasmus, but his friend saw the discontent on his face, and drew from him how small the sum really was. Then the disappointed scholar burst into a string of indignant questions: was Warham miserly, or was he poor, or did he really think such a present expressed the value of the book? Grocyn

frankly blurted out the true reason for Warham's economy in his shrewd suspicion that this was not the first dedication that had been prefixed to the "Hecuba," and it is likely enough that the Primate's suspicion was right. At any rate, Erasmus owns that Grocyn's sardonic comment, "It is the way with you scholars," stuck in his mind even when he returned to Paris, and made him forward to the Archbishop a perfectly new translation of the "Iphigenia." In spite, however, of this unpromising beginning, the new acquaintance turned out wonderfully well. Warham, Erasmus wrote home, loved him as if he were his father or his brother, and his generosity surpassed that of all his friends. Within a few years the Archbishop had given him four hundred nobles without asking,—a hundred and fifty, indeed, in a single day. He had offered him a sinecure, and when he declined it had bestowed on him a pension of a hundred crowns a year. When he wandered to Paris, it was the invitation of Warham which recalled him to England. When the rest of his patrons left him to starve on the sour beer of Cambridge, it was Warham who sent him thirty angels. "I wish they were thirty legions of them," the old man puns, in his quaint, humorous way; "anyhow you must get better. I have always found gold a sovereign remedy for every complaint." The puns throughout the little note are terribly poor ones, but it is the sort of pleasant chat that brightens a sick chamber, and Erasmus seems to have found it witty enough. The medicine was one which Warham was called pretty frequently to administer. Even Linacre, "knowing that I was going to London with hardly six angels in my pocket," pressed his poor friend to "spare the Archbishop;" and Erasmus owned he had received so much from Warham that it would be scandalous to take more of him.

Few men seem to have realized more thoroughly than Warham the new conception of an intellectual and moral equality before which the old social distinctions were to vanish away. In his intercourse with this group of friends, he seems utterly unconscious of the exalted station which he occupied in the

eyes of men. Take such a story as Erasmus tells, of a visit of Dean Colet to Lambeth. The Dean took Erasmus in the boat with him, and read as they rowed along a section called "The Remedy for Anger," in his friend's popular "Handbook of the Christian Soldier." When they reached the hall, however, Colet plumped gloomily down by Warham's side, neither eating nor drinking nor speaking in spite of the Archbishop's good-humored attempt to draw him into conversation. It was only by starting the new topic of a comparison of ages that the Archbishop was at last successful; and when dinner was over, Colet's ill-temper had utterly fled. Erasmus saw him draw aside an old man who had shared their board, and engage in the friendliest greeting. "What a fortunate fellow you are!" began the impetuous Dean, as the two friends stepped again into their boat; "what a tide of good-luck you bring with you!" Erasmus, of course, protested (one can almost see the half-earnest, half-humorous smile on his lip) that he was the most unfortunate fellow on earth. He was at any rate a bringer of good fortune to his friends, the Dean retorted; one friend at least he had saved from an unseemly outbreak of passion. At the Archbishop's table, in fact, Colet had found himself placed opposite to an uncle with whom he had long waged a bitter family feud, and it was only the singular chance which had brought him thither fresh from the wholesome lessons of the "Handbook" that had enabled the Dean to refrain at the moment from open quarrel, and at last to get such a full mastery over his temper as to bring about a reconciliation with his kinsman. Colet was certainly very lucky in his friend's lessons, but he was perhaps quite as fortunate in finding a host so patient and good tempered as Archbishop Warham.

Primate and scholar were finally separated at last by the settlement of Erasmus at Basel, but the severance brought no interruption to their friendship. "England is my last anchor," Erasmus wrote bitterly to a rich German prelate; "if that goes, I must beg." The anchor held as long as Warham lived. Years go by, but the

Primate is never tired of new gifts and remembrances to the brave, sensitive scholar at whose heels all the ignorance of Europe was yelping. Sometimes, indeed, he was luckless in his presents; once he sent a horse to his friend, and, in spite of the well-known proverb about looking such a gift in the mouth, got a witty little snub for his pains. "He is no doubt a good steed at bottom," Erasmus gravely confesses, "but it must be owned he is not over-handsome; however, he is at any rate free from all mortal sins, with the trifling exception of gluttony and laziness! If he were only a father confessor now! he has all the qualities to fit him for one—indeed, he is only *too* prudent, modest, humble, chaste, and peaceable!" Still, admirable as these characteristics are, he is not quite the nag one expected. "I fancy that through some knavery or blundering on your servant's part, I must have got a different steed from the one you intended for me. In fact, now I come to remember, I had bidden my servant not to accept a horse except it were a good one; but I am infinitely obliged to you all the same." Even Warham's temper must have been tried as he laughed over such a letter as this; but the precious work of art which Lambeth contains proves that years only intensified their friendship. It was, as we have seen, with a letter of Erasmus in his hands, that on his first visit to England Holbein presented himself before Warham; and Erasmus responded to his friend's present of a copy of the portrait by forwarding a copy of his own.

But if any hopes for the future lingered round the pleasant memories of the past that the artist may have awakened, they were soon to be roughly dispelled by the troubles of the time. The Royal Divorce, the protest of Parliament against the Church, the headlong fall of Wolsey, the breach with Rome, fell like successive thunder-claps on the old age of Warham. Then came the crushing scandal of the Nun of Kent. The priest of Aldington rides hotly to Lambeth with news that a country-lass has turned prophetess, and the friend of Colet and Erasmus listens greedily to her predictions, and pronounces them to be of God. It was

time for Warham to die, and with solemn protest from his death-bed against law and statute that might tend to the hurt and prejudice of Church or see, the old man passed away. It was better so. He had not shown himself brave or quick-witted in the great storm that fell on his gray hairs, but he was at any rate not the man to stoop to the work that Henry now called on the Primate of All England to do. He was spared the infamy of sending the wisest and noblest of living Englishmen^{*} doomed to death from his gate. Among the group that the New Learning had gathered round Warham, one of the most familiar faces had been the face of More. From all that graceful interchange of letters and wit the heady current of events had long swept him away, when the royal mandate bade him again repair to the house where he had bandied fun with Erasmus and bent over the easel of Holbein. He was summoned before Cranmer and his fellow-commissioners, and the oath of allegiance, which recognized the validity of Katherine's divorce, was tendered to him. The summons was, as More knew and Cranmer knew, simply a summons to death. "I thank the Lord," More had said with a sudden start as the boat dropped silently down the river from his garden-steps at Chelsea in the early morning—"I thank our Lord that the field is won." He refused to take the oath, as the commissioners expected, but he was bidden to walk in the garden, that he might reconsider his reply. The day was hot, and More preferred to seat himself in a window from which he could look down into the crowded court. His strange sympathetic nature could enjoy, even in the presence of death, the humor and life of the throng below. "I saw," he told afterwards, "I saw Master Latimer very merry in the court, for he laughed and took one or twain by the neck so handsomely, that if they had been women I should have weened that he waxed wanton." The crowd was chiefly of priests—rectors and vicars pressing to take the oath that More found harder than death. He bore them no grudge for it. When he heard the voice of one who was known to have boggled much

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at the oath in time past, calling loudly and ostentatiously for drink, he only noted him with his peculiar humor. "He drank," he said, "either from dryness or for gladness, or *quod ille notus erat Pontifici.*" Then he was called in simply to repeat his refusal. It was in vain that Cranmer plied him with distinctions which perplexed even the subtle wit of the ex-Chancellor; he remained unshaken, and passed as a prisoner to the Tower. It gives almost a sacredness to Morton's Gate to think of More passing guarded beneath it, and whispering, it may be, to himself the grand words of that morning—his thanksgiving that the field was won.

With More passed away from Lambeth for half-a-century the spirit of the Renaissance. When it revived there, with a timid narrow life enough, the great theological battle had been fought out, and Parker was moulding the new Protestant Church into the form which it retains to-day. It was in his eagerness to give it an historical and national basis rather than from any pure zeal for letters, that the Archbishop undertook those publications of the older chronicles which have made him the founder, in its scientific pursuit, of our national history. His editions of Westminster, of Matthew Paris, of the Life of Alfred by Asser, with his secretary Josceline's edition of Gildas, first led the way in that series of historical collections which have illustrated the names of Camden, Twysden, and Gale, and which are now receiving their fitting completion in the publications of the Master of the Rolls. But of far greater value than his publications was the collection which, following in the steps of Leland and Henry VIII., he rescued from the wreck of the monastic libraries. So assiduous was Parker's industry, so diligent the search of the two great collectors who followed him, that if to the treasures of the Royal and Corpus libraries we add the mass of the Cottonian and Harleian, it may be doubted if a single work of real value for English history has actually been lost in the dispersion of the Dissolution. In the literary history of Lambeth, the library of Parker, though no longer within its walls, is memorable as the first of the series of such collections

made after his time by each successive Archbishop. Many of these indeed have passed away. The manuscripts of Parker form the glory of Corpus College, Cambridge; the Oriental collections of Laud are among the most precious treasures of the Bodleian. In puerile revenge for his fall, Sancroft withdrew his books from Lambeth, and bequeathed them to Emmanuel College. The library which the munificence of Tenison bequeathed to his old parish of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields has been dispersed by a shameless act of Vandalism within our own memories. An old man's caprice deposited the papers of Archbishop Wake at Christ Church. But the treasures thus dispersed were, with the exception of the Parker MSS., far surpassed by the collections that remain. I cannot attempt here to enter with any detail into the nature or the history of the archiepiscopal library. It owes its origin to Archbishop Bancroft, it was largely supplemented by his successor Abbot, and still more largely, after a long interval, by the book-loving Primate Tenison and Secker. Of these collections, the library of 30,000 volumes still mainly consists, though it has been augmented by the smaller bequests of Sheldon and Cornwallis, and, in a far less degree, by those of later Archbishops. One has, at any rate, the repute of having augmented it during his primacy simply by a treatise on gout and a book about butterflies. Of the 1,200 volumes of manuscripts and papers, 500 are due to Bancroft and Abbot, the rest mainly to Tenison, who purchased the Carew Papers, the collection of Wharton, and the Codices that bear his name. If Wake left his papers to Christ Church in dread of the succession of Gibson, the bequest of Gibson's own papers more than made up the loss. The most valuable addition since Gibson's day has been that of the Greek codices, principally scriptural, collected in the East at the opening of this century by Dr. Carlyle.

From the days of Bancroft to those of Laud, the library remained secure in the rooms over the greater cloister. There, in Parker's days, Foxe busied himself in the later editions of his "Acts and Monuments;" one book at least in the collection bears his autograph and the marginal marks of its use. There the

great scholars of the seventeenth century, and especially Selden, explored its stores. The day soon came when Selden was to save it from destruction. At the sale of Lambeth the Parliament ordered the books and manuscripts to be sold with it. Selden dexterously interposed. The will of its founder, Archbishop Bancroft, directed that in case room should not be found for it at Lambeth, his gift should go to Cambridge; and the Parliament, convinced by its greatest scholar, suffered the books to be sent to the University. Juxon reclaimed them at the Restoration, and in Sheldon's time they seem to have returned to the quiet cloister. Their interest was soon to be intensified by a succession of scholars in whom the office of librarian became more than a mere appendage to a chaplaincy. Of these, Henry Wharton stands first in literary eminence as he does in date. He is one of those instances of precocious development, rarer in the sober walks of historical investigations than in art. It is a strange young face that we see in the frontispiece to his sermons, the broad high brow and prominent nose so oddly in contrast with the delicate, feminine curves of the mouth, and yet repeated in the hard, concentrated gaze of the large, full eyes looking out from under the enormous wig. The most accomplished of Cambridge students, he quitted the University at twenty-two to aid Cave in his "Historia Litteraria," but the time proved too exciting for a purely literary career. At Tenison's instigation the young scholar plunged into the thick of the controversy which had been provoked by the aggression of King James, and his vigor soon attracted the notice of Sancroft. He became one of the Archbishop's chaplains, and was presented in a single year to two of the best livings in his gift. With these, however, save in his very natural zeal for pluralities, he seems to have concerned himself little. It was with the library which now passed into his charge that his name was destined to be associated. Under him its treasures were thrown liberally open to the ecclesiastical antiquaries of his day—to Hody, to Stillingfleet, to Collier, to Atterbury, and to Strype, who was just beginning his voluminous collections towards the

illustration of the history of the sixteenth century. But no one made so much use of the documents in his charge as Wharton himself. In them, no doubt, lay the secret of his consent to take the oath, to separate from his earlier patron, to accept the patronage of Tenison. But there was no permanent breach with Sancroft; on his deathbed the Archbishop committed to him the charge of editing Laud's papers, a charge redeemed by his publication of the "Troubles and Trials" of the Archbishop in 1694. But this with other labors were mere by-play. The design upon which his energies were mainly concentrated was "to exhibit a complete ecclesiastical history of England to the Reformation," and the two volumes of the "Anglia Sacra," which appeared during his life, were intended as a partial fulfilment of this design. Of these, as they now stand, the second is by far the most valuable. The four archiepiscopal biographies by Osbern, the three by Eadmer, Malmesbury's lives of Aldhelm and Wulstan, the larger collection of works by Giraldus Cambrensis, Chaundler's biographies of Wykeham and Bekington, and the collection of smaller documents which accompanied these, formed a more valuable contribution to our ecclesiastical history than had up to Wharton's time ever been made. Its predecessor contained the chief monastic annals which illustrated the history of the sees whose cathedrals were possessed by monks; those served by canons regular or secular were reserved for a third volume, while a fourth was to have contained the episcopal annals of the Church from the Reformation to the Revolution. The last, however, was never destined to appear, and its predecessor was interrupted after the completion of the histories of London and St. Asaph by the premature death of the great scholar. In 1694 Battely writes a touching account to Strype of his interview with Wharton at Canterbury:—"One day he opened his trunk and drawers, and showed me his great collections concerning the state of our Church, and with a great sigh told me his labors were at an end, and that his strength would not permit him to finish any more of that subject." Vigorous and healthy as his natural constitution

was, he had worn it out with the severity of his toil. He denied himself refreshment in his eagerness for study, and sate over his books in the bitterest days of winter till hands and feet were powerless with the cold. At last nature abruptly gave way, his last hopes of recovery were foiled by an immoderate return to his old pursuits, and at the age of thirty-one Henry Wharton died a quiet scholar's death. Archbishop Tenison stood with Bishop Lloyd by the grave in Westminster, where the body was laid "with solemn and devout anthems composed by that most ingenious artist, Mr. Harry Purcell;" and over it were graven words that tell the broken story of so many a student life:—“*Multa ad augendam et illustrandam rem literariam conscripsit; plura moliebatur.*”

The library no longer rests in the quiet rooms over the great cloister, in which a succession of librarians, such as Gibson and Wilkins and Ducarel, preserved the tradition of Henry Wharton. The Codex of the first, the Concilia of the second, the elaborate analysis of the registers which we owe to the third, are, like his own works, of primary importance to the student of English ecclesiastical history. It was reserved for our own day to see these memories swept away by a “restoration” that degraded the cloister into a yard and a scullery. But the same kindly fate which had guided the library to Cambridge in the seventeenth, guided it in the nineteenth century to the one spot in Lambeth whose memories were most akin to its own. When Juxon entered the archiepiscopal house, he had but a few years to live, and but one work to do before he died—the replacing everything in the state in which the storm of the Rebellion had found it. He reclaimed, as we have seen, the books from their Cambridge Adullam. He restored the desecrated chapel to uses more appropriate than that of a dining-room. The demolition of the hall left him a more notable labor. He resolved not only to rebuild it, but to rebuild it precisely as it had stood before it was destroyed. It was in vain that he was besieged by the remonstrances of “classical” architects, that he was sneered at even by Pepys as “old-fashioned;” times had changed and fashions had changed, but

Juxon would recognize no change at all. He died ere the building was finished, but even in death his inflexible will provided that his plans should be adhered to. The result has been a singularly happy one. It was not merely that the Archbishop has left us one of the noblest examples of that strange yet successful revival of Gothic feeling of which the staircase of Christ Church Hall, erected at much about the same time, furnishes so exquisite a specimen. It is that in his tenacity to the past he has preserved the historic interest of his hall. Beneath the picturesque woodwork of the roof, in the quiet light that breaks through the quaint mullions of its windows, the student may still recall without a jar the group with which this paper opened. Warham and Erasmus, Grocyn and Colet and More, may still read their lesson in the library of Lambeth to the Church of to-day. What that lesson is we ventured to state two years ago, when its existence was again threatened by the ignorant imbecility of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners:—“Men who have taken little directly religious interest in the Church of England have of late been discovering her value as a centre of religious culture. However unanswerable the purely Congregational or Independent theories may appear, experience has shown that their ultimate outcome is in a multitude of Little Bethels, and that in Little Bethels dwelleth, so far as culture is concerned, no good thing. Even while acknowledging the great benefits which Dissenting bodies have conferred on England in by-gone days, men are revolting more and more against the narrowness, the faith in platitudes, the want of breadth and geniality, the utter deadness to the artistic and intellectual impulses of the day, which seem to have passed into their very life and existence. On the other hand, even if Philistines abound in it, the spirit and love of the Church of England has never been wholly Philistine. It has managed somehow fairly to reflect and represent the varying phases of English life and English thought; it has developed more and more a certain original largeness and good-tempered breadth of view; it has embraced a hundred theories of itself and its own position which, jar as they may, have never in any case descended to the mere mercantile ‘pay

over the counter" theory of Little Bethel. Above all, it has found room for almost every shade of religious opinion; it has answered at once to every revival of taste, of beauty, of art. And the secret of it all has been that it is still a learned Church; not learned in the sense of purely theological or ecclesiastical learning, but able to show among its clergymen of renown in every branch of literature, critical, poetical, historical, or scientific." While this great library lies open to the

public as a part, and a notable part, of the palace of the chief prelate of the English Church, while it is illustrated in our own day by learning such as that of Dr. Maitland and Professor Stubbs, we shall still believe—in spite of the vulgar cant about "working clergy"—that the theory of that Church as to the connection of religion and learning is still the theory of Warham and Erasmus, and not that of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners.

The Academy.

REPORT ON THE GERMAN SCIENTIFIC AND MEDICAL ASSOCIATION.

The 43d meeting of this Society took place at Innsbruck, September 18–25. The number present, including non-members, was 969. We subjoin Reports of the Papers read at the three general sessions.

Professor Helmholtz, of Heidelberg, opened the first general session with a paper on "The History and Development of Physical Science in Modern Times."

A glance at the history of the sciences shows how the first great step towards bringing phenomena under a comprehensive law resulted from the development of abstract mechanics, the principles of which had been clearly formulated by Galileo: this developed by Newton and Leibnitz has wrought its first great result—the *Mechanical Theory of the Heavens*. The most vast and complex phenomena can now be predicted in the most exact way and reckoned backward to remote ages: astronomy has taught us that gravitation, in other words weight, is common to all matter, and that its influence is seen in the utmost regions of the heavens, and in the motions of the double-stars!

The progress of chemistry is due to similar causes. The modern chemist resolves the infinite variety of substances in the world into elements which remain unchangeable in quantity and quality in all their manifold combinations. This is proved by the fact that they can always be separated again from their compounds in their elementary condition. This is a demonstration of the constancy of matter; and points to a time, to which we are surely but slowly approaching, when all the changes of matter will admit of explanation as alterations of the positions of molecules in space, or, in other words, *modes of motion*.

Our progress has been aided of late years by another great discovery, made about the middle of the present century, the *law of the*

Conservation of Force. This law has been enunciated by Newton with respect to a limited class of phenomena, and elucidated and extended by David Bernoulli. In more or less generality it was known to the physicists of the last century, but has been raised to complete generality by Dr. Mayer. An independent investigator of the same problem, by a series of laborious experiments, was the English engineer Joule.

The speaker then gave a general exposition of the doctrine of the Conservation of Force and its applications, remarking that the discoveries of *spectrum analysis* were a direct deduction from that doctrine.

But its application to physiology is especially important. Up to the time of its discovery, the view of vital processes almost universally held was, that they resulted from the action of a special vital force which, indeed, made use of the chemical and physical powers of matter in order to bring about the phenomena of life; but at the same time, had the power, so to speak, of "binding and loosing" these forces. This is in direct opposition to the law of Conservation of Force. If we could temporarily get rid of the gravity of a weight, we could make work out of nothing; perpetual motion would be discovered. According to our present knowledge, living bodies derive their energy from external nature, exactly as steam-engines do. They make use of chemical forces, affinities of the combustible carbon, and of the oxygen of the atmosphere. They are as much subjected to the law of the Conservation of Force as inorganic nature. Here, however, many details have to be worked out; as yet difficulties beset the investigation, and the law is at present applicable with only approximate exactness to living bodies.

Hence it follows that the natural forces which operate in the interior of living bodies, of whatever kind they may be—and even

supposing that something else of an imponderable character is active in them—work according to fixed laws. This is a vast progress in our conception of vital processes. The obvious adaptation of structure and function in organic life, which seemed hardly conceivable without a certain freedom of choice, has led many to think with more or less hesitation that a breach had been made in the law of causality.

With regard to this point, again, a great step has been made from another side, which tends to dissipate the doubts which arise out of the apparent inexplicability of the adaptation to purpose in living bodies. I allude to the theory of Darwin, which undoubtedly contains ideas of singular boldness and grandeur, rendering it possible to connect and account for phenomena of organic life hitherto held to be inexplicable.

Darwin's law of the Struggle for Existence gives undoubtedly a possible explanation of the wonderful adaptations to purpose observable throughout organic nature. It indicates one method of explanation; there may be others which are unknown to us.

To take another aspect of organic adaptation. Who has not admired the wonderful and delicate correspondence of the image on the retina with the external object—an agreement which we test with every movement of our bodies? In fact, if we look upon this correspondence as a prearranged result of creative power, adaptation to purpose has reached a climax. Scientific investigation has here yielded the most unexpected results.

The comparison of sensation as a fact of consciousness, with its external physical conditions, has demonstrated the entire absence of any resemblance between them. It was shown by Johannes Müller that any sensory nerve, being irritated, reacts according to its own nature, whatever be the nature of the agent affecting it; that the optic nerve gives sensations of light, the nerves of touch give back sensations of temperature and of touch; that the qualities of our sensations are nothing but arbitrary signs and peculiar effects of the external objects. It is possible—that this is still a moot point—that the ideas of space obtained through the sensory nerves follow the same rule. No trace, in fact, is discoverable of predetermined correspondence between sensations and the external objects of them. If we consider sensations as images of the external world, it should be remembered that an image, as such, must be similar to that which it represents. A sign, on the other hand, has no sort of necessary connection in the way of similarity or dissimilarity with the object signified. But it appears that the quality of our sensations have as little resemblance to their objects as the spoken or written word "table" to an actual table. *Thus the correspondence of our sensations with actual fact can only be explained as a gradual acquisition;*

and the only question remaining is, how far the innate peculiarities of the human race come into play in the creation of this correspondence. Thus we come back to the point from which we started, viz., that what we have to investigate in the last resort is nothing but an explanation of the laws of motion.

On the other hand, although our sensations can give no direct copy of the qualities of things, they may give a direct copy of the time-relations, and of the uniformity of the chronological sequence of phenomena: for the process of perceiving them itself takes place in time, and in a regular order, like the outer world. Hence uniformity of sequence may be copied directly by perception, and a real correspondence may exist between them; which is all we practically require.

DR. MAYER, of Heilbronn, then gave a description of the Dynamometer invented by him twenty years ago, and since perfected with the assistance of Herr Zech. This instrument, which is adapted to engines of twenty horse-power and upwards, records measurements of force simultaneously in the form of heat and in the form of pressure: the two results controlling each other. It was exhibited at the *Industrial Exhibition* at Heilbronn this year, and described by Zech. Dr. Mayer then proceeded to deal with a variety of questions arising out of his theory of the Conservation of Force.

Can the large amount of force which is lost in the form of heat in all mechanical operations be utilized? The answer is, unfortunately, it cannot. Heat is the cheapest possible form of force; mechanical force is far dearer, and electricity is the dearest of all. It would, therefore, never be worth while to transform waste heat into any other form of force.

Does it follow from the theory that the heat of the sun is due to the fall of meteors into it, that the universe is likely to be brought to a standstill by the ultimate absorption of all cosmical bodies into one mass? Dr. Mayer thinks not, for the following reasons:—It was shown five years ago by Brayley, of London, and recently in the latest number of the German *Quarterly Journal*, that the collision of masses of the size or of half the size of our sun, would result in the entire dispersion of the molecules composing them into illimitable space. There is every reason to suppose that in infinite space, and during an infinite time, collisions of such bodies must repeatedly take place. A remarkable proof that such is the case, is furnished by the observations of the great meteors of October 29, 1857, and March 4, 1863: the course of both of which was that

of an hyperbola; and the velocity of the latter 9·145 geographical miles per second. Now it is known that at the distance of the orbit of our earth from the sun, no body, whose motion is due to the attraction of the sun, can attain a velocity greater than 5·8 geo. miles a second. It follows, therefore, that the meteor just mentioned must have been travelling at a velocity of 7 geo. miles a second before it came within the sphere of the sun's attraction. This original velocity may be explained by supposing that the whole solar system is moving forward in space, or moving round a central sun. But it is impossible to conceive the existence of a body sufficiently large to exercise from the distance of the fixed stars any appreciable motive influence upon the sun. And besides, if our earth, over and above its heliocentric motion, moved along with the sun through space, this would produce apparent aberrations in the light which comes to the earth from the fixed stars, of a different kind from those which are actually observed.

Our sun is therefore to be regarded as literally a fixed star; although its light, like that of all the fixed stars, may be connected with the fall of cosmical *débris* into it, it does not follow that this *débris* should ever be exhausted.

Turning from the universe to our own earth, Dr. Mayer proceeded to state his reasons for the hypothesis that the phenomenon of *terrestrial magnetism* is due to the trade winds.

The lowest stratum of the trade winds assumes, by friction with the surface of the sea, an electrical condition the opposite of that of the water; the air then rises under the warmth of the sun, and the colder air from the pole streams in underneath, driving it towards the pole, where from its high state of electric tension it produces the *Aurora Borealis*. Now it is noticeable that owing to the physical conformation of the globe, the electric activity of the southern hemisphere is on the whole stronger than that of the northern; the result of which is, that not only between the Pole and Equator, but also between North and South Pole, there is a constant disturbance of electrical equilibrium taking place, by which the direction of the Magnetic needle is determined.

The address was concluded by an exposition of the lecturer's philosophical and theological position.

DR. KARL VOGT (of Geneva) summed up the main results of the recent *Congress of Palaeontologists at Copenhagen*. After vindicating the place of Primeval History as one of the exact Physical sciences, he divided the subject under three headings:—

NEW SERIES.—VOL. XI., NO. 3.

1. *The age of the human race.*—There is no longer any doubt that man existed in Europe—probably the latest peopled part of the world—at a time when the great southern animals, the elephant, the mammoth, rhinoceros, hippopotamus, were found there, which are now extinct. Even where no human remains or tools have been found, the acute researches of Steenstrup have found traces of man by distinguishing the bones which have been gnawed by animals from those which show signs of having been split by man for the sake of the marrow, or otherwise handled by him. It is equally certain that posterior to the advent of man the Straits of Gibraltar, of Dover, and the Dardanelles, as well as Sicily and Africa, were still united by isthmuses; the whole Mediterranean area was separated from Africa by a sea in the basin of Sahara; the Baltic was a sea of ice covering the whole low levels of N. Germany and Russia, and cutting off Finland, Sweden, and Norway, into what would have been an island but for its junction with Denmark.

The astonishing researches of Lartet in France, of Fraas in Germany, and of Dupont in Belgium, have proved that this period was succeeded by another, in which men hunted in the countries of Central Europe the reindeer and other arctic animals, in an arctic climate, and surrounded by an arctic flora.

We may also speak with confidence of the migrations of these primeval races: the human contemporaries of the most ancient animals, the mammoth, the cave-bear, and the cave-lion, can only be traced in the Western and Southern parts of Europe. In Central Europe and Switzerland their remains are unknown. In the "reindeer period," again, we find man in Switzerland and in Suabia; but no trace of him in North Germany and Denmark.

2. *The growth of primeval civilization* is shown by the striking similarity of the tools dug up in caves of the "reindeer period" in the South of France with those of the Esquimaux and Greenlanders collected in the Museum at Copenhagen. Our primeval Europeans were no doubt savages in the fullest sense, even those with a white skin being distinctly inferior, so far as we can make out, to the lowest type of modern savage, the Australian. They were cannibals, as has been lately shown by researches in Copenhagen. The lake villages in Switzerland, on the other hand, show that Agriculture and the Pastoral life flourished whilst the metals were still unknown, and that the introduction of them was connected with barter and trade.

We are acquainted at present with a number of primeval manufacturing localities, and of the commercial routes which were used in the rudest times. It can be shown moreover that our civilization came not from Asia, but from Africa; and Heer has proved that the

cultivated plants in the Swiss lake villages are of African, and, to a great extent, Egyptian origin.

3. *The corporeal development of Man*, and the different families, kinds, and races of men, have been far less investigated than the corresponding divisions of the ape type. In many places the skulls discovered have been few: but less than a year ago a whole cemetery of more than forty human skulls and skeletons, belonging to the "reindeer period," was discovered near Solutri, in France. We therefore now have considerable material for arriving at conclusions respecting primeval man of this period. There can be no doubt that man approaches more nearly in bodily conformation to the animal, and especially his nearest relative, the ape, the lower his stage of culture. As time goes on these characteristics gradually vanish: the forehead becomes more upright, the skull higher and more dome-shaped, and the projecting countenance gradually recedes under the skull. These changes are the result of man's conflict with his circumstances, and of the mental labor which that conflict entails.

PROFESSOR VIRCHOW'S lecture "On the Present State of Pathology" was a *résumé* of the history of the theory of disease. After mentioning the practical evils arising from the prevalence of false or superstitious ideas about the nature of disease, he proceeded to show that—

These popular ideas are due to an amalgamation through the medium of the ecclesiastical literature of the middle ages, of conceptions common to most Oriental nations of disease as an infection of the blood, with the Greek or Hippocratic theory of it as the inharmonious mixture of the four "humors," of which every portion of the body was supposed to consist. Both these views agreed in supposing the introduction of a *materies morbi* into the system, which produced the infection according to the one view, and the disharmony according to the other. After the middle ages this "matter of disease" was conceived as an irritant introduced into the peccant "humor." But the observation of the gradual development of disease through a series of stages soon gave rise to the supposition that it was a living substance of a vegetable or animal character; and as the more minute organic beings became known, a theory arose which the late Dr. Schönlein endeavored to carry out to its logical conclusions, that all disease was referable to the presence of parasitic agencies. The discussion which is still rife, as to whether cholera, typhus, scarlet fever, &c., are the results of the presence of microscopic germs in the body, has led by a very natural confusion to the conception that in these germs we have the essence or material of the disease itself.

Parallel to this view of disease as a material entity, we find that which identifies it with an entity of an immaterial or spiritual character. This was in the earliest times, and still is, the belief of the Arabians and Chinese. It seems an analogous conception to that of life as an entity resembling the breath: and a number of popular conceptions about disease are traceable to it. The reference of disease to an evil spirit or to the devil, the care of the mother that her child should not be breathed upon by a witch, and generally the belief in demoniacal possession, besides a host of remedies, are derived from the same idea.

Opposed to both these conceptions of disease as an entity, is that which arose in the middle of the last century, although traces of it are visible still earlier—and which regards disease as inseparable from, and to a certain extent a part of, the organism itself. This is the first step on the road to truth, implying as it does the distinction between the cause of the disease, which may be the introduction of a foreign substance, and the disease itself, which is a state or process in the organism diseased. Out of this view arose the further notion that disease is a conflict between the organism and the foreign substance. Whatever may be the accuracy of such an expression, the conception of disease as an event or process is a familiar one. It is remarkable, however, that *it is not older than something over thirty years*: and the requisite nomenclature to express it is still wanting or imperfect both in English and French. The next step was to connect Pathology more and more with the study of healthy life, with Biology.

From this point of view we may define disease as "Life under altered conditions." But this is too vague. Imprisonment is "life under altered conditions," but it is not disease. The animal body possesses a remarkable power of adapting itself to altered conditions; and the limit of this power is the boundary beyond which disease begins. It is the inability of the body to eliminate disturbance of function produced by alteration of condition. And the business of the physician is to support and emancipate this power of elimination.

Parallel with this development of the conception of disease, we find a growing delicacy in the analysis of its seat. At first a rough geographical definition of its position in the head, breast, &c., sufficed. Then disease was named more exactly after the organ affected; later still, after the different ways in which the organ was affected: until at length we have come down to the tissues of which the organs are composed, and still further to the minute cells of which the tissues are composed, in order there to trace the rise and progress of disease in modifications of these microscopical elements which are the really ultimate agencies in the animal organism.

The lecturer concluded amidst loud applause by urging on statesmen the cultivation of accurate knowledge of the conditions of popular health and well-being.

In the sections the following are amongst the more important papers read:—Helmholtz, *On Electric Oscillations*; Neumayer, *On some Preparations for the Observation of the Approaching Transit of Venus in 1872 and 1882*;

Claus, *On Compounds of Sulphur and Nitrogen*; Böttger, *On the Absorption of Hydrogen by Palladium*; and *On the Coating of Glass and Porcelain with Platinum*; Wischnewius, *On new Researches into Lactic Acid*; Virchow, *On Old Scandinavian Skulls*; Heidenhain, *On the Influence of the Nervous System on Animal Heat*.

The next meeting of the Association is to take place at Rostock.

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The Spectator.

MR. TENNYSON'S NEW POEMS.*

MR. TENNYSON's genius deepens and matures with every fresh year, and with every year seems to dwell more powerfully and with greater effect on the task of knitting closely together the world of spirit and of sense, and of showing their true relations. Painful as was the subject of the poem on Lucretius which he gave us last year, and which is included, of course, in this volume,—so painful that the poem can never be popular,—we doubt if he has done anything embodying a greater weight of intellect and a nobler flight of the higher imagination; and certainly he has never done anything which leaves a profounder spiritual impression. By sheer mastery of the spell which the Epicurean philosophy had gained over the mind of the great Roman poet, both for good and for evil,—and no one shows more powerfully than Mr. Tennyson that the atheism of Lucretius was, to a very great extent, a spiritual revolt against impure religions,—and by pursuing rigidly that philosophic thread of thought, after some evil drug intended to excite the animal nature had, according to the tradition, been supposed to work its distorting effect on the brain of the passionless theorist, Tennyson manages to impress on us that even the greatest and most passionless thinkers will find some hour in which “nature,” as they have imagined it, is so infinitely below the highest spirit of their own lives, that their whole being is swallowed up in one intense yearning to escape from

nature, even by outraging nature, to find a “divine tranquillity” which nature cannot give them, and which they ask therefore the dissolution of nature to give instead. But as we spoke of this noble poem when it first appeared, we will not dwell further on it now; we only return to it to show with how fresh and increasing a power the Poet Laureate's genius returns again and again to the subject of the war between spirit and flesh, as his intellectual grasp enlarges, and he comprehends still more clearly the intellectual visions and problems, successes and failures of his contemporaries. Before we turn to the noble addition to the Arthurian cycle of poems which is contained in this volume, let us illustrate what we have said by the singularly grand and musical stanzas, called “The Higher Pantheism,” which, as we understand their meaning, is no Pantheism at all, but a most carefully discriminate protest against Pantheism, inasmuch as the poet reserves even from the dominion of God the spiritual personality of man, and attributes even to God a spiritual personality like unto that of man:—

“THE HIGHER PANTHEISM.”

“The sun, the moon, the stars, the seas, the hills
And the plains—
Are not these, O Soul, the Vision of Him who
reigns?
Is not the Vision He? tho' He be not that which
He seems?
Dreams are true while they last, and do we not
live in dreams?
Earth, these solid stars, this weight of body and
limb,
Are they not sign and symbol of thy division
from Him?

* *The Holy Grail, and other Poems.* By Alfred Tennyson, D.C.L., Poet Laureate. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co.

Dark is the world to thee: thyself art the reason why;
 For is He not all but thou, that hast power to feel 'I am I?'
 Glory about thee, without thee; and thou fulfilllest thy doom,
 Making Him broken gleams, and a stifled splendor and gloom.
 Speak to him thou for He hears, and Spirit with Spirit can meet—
 Closer is He than breathing, and nearer than hands and feet.
 God is law, say the wise; O Soul, and let us rejoice,
 For if He thunder by law the thunder is yet His voice.
 Law is God, say some: no God at all, says the fool;
 For all we have power to see is a straight staff bent in a pool;
 And the ear of man cannot hear, and the eye of man cannot see;
 But if we could see and hear, this Vision—were it not He?"

There is something of the roll of the organ in the rhythm of these noble lines, which, for substance, contain, to our mind, a grand, if somewhat darkly grand, expression of the thought that all which exists in the universe is either man or God; that the physical world only even seems a veil upon the spiritual, through the weakness, errors, and revolts of our own senses, intellect, and will; that "if we could see and hear," we should no longer make Him "broken gleams and a stifled splendor and gloom," but should be all the more aware of the infinite personal life behind law, and the independent personal life to which the thunders of law appeal in us. Some might say that the poem on Lucretius suggests a limitation even to this doctrine which Mr. Tennyson calls "the higher pantheism," since it shows how a "wicked broth" infused into the body, and "confusing the chemic labor of the blood," makes the world dark to a noble mind, without its having any right to say, "Thyself art the reason why." But the poet would probably reply that in some higher sense—if this were, according to the tradition, the end of Lucretius—he was himself the true reason of this tragical close to his life, inasmuch as the whole course of the blind gropings of his great intellect may have pointed to some final struggle of this sort with the animal side of his nature, as the best mode of finally releasing him from his dream that there is no higher "nature" in man beyond what a chance

concourse of atoms could cause and crush.

But the greatest, if not in every respect the most perfect, of Mr. Tennyson's works will undoubtedly prove to be that in which he illustrates the lusting of the flesh against the spirit, and the spirit against the flesh, in his treatment of the noble cycle of Arthurian legends. It is a misfortune for the perfect comprehension of this great poem by Mr. Tennyson's own contemporaries that he has communicated it in fragments of which not many of us had caught the true connecting thought till now. We regret that the publisher has not kept the promise given us in the fly-leaf, of a simultaneous republication of the whole series of Arthurian poems in the order in which their author wishes them to be read. Had he done so, many would have re-read the other idyls before seizing on the new ones, and would so have gained an immense advantage for the understanding of the whole. To the present writer, at least, the Arthurian idyls have risen from a very exquisite series of cabinet pictures into a great tragic epic, from this re-reading of the series in order, with the new and wonderfully vivid introduction, and the new books which just precede the close. "The Coming of Arthur," and the new opening of "The Morte d'Arthur," contain in some sense the key to the whole. Mr. Tennyson himself made it the original recommendation of his "Morte d'Arthur," read on Christmas Eve to the party at "Francis Allen's," that it had a modern treatment,—

"Perhaps some modern touches here and there
 Redeemed it from the charge of nothingness."

Now that it has grown bale by bale into a stately tree of song, we know none of his poems more thoroughly modern in spirit, though always in a way that does not jar with the legendary form into which that modern spirit is poured. The ideal ruler of the poem, who makes his knights swear

"To reverence the King, as if he were
 Their conscience, and their conscience as their King,"

combines a strangely modern tolerance, a deep reverence for the individual nature of every one under his rule, with that "great authority" by virtue of

which he reigns. But then this happens to fit in well with the reverence and courtliness of the chivalric system of life, better perhaps than it could with that *laissez faire* which is the root of so much of our modern tolerance,—a tolerance rooted less in reverence than in self-sufficiency. How fine is the conception of the King as given in "The Coming of Arthur," in the testimony adduced by his half-sister, Bellicent, the Queen of Orkney, to the King of Camelopard, while the latter is still doubting whether or not to give his daughter Guinevere to Arthur :—

"O king!" she cried, 'and I will tell thee: few,
Few, but all brave, all of one mind with him;
For I was near him when the savage yell
Of Uther's peacock died, and Arthur sat
Crown'd on the dales, and his warriors cried,
'Be thou the king, and we will work thy will
Who love thee.' Then the king, in low deep
tones,
And simple words of great authority,
Bound them by so straight vows to his own self,
That when they rose, knighted from kneeling,
some
Were pale at the passing of a ghost,
Some flush'd, and others dazed, as one who
wakes
Half-blinded at the coming of a light.

"But when he spake and cheer'd his Table Round
With large divine and comfortable words
Beyond my tongue to tell thee—I beheld
From eye to eye thro' all their Order flash
A momentary likeness of the king :
And ere it left their faces, thro' the cross
And those around it and the Crucified,
Down from the caement over Arthur smote
Flame-color, vert and azure, in three rays,
One falling upon each of three fair queens,
Who stood in silence near his throne, the friends
Of Arthur, gazing on him, tall, with bright
Sweet faces, who will help him at his need."

The theme of the whole series of poems is the process of the partial dethronement of Arthur from his spiritual rule over his order, through the disloyalty and shame of Guinevere and Lancelot; of the spread of this infectious guilt in larger and larger circles till it breaks up the oneness of the realm altogether, and the Order of the Round Table is shattered, and the ideal king, deserted by many of his own knights, and deeply wounded in the last great battle with the traitor and the heathens, vanishes into the world beyond, not without leaving a loud rumor and ever-springing hope of his return. Yet, as in all the

higher tragedy, the failure is itself a success. The dissolution of the order he created yet leaves behind it the image of a true king, grander, higher than any realm he could rule, and grander and higher precisely because he himself had been greater even in failure than in success. How fine is the forecast of this,—that his realm shall disappear, but that the image of the King shall remain, even when the earth beneath it vanishes away,—in Leodogran's dream :—

"She spake and King Leodogran rejoiced,
But musing 'Shall I answer yea or nay?'
Doubted, and drowsed, nodded and slept, and saw,
Dreaming, a slope of land that ever grew,
Field after field, up to a height, the peak
Haze-hidden, and thereon a phantom king,
Now looming, and now lost; and on the slope
The sword rose, the hind fell, the herd was
driven,
Fire glimpsed; and all the land from roof and rick,
In drifts of smoke before a rolling wind,
Stream'd to the peak, and mingled with the haze
And made it thicker; while the phantom king
Sent out at times a voice; and here and there
Stood one who pointed toward the voice, the rest
Slew on and burn, crying, 'No king of ours,
No son of Uther, and no king of ours;'
Till with a wink his dream was changed, the haze
Descended, and the solid earth became
As nothing, and the king stood out in heaven,
Crown'd. And Leodogran awoke, and sent
Ulfius, and Brastias, and Bedivere,
Back to the court of Arthur answering yea."

—in other words, Arthur is not crowned "in heaven" till he has ceased to hold the sceptre of government; and then first his authority is acknowledged by those who had till then defied it in their hearts, while admitting its right over them. We need not go over the ground of the old idyls, but would only remind our readers that in the very first of them,—"Enid,"—the true burden of the story is the distrust sown in the knightly mind of Geraint by the Queen's unfaithfulness, his reluctance to leave his wife Enid under her care, his neglect of the duties of his government in watching her, his moody self-will growing out of this jealousy and mistrust, and the wild and violent lavishing of his strength in exploits which draw down the censure of the King, who contrasts with them the sane and more obedient mind of one who had been won from a life of pride and violence to obedience. The object of the idyl is evidently to compare the moral state and danger of him who

is tempted away from a noble order of life by scandals to his conscience existing in that order, with the state of him who has never lived under such a noble order at all, and to show that the shock to a mind already in the light may be even more dangerous than an outer world of evil and ignorance to one which has never been captivated by any true conception of nobility at all. In the book of Vivien describing her triumph over Merlin, we have the description of the struggle between the most sensual and the most intellectual nature in Arthur's Court, and see the magic charm of "woven paces and of waving hands" which the great seer had discovered to charm the senses to sleep, used by a wanton to lay the seer himself to sleep. And here, again, the motive is closely bound up with Guinevere and Lancelot's sin, for it is when Arthur, "vext at a rumor rife about the Queen," is walking moodily alone, that Vivien meets him, and attempts to win him by "dark, sweet hints of some who prized him more than who should prize him most;" and her failure with the King, and the ridicule the attempt excites in the Court sets her upon the ambitious task of retrieving her defeat by a triumph over Merlin, and winning from him the secret of the spell by which she conquers him, and robs the King of his wisest and most potent subject. In "Elaine" we have the first serious threatening of the cloud which ultimately breaks over Arthur, the noble picture of Guinevere's jealousy when she hears Lancelot's name coupled, however erroneously, with Elaine's, and flings his proffered diamonds into the river; while Elaine's innocent, simple, and hopeless love is introduced as a contrast to the guilty passion of the great Queen's heart, and Arthur is shown just dimly forecasting the coming ruin of his peace, though still absolutely trusting with a kingly trustfulness both in his wife and in his greatest knight. It is to this point in the series of the Arthurian idylls, after the degeneration of feeling from the time when Arthur and his knighthood were "all one will" had had time to spread, that the two new books, the "Holy Grail" and "Pelleas and Etarre," belong,—the first representing that fanatical reaction towards ecstatic holiness

which, where there is a real spirit of faith, so often breaks, without preventing, a moral descent, and the latter representing the still greater laxity of life on the very eve of the discovery, when the scandals of the time drive hasty and passionate innocence into the belief that the whole Round Table is a whitened sepulchre full of pollution, and encourage the traitor, Modred, to think within himself that the time for his conspiracy is "hard at hand." Both books are marvellously fine,—most of the two, perhaps, the former, which paints with the richest possible coloring the visions of enthusiasts seeking for a restoration of the age of miracle and of an opened heaven. The picture is full of skilfully disguised "modern touches." The year of miracle begins with the vision of the Holy Cup by a nun, the sister of Sir Percivale, and we are carefully told what it is that drives her into the life of visionary ecstasy. She had been disappointed in love, and thus inclined to the conventional life. Once in her convent,—

"Nun as she was, the scandal of the Court,
Sin against Arthur and the Table Round,
And the strange sound of an adulterous race,
Across the iron grating of her cell
Beat, and she pray'd and fasted all the more."

In this state of mind she sees the vision of the Holy Cup, and inspires others with her belief. As a likeness of the King had flashed from the eyes of his knights in the first glow of their fealty, so the ecstasy of the nun spreads to the purest and most enthusiastic of her friends, Sir Galahad, who,

"When he heard
My sister's vision filled me with amaze;
His eyes became so like her own they seemed
Hers, and himself her brother more than I."
And when she sends him on the Quest—

"She sent the deathless passion in her eyes,
Thro' him, and made him hers, and laid her mind
On him, and he believed in her belief."

From which it may be gathered that the miracles and visions of the poem are all more subjective than they at first might seem. Very fine is the pageantry of the Quest, as it is told by the different knights who take part in it, and who, each of them, lends his own character to the wonders and the visions through which he passes, down to Sir Gawain, the "light-of-love," who swore the vow,

"and louder than the rest," but who openly ridiculed it afterwards, and superfluously swore to be

"Deafer than the blue-eyed cat,
And thrice as blind as any noonday owl
To holy virgins in their ecstasies
Henceforward!"

—whereon the King remarks that such an oath is gratuitous in one who is already "too blind to have desire to see." Perhaps the finest story of all is that of Sir Lancelot's search in the hope of finding something which might rescue him from his own conscience;—a story evidently tinctured with a gleam of insanity,—

"Then there remain'd but Lancelot, for the rest
Spake but of sundry perils in the storm;
Perhaps, like him of Cana in Holy Writ,
Our Arthur kept his best until the last;
'Thou, too, my Lancelot,' ask'd the King, 'my
friend,
Our mightiest, hath this Quest avail'd for thee?'
'Our mightiest!' answer'd Lancelot, with a
groan;
'O King!'—and when he paused, methought I
spied

A dying fire of madness in his eyes.—
'O King! my friend, if friend of thine I be,
Happier are those that welter in their sin,
Swine in the mud, that cannot see for slime,
Slime of the ditch; but in me lived a sin
So strange, of such kind, that all of pure,
Noble, and knightly in me twined and clung
Round that one sin, until the wholesome flower
And poisonous grew together, each as each,
Not to be pluck'd asunder; and when thy
knights

Sware, I sware with them only in the hope
That could I touch or see the Holy Grail
They might be pluck'd asunder. Then I spake
To one most holy saint, who wept and said,
That save they could be pluck'd asunder, all
My quest were but in vain; to whom I vow'd
That I would work according as he will'd.
And forth I went, and while I yearn'd and
strode

To tear the twain asunder in my heart,
My madness came upon me as of old,
And whipt me into waste fields far away;
There was I beaten down by little men,
Mean knights, to whom the moving of my sword
And shadow of my spear had been nown
To scare them from me once; and then I came
All in my folly to the naked shore,
Wide flats, where nothing but coarse grasses
grew.

I felt the boat shock earth, and looking up,
Behold, the enchanted towers of Carbonek,
A castle like a rock upon a rock,
With chasm-like portals open to the sea,
And steps that met the breaker! there was
none

Stood near it but a lion on each side
That kept the entry, and the moon was full.

Then from the boat I leapt, and up the stairs.
There drew my sword. With sudden-flaring
manes

Those two great beasts rose upright like a man,
Each gript a shoulder, and I stood between;
And, when I would have smitten them, heard
a voice,
'Doubt not, go forward! if thou doubt, the
beasts

Will tear thee piecemeal.' Then with violence
The sword was dash'd from out my hand, and
fell.

And up into the sounding hall I past;
But nothing in the sounding hall I saw,
Nor banch nor table, painting on the wall,
Or shield of knight; only the rounded moon
Thro' the tall oriel on the rolling sea.
But always in the quiet house I heard,
Clear as a lark, high o'er me as a lark,
A sweet voice singing in the topmost tower
To the eastward: up I climb'd thousand steps
With pain: as in a dream I seem'd to climb
For ever; at the last I reach'd a door,
A light was in the crannies, and I heard,
'Glory and joy and honor to our Lord
And to the Holy Vessel of the Grail.'
Then in my madness I essay'd the door;
It gave; and thro' a stormy glare, a heat
As from a seventimes-heated furnace, I,
Blasted and burnt, and blinded as I was,
With such a fierconess that I swoon'd away—
O, yet methought I saw the Holy Grail,
All pall'd in crimson samite, and around
Great angels, awful shapes, and wings and eyes.
And but for all my madness and my sin,
And then my swooning, I had sworn I saw
That which I saw; but what I saw was veil'd
And cover'd; and this quest was not for me."

This book, like almost all the rest, is closed by the King, who gives his own,—the kingly,—view of the waste of power and human helplessness the Quest had entailed. He had openly declared before it was instituted that the sign, if given from Heaven at all, was one "to maim this Order which I made," and while conceding that those who had seen visions may have had some glimpse of divine things needful for them, he exalts far above such visions the duty of redressing earthly wrongs and purifying the realm. Whether the poet's own sympathy be with this absolute preference of the practical to the visionary life, or whether he only attributes it to the king as the true faith *for a king*,—to whom it is given to govern rather than to search for contemplative truth,—we are not sure. Perhaps the perfect kingly conscience is in this respect intended to be somewhat narrower and less awake to the thirst for spiritual vision than the perfect human conscience. And yet Arthur is made to say,—very

much like St. Paul, who boasts that he thanks God he has visions, and can speak with tongues more than all the seers among His disciples,—that he has his visions too, but counts them little compared with completing his allotted task of introducing order into his realm. On "Pelleas and Ettarre," fine as it is, we have no space to dwell. It is a picture of the beginning of the end. Significantly enough, the gentle and wise king does not appear to bring back to the spirit of faith the maddened soul of the poor young knight, who, looking everywhere for purity and honor, finds or believes he finds nothing but lust and treachery. The book ends, cracks sharp off as it were, with the picture of jarred and desperate enthusiasm which has lost all its faith in human nature, and with no healing words of royal faith to save the wrecked spirit. The Queen shrinks from the accusing eye, the King is absent. After this book, the noble idyl of Guinevere's shame and repentance and parting from Arthur—one of the old series—finds its natural place. And finally,—to bring our too long review to its conclusion,—we have in the new passage prefixed to "The Morte d'Arthur" perhaps the finest fruit of Mr. Tennyson's genius. We know nothing of his so grand as Arthur's dream, before the final battle in the West in which he receives his mortal wound, when:—

"There came on Arthur sleeping, Gawain kill'd
In Lancelot's war, the ghost of Gawain blown
Along a wandering wind, and past his ear
Went shrilling 'Hollow, hollow all delight!
Hail, king! to-morrow thou shalt pass away.
Farewell! there is an isle of rest for thee,
And I am blown along a wandering wind,
And hollow, hollow, hollow all delight.'
And fainter onward, like wild birds that change
Their season in the night and wail their way
From cloud to cloud, down the long wind the
dream

Shrill'd; but in going mingled with dim cries
Far in the moonlit haze among the hills,
As of some lonely city sack'd by night,
When all is lost, and wife and child with wail
Pass to new lords; and Arthur woke and call'd,
'Who spake? A dream. O light upon the wind,
Thine, Gawain, was the voice—are these dim
cries
Thine, or doth all that haunts the waste and
wild
Mourn, knowing it will go along with me?'"

We are persuaded that the series of Arthurian poems which are now complete are destined to produce a greater and greater impression on the world, the more fully their continuity of design is apprehended. They are no allegories. But with the richest painting they combine the deepest delineations of conscience, of character, of social health and sickness, and of kingly law.

In the other poems of this volume—"The Northern Farmer," of course excepted—we feel no very deep interest. "The Golden Supper," and the smaller poems which have already appeared elsewhere, seem to us to want—like all those mere poetic *stories* of Mr. Tennyson's which have no great thoughts to animate and permeate them—something of backbone. His great power of color needs the restraining power of a mastering intellectual purpose, to keep it from over-luxuriance. "Enoch Arden," "Aylmer's Field," "The Golden Supper," and others of his novelettes in verse, lack the intellectual fascination which is the true secret of Mr. Tennyson's genius. The *mercellement* of the Arthurian poem, due to its slow and gradual growth, may have popularized, but has certainly hitherto disguised its unity and greatness, even from students of Tennyson. Once completed, it will be known for what it is,—one of the greatest of English works.

♦♦♦

Macmillan's Magazine.

FREDERICK KÖENING, INVENTOR OF THE STEAM-PRINTING MACHINE.

BY SAMUEL SMILES.

TOWARDS the end of the year 1806, a young German printer arrived in England bringing with him a great idea, his only property. He had conceived a me-

thod of indefinitely multiplying the productions of the printing-press by a machine to be worked by steam-power, and he was in search of the requisite

means for carrying his design into effect.

This young German was Frederick Koenig, the son of a small farmer at Eisleben, in Prussian Saxony, where he was born in 1775. He must have been a born printer, for he used to play at printing when a boy, making use of his mother's hand-mangle to obtain rude impressions of objects. As he would be nothing but a printer, his father sent him to Leipsic at the age of sixteen to learn the trade; and in the well-known office of Breitkopf he speedily became an expert workman.

Being both studious and ingenious, Koenig, from an early period, occupied his leisure hours in devising ways and means of improving the art at which he worked. Throwing off large sheets by hand was then a very slow as well as laborious process, and one of the things that most occupied the young printer's mind was whether some method might not be devised for getting rid of this "horse-work," for such it was, in the business of printing. He proceeded to plan a machine with that object, and he went so far as to begin a model of one; but being only a poor workman, he was very soon stopped by want of the necessary means for completing it. He tried to enlist men of capital in his scheme, but they all turned a deaf ear to him. He went from town to town, offering his project to the leading printers, but could find no encouragement. The plan seemed to them by far too complicated and costly. Besides, industrial enterprise in Germany was then in a measure paralyzed by the impending war with France, and men of capital were naturally averse to risk their money on what seemed to them a merely speculative undertaking.

Finding no sympathizers or helpers at home, Koenig next turned his attention abroad. England was then, as now, the usual refuge of inventors who could not find the means of bringing out their schemes elsewhere; and to England he wistfully turned his eyes. In the mean time, however, his inventive ability having become known, an offer was made to him by the Russian Government to proceed to St. Petersburg and organize a State printing-office there. The invitation was accepted, and thither Koenig

proceeded accordingly in the spring of 1806. But the official difficulties thrown in his way were so great, and so disgusted him, that he decided to throw up his appointment and try his fortune in England, where he arrived, poor in means but rich in his great idea, in the autumn of the same year.

He at first maintained himself with difficulty by his trade, for his ignorance of the language stood in his way. But to work at the trade was not Koenig's object in coming to England. His idea of a printing machine was always uppermost in his mind, and he lost no opportunity of bringing the subject under the notice of master printers likely to take it up. After meeting with numerous rebuffs and disappointments, he at last found what he was in search of—a man of capital willing to risk his money in developing the invention and bringing it into practical operation. This was Thomas Bensley, a leading London printer, with whom Koenig entered into a contract in March, 1807, to accomplish his proposed printing machine; Bensley, on his part, undertaking to find the requisite money for the purpose. Koenig then proceeded to mature his plans, and to construct a model machine, which occupied him the greater part of three years, and a patent was taken out for the invention on the 29th of March, 1810.

Steps were next taken to erect a working model, to put it to the test of actual practice. In the mean time Koenig had been joined by another ingenious German mechanic, Andrew F. Bauer, who proved of much service to him in working out its details. At length, in April, 1811, the first printing machine driven by steam-power was constructed and ready for use; and the first work it turned out was sheet II of the "Annual Register for 1810," which it printed at the rate of 800 impressions in an hour—being the first sheet of a book ever printed by a machine and by steam-power.

In this first machine of Koenig's, the arrangement was somewhat similar to that known as the "platen machine;" the printing being produced by two flat plates, as in the common hand-press. It also embodied an ingenious arrangement for inking the type. Instead of the old-

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fashioned inking balls,* which were beaten over the type by hand, several cylinders covered with felt and leather were employed, these forming a part of the machine itself. Two of the cylinders revolved in opposite directions, so as to spread the ink, which was then transferred to two other inking cylinders alternately applied to the "form" by the action of spiral springs.

König was not entirely satisfied with the action of his first machine. It would have been strange indeed if he had. Twenty years' labor did not satisfy Watt as to the action of his steam-engine. And König's engine was, like Watt's, only the first of a series, each exhibiting an improvement on its predecessor, until at length the satisfactory working machine was accomplished. This platen machine of König's, though it has since been taken up anew and perfected, was not considered by him sufficiently simple in its arrangement to be adapted for common use; and he had scarcely completed it when he was already revolving in his mind a plan of a second machine on a new principle, with the object of insuring greater speed, economy, and simplicity.

By this time two other well-known London printers, Messrs. Taylor and Woodfall, joined Bensley and König in their partnership for the manufacture and sale of printing machines. König, thus encouraged, proceeded with his new scheme, the patent for which was taken out on October 30th, 1811. The principal feature of this invention was the printing cylinder in the centre of the machine, by which the impression was taken from the types, instead of by flat plates as in the first arrangement. The form was fixed on a cast-iron plate which ran to and fro on a table, being received at either end by strong spiral springs. The other details of the specification included improvements in the inking apparatus and an arrangement

for discharging the sheet on the return of the form. A *double* machine on the same principle was also included in this patent.

The contrivance of these various arrangements cost König many anxious days and nights of study and labor. But he saw before him only the end in view, and thought little of himself and his toils. How diligently he continued to elaborate the details of his invention will further appear from two other patents which he took out in 1813 and 1814,—the first of which included an important improvement in the inking arrangement, and a contrivance for holding and carrying on the sheet and keeping it close to the printing cylinder by means of endless tapes; while in the second was introduced the following new expedients: a feeder consisting of an endless web, an improved arrangement of the endless tapes by employing inner as well as outer friskets, an improvement of the "register" (that is, one page falling exactly on the back of another) by which greater accuracy of impression was secured, and finally an arrangement by which the sheet was thrown out of the machine printed on both sides.

Before, however, these last-mentioned improvements had been introduced, König had proceeded with the erection of a single cylinder machine after the patent of 1811. It was finished and ready for use by December, 1812; and it was then employed to print the sheets *c* and *ii* of Clarkson's "Life of Penn," vol. i., which it did in a satisfactory manner at the rate of 800 impressions an hour.

When this machine had been got fairly to work, the proprietors of several of the leading London newspapers were invited to witness its performance—amongst others Mr. Perry of the *Morning Chronicle*, and Mr. Walter of the *Times*. Mr. Perry would have nothing to do with it, and would not even go to see it, regarding it as a gimcrack; but Mr. Walter, who had long been desirous of applying machinery to newspaper printing, at once went to see König's machine on the premises in Whitecross Street, where it had been manufactured and was at work. He had before had several interviews with the inventor on the subject of a steam press for the

* The inking balls were superseded by the hand roller clothed with skin, the invention of the late Lord Stanhope. The composite roller now in use was the chance discovery of one Edward Dyas, printer and parish clerk of Madeley in Shropshire. His glue-pot having been upset, and Dyas not having a pelt-ball ready at hand, took up a piece of the glue in a soft state, and inked a form with it so satisfactorily that he continued its use. He afterwards added treacle to keep the glue soft.

Times; but determined to wait the issue of the experimental machine which he knew to be in course of construction. A glance at the machine at work at once satisfied Mr. Walter as to the great value of the invention. Koenig having briefly explained to him the action of a double machine on the same principle, Mr. Walter, after only a few minutes' consideration, and before leaving the premises, ordered two double machines for the printing of the *Times* newspaper.

From the day that John Walter the Second was taken into partnership by his father, at the age of twenty-seven, he assumed the sole conduct and management of the *Times*. He had received a liberal education, passing from Merchant Taylors' School to Trinity College, Oxford; and he had also been through nearly every department in the *Times* office, mechanical as well as literary. He had thus obtained a thorough practical knowledge of the working of the concern, in which he was greatly helped by his genius for business, his habit of assiduous application, and his extraordinary energy of character. No sooner did he assume the management, than he proceeded to remodel the establishment and introduce improvements in every department. Before he took the *Times* in hand, the daily journal did not seek to guide public opinion or to exercise political influence. It was a *news* paper, little more; any political articles introduced being usually in the form of "Letters to the Editor." To the dismay of his father, young Walter struck out an entirely new course. He boldly stated his views on public affairs, bringing his strong and independent judgment to bear on political and other public questions. He thus invented the modern Leading Article. As his father had feared, the course which he adopted lost the firm the Customs' printing, which until then was done at the *Times'* office; but the loss was far more than compensated by the increasing power and circulation which the journal achieved, by its independence, the ability of its criticisms, and the vast mass of information which, by means of correspondents abroad and effective reporting at home, the new editor introduced into its columns.

Among the many difficulties which Mr. Walter had to contend with were those arising from the defective mechanical arrangements of the paper. Printers were in those days a very refractory class, and not unfrequently they took advantage of their position to impose hard terms on their employers, especially of the daily press, where everything must be done to time. Thus, on one occasion, in the year 1810, the pressmen of the *Times* made a sudden demand on Mr. Walter for an advance of wages and the payment of a uniform rate to all hands. He was at first disposed to make concessions, but, having been privately informed that a combination was already entered into by the compositors as well as pressmen to leave his employment in a body, under circumstances that would have stopped the paper and inflicted on him the most serious injury, he determined to run all risks rather than submit to what appeared to him in the light of an extortion.

The strike took place on a Saturday morning, when suddenly and without notice all hands turned out. Mr. Walter had already resolved on his course. He collected some apprentices from half a dozen different quarters, and a few inferior workmen glad to obtain employment on any terms. He himself stripped to his shirt-sleeves and went to work with the rest; and for the next six-and-thirty hours he was incessantly employed at ease and at press. On the Monday morning the conspirators, who had assembled to triumph over the publisher's ruin, to their inexpressible amazement saw the *Times* issued from the publishing-office at the usual hour. From that day the paper continued to appear as regularly as before, though the men and boys employed in the office were for a time in daily peril of their lives, until Mr. Walter threw around them the protection of the law.

Another difficulty that Mr. Walter had early to contend with was the extreme slowness of the process of printing newspapers by hand. On the occasion of any event of great public interest being reported in the paper, it was found almost impossible to supply the demand. Only about 300 copies could be printed in the hour, with one

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man to ink the types and another to work the press. Thus it took a long time to get out the day's impression, and very often the evening papers were out before the *Times* had half supplied its demand. Various expedients were resorted to in order to overcome the mechanical impediment. The type was set up in duplicate, and even in triplicate; and several Stanhope presses were kept constantly at work; and still the insatiable demands of the newsmen on certain occasions could not be supplied.

Thus the question was forced upon Mr. Walter's consideration, whether machinery could not be devised for the purpose of expediting the production of newspapers. Instead of 300 impressions an hour, he wanted from 1,500 to 2,000. Although printing newspapers at such a speed then seemed as chimerical as driving a ship through the water against wind and tide at fifteen miles an hour, or running a locomotive on a railway at sixty, Mr. Walter was, at an early period, impressed with the conviction that much more rapid printing by machinery was feasible; and he endeavored to induce several ingenious mechanical contrivers to take up and work out his idea.

The cleverest inventor of that day was believed to be Isambard Brunel, who had so successfully invented the celebrated block machinery for Portsmouth dockyard. Mr. Walter first tried him; but after laboring over a variety of plans for a considerable time, Brunel finally gave up the printing machine, unable to make anything of it. Mr. Walter next tried Thomas Martyn, an ingenious young compositor, who had a scheme for a self-acting machine for working the printing press. He was supplied with the necessary funds to enable him to prosecute his idea, but it never came to anything.

Thus baffled and disappointed, it was with no slight degree of interest that Mr. Walter heard of the young German inventor at Bensley's, who was said to have at length satisfactorily solved the problem of a steam printing press. Hence his early visit to Bensley's, his eager examination of Koenig's invention, and his immediate order of two double cylinder machines for delivery at the

Times office at the earliest possible period.

The construction of the first newspaper machine was still, however, a work of great difficulty and labor. Let it be observed that nothing of the kind had yet been made by any other person. Koenig's single cylinder machine was intended for book-work, and now he had to construct a double cylinder machine for printing newspapers, in which many of the arrangements must necessarily be entirely new. With the assistance of his leading mechanic, Bauer, aided by the valuable suggestions of Mr. Walter himself, who was in almost daily communication with him, Koenig at length completed his plans, and proceeded with the erection of the working machine; the several parts being first prepared at the workshop in Whitecross Street, from whence they were taken over to Printing House Square for erection, in some premises adjoining the *Times* office which were taken for the purpose. Yet, great as the secrecy was with which the whole operations were conducted, it was not enough to prevent the workmen obtaining an inkling of what was in progress, and they vowed vengeance to the inventor and "all his traps" who threatened their craft with destruction.

The erection of this first newspaper machine was a work of long-protracted labor and anxiety, not only to Koenig and Bauer, but to Mr. Walter himself. "Hitches" were of frequent occurrence. Tools were very rude in those days; machine tools, which now fashion machinery with such precision and certainty, being as yet unknown. All the parts were made by hand labor, mostly by mechanics badly trained. Hence many of them when made were found not to fit, and consequently had to be made over again. On one occasion, both Koenig and Bauer, fatigued and exhausted, worried by bad workmanship, and baffled for a time by one of the constantly recurring hitches in the erection of the machine, broke fairly away from their task, and left the place in disgust. Mr. Walter, however, sent a friend after them, who discovered their retreat, and brought them back to the premises to find the difficulty conquered, and the work still in progress. Thus nearly two years passed before the machine was erected.

At length the day arrived when the first newspaper steam press was ready for use. The pressmen were in a state of great excitement, for they knew by rumor that the machine of which they had so long been apprehensive was fast approaching completion. One night they were told to wait in the press-room, as important news was expected from abroad. At six o'clock on the morning of the 29th November, 1814, Mr. Walter, who had been watching the machine all through the night, appeared among the pressmen and announced that "the *Times* was already printed by steam!" The paper of that morning contained the following memorable announcement:—

"Our journal of this day presents to the public the practical result of the greatest improvement connected with printing since the discovery of the art itself. The reader of this paragraph now holds in his hands one of the many thousand impressions of the *Times* newspaper which were taken off last night by a mechanical apparatus. A system of machinery, almost organic, has been devised and arranged, which, while it relieves the human frame of its most laborious efforts in printing, far exceeds all human powers in rapidity and despatch. That the magnitude of the invention may be justly appreciated by its effects, we may inform the public that, after the letters are placed by the compositors, and enclosed in what is called the "form," little more remains for man to do than to attend upon and watch this unconscious agent in its operations. The machine is then merely supplied with paper. Itself places the form, inks it, adjusts the paper to the newly-inked type, stamps the sheet, and gives it forth to the hands of the attendant, at the same time withdrawing the form for a fresh coat of ink, which itself again distributes, to meet the ensuing sheet, now advancing for impression; and the whole of these complicated acts is performed with such a velocity and simultaneousness of movement, that no less than 1,100 sheets are impressed in one hour. That the completion of an invention of this kind, not the effect of chance, but the result of mechanical combinations, methodically arranged in the mind of the artist, should be attended with many obstructions and much delay, may be readily admitted. Our share in the event has, indeed, only been the application of the discovery, under an agreement with the patentees, to our own particular business; yet few can conceive, even with this limited interest, the various disappointments and deep anxiety to which we have, for a long course of time, been subjected. Of the person who made this discovery, we have but little to

add. It must suffice to say, that he is a Saxon by birth; that his name is Koenig; and that the invention has been executed under the direction of his friend and countryman, Bauer."

The number of impressions thrown off in the hour by this first machine was found amply sufficient to supply the demand at that time; but to meet the contingency of an increasing circulation, Koenig shortly after introduced a further modification, in the continual motion of the printing cylinder (the subject of his fourth patent), by which it was enabled to throw off from 1,500 to 2,000 copies in the hour. In the event of a still larger impression being required, Koenig was prepared to supply a four-cylinder or eight-cylinder machine on the same principle, by which, of course, the number of impressions would have been proportionately multiplied, but the necessities of the paper did not at that time call for so large a production, and the machines originally erected by Koenig continued for many years sufficient to meet all the requirements of the proprietor.

Among the other machines which Koenig subsequently designed for the English press, was a single cylinder registering machine supplied to Messrs. Bensley and Son in 1816, and expressly contrived for book-printing. This machine turned out from 900 to 1,000 sheets printed on both sides in the hour, the first entire book thus printed by steam being Elliotson's translation of Blumenbach's "Physiology." The machine was afterwards regularly employed to work off the *Literary Gazette*, which it printed on both sides at the rate of 1,000 impressions an hour. Another machine of the same kind was supplied to Mr. Richard Taylor, to print the *Philosophical Journal* and books generally, but it was afterwards changed into a double machine, and employed in printing the *Weekly Dispatch*.

It might reasonably be supposed, that a man of Koenig's genius derived some substantial benefit from his labors and inventions. But this was not the case. His patents proved of little use to him. They only proclaimed his methods, and enabled other ingenious mechanics to borrow his adaptations. Now that he had succeeded in making machines that

would work, the way was clear for everybody else to do so. It had taken him more than six years to invent and construct a successful steam printing press; but any clever mechanic, by merely studying his specifications and carefully examining his machine at work, might arrive at the same result in less than six months.

But was not Koenig protected by his patent? Not at all. New patents, embodying some trifling modification or alteration in detail, were taken out by other inventors, who proceeded to erect printing machines in defiance of his supposed legal rights, and he saw himself at once stripped of the reward that he had during so many long and toilsome years been laboring for. But could he not go to law? Certainly, and thereby increase his vexation and loss. He could get into Chancery easily enough, but when would he get out of it, and in what condition?

It must also be added, that Koenig was unfortunate in his partner. While he himself took steps to push the sale of his book machines among the London printers, he found that Bensley, who was himself a book-printer, was hindering him in all ways in his negotiations with them. Koenig was of opinion that Bensley wished to retain the advantage which the possession of his book machines gave him over the other printers, by enabling him to print more quickly than they could, and thereby give him an advantage over them in his contracts. When Koenig, almost in despair at his position, went to consult counsel as to the infringement of his patent, he was told that he might institute proceedings with the best prospect of success; but to this end a perfect agreement of the partners was essential. When, however, Koenig asked Bensley to concur with him in taking proceedings in defense of the patent-right, he positively declined to do so. Indeed, Koenig was under the impression that his partner had even entered into an arrangement with the infringers of the patent to share with them the proceeds of their piracy.*

* This view is countenanced by a statement in Savage's "Dictionary of the Art of Printing," p. 463. We are indebted for the facts stated in the text to a memoir drawn up by Bauer, Koenig's friend and partner, as communicated to us by

Under these circumstances, it appeared to Koenig that only two alternatives remained for him to adopt. One was, to commence an expensive and it might be protracted suit in Chancery, in defence of his patent-rights, with possibly his partner against him; and the other, to abandon his invention in England without further struggle, and settle abroad. He chose the latter alternative, and left England finally about the end of 1816.

Not only did Koenig lose all the reward to which his admirable invention of the steam printing machine entitled him, but shortly after his disappearance from England, when he was no longer present to defend himself, his very merits as an inventor were called in question. First, it was alleged that not he, but William Nicholson, was the real inventor of the printing machine, and that all his efforts to produce a successful working steam press had been unavailing, until he had turned round upon an old patent of Nicholson's which he had copied; and hence Nicholson was proclaimed to be the real "father of machine printing." Again, it was alleged, that the "operose contrivances" of Koenig's machine, with its "more than a hundred wheels," had proved "altogether abortive;" that it had been found "impracticable," and was therefore a failure; and that the success of steam printing really dated from the inventions of Cowper and Applegath.

The facts with respect to Nicholson's patent are shortly these. William Nicholson was a very ingenious and speculative person, a great taker-out of patents, in his own name as well as in the names of others, following as he did the business of a patent-agent. Amongst others, he took out a patent in 1790 for a machine for printing on paper, woollen, cotton, and other fabrics, by means of types or blocks imposed in chases of wood or metal adapted to the surface of a cylinder, the ink or color being furnished to the printing surface by a coloring cylinder covered with leather or dressed skins. The specification gave no description beyond this of the machinery proposed to be employed for the purpose. It contained Nicholson's idea

Koenig's sons, who still carry on their fathers' business in Germany.

of a machine—very ingenious, it is true—but nothing more. No working model of the machine was ever made, nor was it ever attempted to be carried into execution. It was Nicholson himself whom Koenig employed as his agent to take the requisite steps for registering his invention, which was on an entirely different principle; and when Koenig consulted him on the subject, Nicholson merely observed, that “seventeen years before he had taken out a patent for machine printing, but found that it wouldn’t do.” Nor did Nicholson make any claim to priority of invention, when the success of Koenig’s second machine was publicly announced in the *Times* some seven years later.

When Koenig, now settled abroad, heard of the attempts made in England to deny his merits as an inventor, he merely observed to his friend Bauer, “It is really too bad that these people, who have already robbed me of my invention, should now try to rob me also of my reputation.” Had he made any reply to the charges against him, it might have been comprised in very few words : “When I arrived in England, no steam printing machine had ever before been seen ; when I left it, the only printing machines in actual work were those which I had constructed.” But Koenig never gave himself the trouble to reply to the attacks made upon him in England, or to defend the originality of his invention, now that he had finally abandoned the field there to others.

There was, however, one man in England who would not keep silence, but generously came forward in defence of the absent Koenig, and that was John Walter of the *Times*. None knew so well as he did what days and nights of anxiety and toil Koenig had spent in perfecting his invention, and in contriving and erecting the machines which for ten years and more continued satisfactorily to turn out the whole daily impressions of the *Times*. Mr. Walter kept himself in regular correspondence with Koenig, whose character he greatly admired, long after he left England, and indeed until his death. When contemplating the erection of improved machinery to meet the increasing circulation of the paper, in 1823, he wrote to Koenig on the subject of the proposed

eight-cylinder plan, stating that he thought the time had arrived “for thinking of the round-about.” At the same time he expressed a wish that Koenig should undertake its erection, “rather than make use of the assistance of a stranger ;” but as the distance of Koenig’s establishment from London prevented his embracing Mr. Walter’s proposal, the construction of the *Times*’ new machines was eventually intrusted to Mr. Applegath.

Such being the kindly feeling that continued to exist between Mr. Walter and Koenig, the former was in no small degree vexed and disgusted when he found the invention of the printing machine claimed by others, and the merits of the real inventor almost entirely ignored. Accordingly, on the 3d of December, 1824, there appeared the following generous and complete acknowledgment of the merits of the all-but-forgotten Koenig in the leading columns of the *Times*, from the pen of Mr. Walter himself :—

“Ten years elapsed on the 29th of last month, since this Journal appeared for the first time printed by a mechanical apparatus ; and it has continued to be printed by the same method to the present day. It is unnecessary to dwell here on the advantages resulting from early publication and the better press-work of this paper. These advantages are too obvious to the public, and too sensibly felt by ourselves.

“The invention excited much interest and curiosity at the time of its first introduction, and the originality of it was not disputed, as no proof of an earlier application of the same principles could be adduced. This Journal is undoubtedly the first newspaper ever printed by a mechanical apparatus. We attempted, on its introduction, to do justice to the claims of the inventor, Mr. Koenig, who some years afterwards returned to his native country, Germany, not benefited, we fear, up to the full extent of his merits, by his wonderful invention and his exertions in England.

“We have perceived since, that several persons have not only seized Mr. Koenig’s invention, and profited by its adoption, but that attempts have even been made to rob him of the reputation due to him as the inventor. Several patents have been taken out, claiming as new and original what had been in daily use in our house for years. * * * Now, it is a rare occurrence that a foreigner brings an invention to bear in this country. There is here so much native talent in the mechanical arts—England stands so high in

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this particular—that she can afford to do justice to foreign merit; and as we happen to be acquainted with all the circumstances of the case in question, we shall take that office upon us.

"First as to our own machines. They were certainly executed from beginning to end according to the plans of Mr. Koenig. We were in daily intercourse with him; we saw the work growing under our eyes, and never heard then of any claims of Mr. Bensley, or of the inventive powers of that gentleman. On the contrary, when the negotiations between us and the patentees were going on, and the responsibility for the success of the plan was argued, Mr. Bensley declared 'that he knew nothing at all about it, and that he relied entirely upon Mr. Koenig!' Messrs. Taylor and Woodfall, who were then partners in the enterprise, can attest the truth of our account.

"As to Mr. Nicholson's claims, we shall state only one circumstance. Mr. Nicholson was still alive when this Journal was first printed by the machine. Mr. Koenig had already been publicly named as the inventor, and Mr. Nicholson himself did not bring forward any claim. We happen to know, that Mr. Nicholson, who gave professional advice to patentees, offered his services to Mr. Koenig, who had just then a patent in progress. Those who have wrongfully seized what was not their own, now want to shelter themselves under an old and long-forgotten patent.

"Before Mr. Koenig left this country, he accomplished the last great improvement,—namely, the printing of the sheet on both sides; and the drawing in the *Literary Gazette* is a representation of what is substantially his invention. The removing of some wheels, or the different arrangement of some parts of the apparatus, cannot entitle others to appropriate to themselves the whole work; and there is on that account the same bad faith, as by their simplifications they pretend to remove many more wheels than were ever in it.

"Simplicity is the last stage of an invention; it results from long observation of a work in actual use, and is hardly ever attainable in the first of the kind. The inferior merit of those who have added something to an existing invention is proverbial: *facilis est inventis addere*. In this case it still remains to be ascertained whether the alleged improvements have advanced the invention, and whether the original inventor himself has not simplified and improved his work since that time to a higher degree of perfection than the piratical improvers have done. We have been informed that he has lately constructed machines abroad, printing 1,200 sheets on both sides, and 2,400 on one side, within the hour.

* * * *

"We cannot close this account without giving our testimony not only to the enlightened mind and ardent spirit of Mr. Koenig, but also to his strict honor and integrity. Our intercourse with him was constant, during the very critical and trying period when he was bringing his invention into practice at our office, so that we had no slight knowledge of his manners and character; and the consequence has been sincere friendship and high regard for him ever since."

It might reasonably be supposed that this article would have been conclusive as to the merits of Koenig, and that from thenceforward his claim to be the inventor of the first printing machine would have been fully recognized. But this has not been the case. Successive writers on mechanical inventions in this country, for the most part copying each other, have given but scant praise to Koenig, noticing his machine with a sneer, dwelling only on its alleged complications, and the wheels, more in number than the machine ever contained, removed from it by subsequent inventors.

There can be no question as to the great improvements introduced in the printing machine by Mr. Cowper and Mr. Applegath, and still later by Messrs. Hoe and Son, of New York, which have brought the art of machine printing to an extraordinary degree of perfection and speed. But the original merits of an invention are not to be determined by a comparison of the first machine of the kind ever made with the last, after fifty years' experience and skill have been applied in bringing it to perfection. Were the first condensing-engine made at Soho—now to be seen at the Museum in South Kensington—in like manner to be compared with the last improved pumping-engine made yesterday, even James Watt might be made out to have been a very poor contriver. It would be much fairer to compare Koenig's printing machines with the machines which they superseded. But though there were steam engines before Watt, and steam-boats before Fulton, and steam locomotives before Stephenson, there were no steam printing presses before Koenig with which to compare them.

The original inventor is not the man who merely registers an idea, or who compiles an invention by borrowing the ideas of another, improving upon or

adding to his arrangements—but he who constructs a machine such as has never before been made, executing satisfactorily all the functions that it was intended to perform. And this is what Koenig's invention did, according to the unimpeachable testimony of Mr. Walter.

The use of Koenig's printing machine has, however, long since been discontinued in the *Times'* office. It was first superseded by Applegath's; which was, in its turn, superseded by Hoe's; and now Hoe's machine—which is found to be complicated, expensive, and liable to stoppages in the working—is itself being superseded by a much more effective contrivance.

As the construction of the first steam newspaper machine was due to the enterprise of the late Mr. Walter, so the construction of this last and most improved machine is due in like manner to the enterprise of his son. The new "Walter Machine" is not, like Cowper and Applegath's, and Hoe's, the improvement of an existing arrangement, but an almost entirely original invention. Its principal merits are its simplicity, its accurate workmanship, its compactness, its speed, and its economy. While each of the ten-feeder Hoe machines occupies a large and lofty room, and requires eighteen men to feed and work it, the new Walter machine occupies a space of only about 14 feet by 5, or less than any newspaper machine yet introduced, and requires only three lads to take away, with half the attention of an overseer, who easily superintends two of the machines while at work. The Hoe machine turns out 7,000 impressions printed on both sides in the hour; but the Walter machine turns out 11,000 impressions completed in the same time.

The new invention does not in the least resemble any existing printing machine, unless it be the calendering machine, which has possibly furnished the type of it. At the printing end, it looks like a collection of small cylinders or rollers. The paper, mounted on a huge reel as it comes from the paper mill, goes in at one end in an endless web, 3,300 yards in length, seems to fly through amongst the cylinders, and issues forth at the other in two descending torrents of sheets, accurately cut into

lengths, and printed on both sides. The rapidity with which it works may be inferred from the fact that the printing cylinders (round which the stereotyped plates are fixed), while making their impressions on the paper, travel at the surprising speed of 200 revolutions a minute.

As the sheet passes inwards, it is first damped on one side by being carried rapidly over a cylinder which revolves in a trough of cold water; it then passes on to the first pair of printing and impression cylinders, where it is printed on one side; it is next reversed and sent through the second pair, where it is printed on the other side; then it passes on to the cutting cylinders, which divide the web of now printed paper into the proper lengths. The sheets are rapidly conducted by tapes into a swing frame, which, as it vibrates, delivers them alternately on either side, in two apparently continuous streams of sheets, which are rapidly thrown forward from the frame by a rocker, and deposited on tables at which the lads sit to receive them.

The machine is almost entirely self-acting, from the pumping up of the ink into the ink-box out of the cistern below stairs, to the registering of the numbers as they are printed, in the manager's room above.

Such, in a few words, is the last great invention made in connection with newspaper printing,—which reflects no little credit on the enterprise of Mr. Walter and the inventive skill of the gentlemen of the *Times'* staff—for it has been entirely designed and manufactured on the premises—to whom he has entrusted its execution.

A few words in conclusion as to the remainder of Koenig's career. He could not fail for a time to be greatly cast down by the failure of his enterprise in England; but this did not last long. Instead of brooding over his troubles, he determined to break away from them and begin the world afresh. He was only forty-two, and he might yet be able to do something towards establishing himself in life. Though England was virtually closed against him—for if he began business there on his own account he would be liable to an action under the deed of partnership—the whole continent of Europe was open to him, pre-

senting a wide field for the sale of his printing machines.

König accordingly cast about for a suitable place in which to begin business, and he eventually pitched upon the little village of Oberzell near Würzburg, in Bavaria. It was conveniently situated for his purpose, being nearly in the centre of Germany. The Bavarian Government, desirous of giving encouragement to so useful a genius, granted him the use of the secularized monastery of the place on easy terms. There König began operations in August, 1817. Some seven months later, he was joined by his friend and former fellow-workman Bauer, from England, and the two men then entered into a partnership which lasted for life.

The partners had at first great difficulties to encounter in getting their establishment to work. Oberzell was a rural village, containing only common laborers, from whom they had to select their workmen. Every person taken into the concern had to be trained and educated to mechanical work by the partners themselves. With indescribable patience they taught these laborers the use of the hammer, the file, the turning-lathe, and other tools which the greater number of them had never seen and of whose uses they were entirely ignorant. The machinery of the workshop was got together with equal difficulty, piece by piece, some of the parts from a great distance, the mechanical arts being then at a very low ebb in Germany, which was still suffering from the effects of the long Continental war. At length the workshop was fitted up, the old barn of the monastery being converted into an iron-foundry.

Orders for printing machines were gradually obtained, and by the end of the fourth year two single cylinder machines were completed after great exertions, and sent to Berlin for use in the State printing-office. By the end of 1825, seven double-cylinder steam-presses had been manufactured for the largest newspaper-printers in Germany. The recognized excellence of König and Bauer's book-printing machines, their perfect register, and the quality of the work which they turned out, secured for them an increasing demand, and by the year 1829 the firm

had sold fifty-one machines to the leading printers throughout Germany. The Oberzell manufactory was now in full work, and gave regular employment to about a hundred and twenty men.

A period of considerable depression followed. As in England, the introduction of the printing machine in Germany excited great hostility amongst the workmen. In some of the principal towns, they entered into combinations to destroy them, and several were broken by violence and irretrievably injured. These combinations had the effect, for a time, of deterring other printers from giving orders for machines, and König and Bauer were consequently under the necessity of in a great measure suspending the manufacture. To keep their hands employed, the partners proceeded to fit up a paper manufactory, Mr. Cotta of Stuttgart joining them in the adventure, and a mill was fitted up embodying all the latest improvements in paper-making.

König, however, did not live to enjoy the fruit of all his study, toil, and anxiety; but while this enterprise was still in progress, and before the machine-trade had revived, which it shortly did, he was taken ill and died at Oberzell, at the early age of fifty-eight, respected and beloved by all who knew him.

His partner Bauer survived to continue the business for twenty years longer, and it was during this later period that the concern enjoyed its greatest prosperity. The prejudices of the workmen gradually subsided as they found that machine-printing, instead of abridging employment, as they feared it would do, greatly increased it; and orders flowed into the manufactory at Oberzell from Austria, Prussia, Denmark, Russia, and Sweden. Larger and more powerful machines, embodying the most matured ideas of König and Bauer, were manufactured and sent to all parts of Europe; until, in 1847, shortly before Bauer's death, he turned out the six-hundredth steam printing-machine made at Oberzell, capable of printing 6,000 impressions an hour.

König and Bauer, united in life, were not divided by death. Their re-

mains lie side by side in the little cemetery at Oberzell, close to the scene of their labors and the valuable establishment which they founded.

All the Year Round.

RAIN AND RAIN-DOCTORS.

An English newspaper published in the East has just told us that the Burmese pull a rope when they want rain. A capital idea: seeing that the pulling of a rope is within the competency of most of us. It is managed in Burmah thus: Two parties—those who wish for rain, and those who don't—lay hold of opposite ends of the rope; whichever pull hardest, win the day. It is said, however (as is the case in relation to many controversies and contests going on around us here at home), that the affair is prearranged; it is agreed beforehand that the rain-pullers shall be permitted to pull with more vigor than their competitors. Whether the rain comes when the rope has been pulled, our informant unfortunately has omitted to state.

There are rain-doctors in all countries: some further removed than others from science, but doctors still. The looking out for omens (a habit more general than we are in the habit of supposing) is a residuum of a belief that was almost universal in old days. The signs or symptoms connected with the movements of animals may, in many instances, be worthy of attention; but they are mixed up with the strangest absurdities. Of the rain prognostics accepted two or three centuries ago, there was a pretty extensive variety. If ducks and drakes flutter their wings unusually when they rise; if young horses rub their backs against the ground; if sheep begin to bleat and skip about; if swine are seen to carry hay and straw to hiding-places; if oxen lick themselves the wrong way of the hair; if a lamp or candle sputter; if a great deal of soot falls down the chimney; if frogs croak more than usual; if swallows fly low; if hogs run home loudly grunting and squeaking; if cattle and donkeys prick up their ears; if ants come out of their hills, and moles and worms out of the ground; if crows assemble in crowds, and ravens croak; if water-fowl come to land; if (as an old writer describes it)

"beastes move here and there, makyng a noyse, and brethyng up the ayre with open nostrels;" if the down fly off from the dandelion and the thistle when there is no wind; if church-bells be heard further than usual; in all such cases, we are told to expect rain. Gay, in his *Pastorals*, tells us that when a heifer sticks her tail bolt upright, or when our corns prick, it is an omen of approaching rain; whereas fine weather is foreshown by the high flying of swallows. In another of his works, *Trivia*, Gay says (in relation to the signboards which the streets of London so abundantly displayed in his day):

When the swinging signs your ears offend
With crackling noise, then rainy floods impend;
Soon shall the kennels swell with rapid streams.

Poor Robin's Almanack, about a century and a half ago, announced that when a hedgehog builds a nest with the opening in one direction, the next rain and wind will come from the opposite direction. Another writer asked:

Why doth a cow, about half an hour
Before there comes a hasty shower,
Clap her tail against a hedge?

The question is, does she? And the next question would be, is it one peculiarly-constituted cow who does so, or do cows generally so conduct themselves?

Rain-doctors and rain-prophets are two different classes. The latter wish to know whence and when rain is coming, but with fair good sense lay aside any claim to the power of producing it. Not so the medicine-men of North America, who (if the exceedingly troublesome Red Man still retain his ancient characteristics) are looked to as potent influences in times of unwonted dry weather. Arabia can say something of the same kind. When Carsten Niebuhr was in that country, he stopped some time in the province of Nedjeram, which was under the rule of a sheikh named Macrami. Of this sheikh, Niebuhr said: "He honors Mahomet as the prophet of

God, but looks with little respect upon his successors and commentators. Some of the more sensible Arabs say that the sheikh has found means to avail himself of heaven even in this life; for (to use their expression) he sells Paradise by the yard, and assigns more or less favorable places in that mansion according to the sums paid him. Simple superstitious persons actually purchase assignments upon heaven from him and his procurators, and hope to profit thereby. A Persian of the province of Kerman, too, has lately begun to issue similar bills upon heaven, and has gained considerably by the traffic." Niebuhr dryly remarks upon this: "The people of the East appear to approach, daily, nearer to the ingenious inventions of Europeans in these matters." He then proceeds: "The knowledge of many secrets, and among others of one for obtaining rain when he pleases, is likewise ascribed to the sheikh. When the country suffers from drought, he appoints a fast, and after it a public procession, in which all must assist, with an air of humility, without their turbans, and in a garb suitably mean. Some Arabs of distinction assured me that this never fails to procure an immediate fall of rain."

We may, in imagination, leap over Egypt and sundry other hot regions, and pass from Arabia to Morocco, where Lemprière tells us of doings somewhat similar. (Not Lemprière the dictionary maker, but William Lemprière an army-surgeon attached to the British garrison at Gibraltar.) The Emperor of Morocco, during the illness of his son and heir, applied through the English consul for the services of this gentleman; and Lemprière had opportunities thus afforded him of penetrating further into the recesses of domestic life than is often permitted in Mohammedan countries. Speaking of the harem at Morocco in 1790, he said: "In one of my visits I observed a procession, which upon inquiry I found was intended as an invocation to God and Mahomet for rain, of which there had been a scarcity for several preceding months. The procession was commenced by the youngest children in the harem, who were barely able to walk, two abreast; and these were followed by the next in age, till at length a great part of the women fell into the

group, making altogether upwards of a hundred persons. They carried on their heads their prayers written on paper, pasted on a square board, and proceeded through all the courts singing hymns, the purport of which was adapted to the solemn occasion. I was informed that they continued this ceremony every day during the whole of the dry weather, and were to repeat it till their prayers were attended with success."—A safe proceeding, at all events; seeing that the desired rain was sure to come sooner or later.

Whether any other people in the East besides the Burmese perform the rope-pulling mode of producing rain, we do not know: but the women in some parts of India adopt a peculiar method of their own. The *Bengal Hurkaru*, a newspaper published in Calcutta, had the following paragraph less than five years ago, in relation to a drought which affected a large portion of India: "The pundits and moulvies were called into the service, and muntras and beits (prayers) were read with intense but unavailing fervor. Finding the efforts of the priests fail them, the ryots (peasants) next had recourse to an ancient and somewhat singular custom. At night all the women of many of the villages walked naked to some neighboring tank or stream, and there, with songs and invocations, sought to propitiate the offended heavens, and to induce the gods to send them rain. This device was also without immediate effect."

But, while the medicine-men and weather-doctors are trying to bring rain where there is none, what are we to say of a semi, or demi-semi, scientific man who attempts to drive away rain when he doesn't want it, and make it fall somewhere else? One M. Otto, of Leipzig, has not only broached this problem, but has actually had his scheme brought before the Académie des Sciences at Paris. He proposes a machine called a pluvifuge, or rain-expeller, to be hoisted on a very elevated platform. The machine is to consist of an enormous pair of bellows worked by steam power; and its purpose is to blow away any rainy clouds which may be accumulating. If many of these were placed at equal intervals in a large city, they might perchance insure a continuance of fair weather. What the learned Académie

thought of this is not recorded ; perhaps they preserved a polite silence ; but a very knotty question presents itself. If (an enormous mouthful to swallow, in all conscience) the pluvifuge could really do this work, how about other localities ? As dirty little boys when driven away by a policeman from one place, will certainly reassemble in another, so would the rain, driven away by the pluvifuge from one locality, make its presence sensibly felt in another. And suppose that other locality does not want it ? It has been very cogently asked : "Would not an action for damages lie against the workers of the machine in town A, in case of towns B and C suffering from the undue quantity of rain which would be liable to fall to their share, if town A succeeded in puffing it all away from itself ? For the vapor blown *from* some place must needs be blown *to* some other place. Or say that towns B and C and even D and E, were as sharp-witted as town A, and were to set up equally efficacious machines, there surely ought to be sofe redress for town F, in case of its being altogether submerged, as might very possibly happen under such circumstances." A case is supposed of an open-air fête at Smithville, to celebrate the coming of age of the heir of the Smiths. At Brownsville a pluvifuge happens unluckily to be at work, and blows the rain to the very lawn at which the fête champêtre is being held. If a case, Smith v. Brown, were instituted, would not the plaintiff be entitled to damages for the injury done by the rain to the ladies' dresses, and for doctors' bills arising out of colds and catarrhs caught on the occasion ?

Few of our modern weather-prophets know the real legend which gave birth to the belief in St. Swithin's Day, as a weather-wise day. As Bishop of Winchester, just about a thousand years ago, Swithin was a man noted for his worth and his humility. The latter was displayed in a request that, when dead, he should be buried not within the church but in the churchyard, where passers-by might tread upon his grave, and where roof-eaves might drip water upon it. His wish was complied with. But about a century afterwards, when Swithin had been canonized into St. Swithin, the clergy, in a fit of renewed

zeal, thinking that the body of so great a saint ought not to lie in such a place, determined to remove it into the cathedral, but rain poured down so continuously for forty days that they could not find a suitable opportunity for the grand ceremonial which had been planned. Accepting this as a judgment on them for disobeying the saint's wishes, they gave up their project, and built a chapel over the humble grave instead. An accomplished Anglo-Saxon scholar has recently played havoc with this old legend ; but it would take many such scholars to beat out of the heads of uneducated people their faith in the 15th of July. The Astronomer Royal at Greenwich states that he finds, on an average of a large number of years, quite as much rain, after a fine St. Swithin's day as after one that is wet ; but no matter, the old quatrain is quoted triumphantly against him :

St. Swithin's day, if thou dost rain,
For forty days it will remain ;
St. Swithin's day, if thou be fair,
For forty days 'twill rain nae mair.

There are, sometimes, real showers of very unreal rain. It is stated by an old writer that in Lapland and Finmark about a century ago, mice of a particular kind were known to fall from the sky ; and that such an event was sure to be followed by a good year for foxes. A shower of frogs fell near Toulouse in 1804. A prodigious number of black insects, about an inch in length, descended in a snow-storm at Pakroff, in Russia, in 1827. On one occasion, in Norway, the peasants were astonished at finding a shower of rats pelting down on their heads. Showers of fishes have been numerous. At Stanstead, in Kent, in 1666, a pasture field was found one morning covered plentifully with fish, although there is neither sea nor river, lake nor fish-pond near. At Allahabad, in 1839, an English officer saw a good smart down-pour of fish ; and soon afterwards thousands of small dead fish were found upon the ground. Scotland has had many of these showers of fish ; as in Ross-shire, in 1828, when quantities of herring-fry covered the ground ; at Islay, in 1830, when a large number of herrings were found strewed over a field after a heavy gusty rain ; at Wick, much more recently, when herrings were found

in large quantities in a field half a mile from the beach. In all these, and numerous other cases, when a liberal allowance has been made for exaggeration, the remainder can be explained by well-understood causes. Stray wind blowing from a sea or river; a water-spout licking up the fish out of the water; a whirlwind sending them hither and thither; all these are intelligible. The rat-shower in Norway was an extraordinary one; thousands of rats were taking their annual excursion from a hilly region to the lowlands, when a whirlwind overtook them, whisked them up, and deposited them in a field at some distance: doubtless much to the aston-

ishment of such of the rats as came down alive.

The so-called showers of blood have had their day of terror and marvel, and have disappeared. Not that any one ever saw such a shower actually fall; but red spots have occasionally been seen on walls and stones, much to the popular dismay. Swammerdam, the naturalist, told the people of the Hague, two centuries ago, that these red spots were connected with some phenomena of insect life; but they would not believe him, and insisted that the spots were real blood, and were portents of evil times to come. Other naturalists have since confirmed the scientific opinion.

Temple Bar.

THE CHARACTERISTICS OF MODERN PAINTING.

It is a common complaint with artists—using that word, as we must employ it in these pages, in the limited sense of painter—that literary critics, in venturing to pronounce an opinion upon their works, decide with extreme dogmatism on what they know very little about. Mr. O'Neil, in his brochure on “Modern Art in England and France,” has made himself the mouthpiece of this sentiment; and no one who has the privilege of intercourse with English artists can doubt that he speaks, in this matter at least, for a very large constituency. “Nor,” he says, in the very second sentence of his pamphlet, “shall I, as a painter, offer any apology for intruding on the province of the critic; for, notwithstanding the objections urged against professional prejudice, as regards technical excellence—on which the lay critic makes the greatest blunders—the most efficient judges must be those who have gained some experience in their pursuit of art. Of this I am at least certain, that artists value the opinion of their professional brethren far more than that of the ablest art-critic that ever lived.”

We think any dispassionate person would allow that there is considerable justness in these observations; though, as they are somewhat indefinitely stated, it is probable that they are intended to convey more than Mr. O'Neil expressly

affirms. Some further remarks made by him corroborate this suspicion; and it will, perhaps, be after citing them that we shall best be able to say how far we agree with Mr. O'Neil, and to what extent we differ from him. After quoting the assertion of M. Laprade, that criticism on art is a science which fifty years ago was comparatively unknown, and that though within the last twenty years it has attained an unparalleled influence, the art has retrograded in proportion as the science has advanced, Mr. O'Neil proceeds to observe that, if this assertion be true, it follows that the so-called science has been injurious to the progress of art. Mr. O'Neil here falls into one of those technical errors in ratiocination which all the more forcibly incline us to believe that he is right when he accuses lay critics of making analogous ones when discoursing of pictures. Though we cordially agree with Mr. O'Neil that the art has retrograded in proportion as the science has advanced, it by no means necessarily follows that the advance of the one has caused the retrogression of the other. It is quite possible that they are mere coeval phenomena, both the result of some other independent cause or causes. But, though we have deemed it necessary to point out this little bit of defective reasoning, it is quite open to any one to argue upon other grounds that scientific criti-

cism is deleterious to art. We ourselves are of that opinion, to this extent at least—that we feel fully persuaded that scientific criticism on art can never prevail extensively until art has seen its best days, and that the presence and practice of scientific criticism will effectively prevent its regeneration or rejuvenescence. But this is not Mr. O'Neil's view—indeed, it is the precise opposite of his view. After agreeing with M. Laprade's observations, and drawing the illegitimate inference from them which we have indicated, he affirms that "it is not difficult to point out the reason why criticism has failed to fulfil its destined purpose." Clearly, he is of opinion that the destined purpose of scientific criticism is to improve, if not indeed to produce, artists; which seems to us just as absurd as it would be to say that the purpose of geology is to construct new worlds, or the province of astronomy to make the stars keep more steadily in their courses.

But what are the reasons, so easy to point out, why modern criticism has injured modern art? Commencing by "frankly acknowledging the ability of those writers who review the annual exhibitions of art in the public journals"—a compliment we cannot take to ourselves, since we never performed that function—Mr. O'Neil observes that their comments cannot be termed criticism on art, but simply criticism on artists; that the writers have figured as partisans, and not as judges; that fulsome and extravagant praise of one artist is accompanied by equally unseemly and violent abuse of another; and that the same artist is equally exalted or decried, as individual taste or, too often, personal feeling actuates the respective critics. How far personal feeling enters into the matter we will abstain from attempting to decide; but we have no difficulty in allowing that the general truth of the remaining accusations can hardly be controverted. There, however, our agreement with Mr. O'Neil ends. Neither in the consequences he attributes to this state of things, nor in the cure he suggests for it, can we concur. For want, indeed, of that technical skill in composition which is but natural, he fails to set down with conclusive distinctness what it is he really means; but we fancy

we are accurately representing his views when we say that he ascribes the shortcomings of modern art—shortcomings which he confesses with admirable candor—to the arbitrary fluctuation of lay criticism and its lack of a settled standard of excellence, and these misfortunes again to the anonymous system pursued and upheld by our journalism. We are ourselves no friends to anonymous writing, and should gladly see the practice entirely abolished; but we may remark, in the first place, that the lay criticism on artists which has of recent years secured most attention has not been anonymous, and that most of that which formally is anonymous is practically far from being so; and, in the second place, that we fail to see how, if critics on art were to append their names to their criticisms, taste would fluctuate less or a more constant standard of excellence be established. Indeed, we doubt if either, much less both, of these results would follow, even if the critics who signed all they wrote were not lay critics at all, but those "professional brethren" whose opinion Mr. O'Neil assures us that artists value so highly. In this estimate we think they are more or less right—certainly more right than wrong.* Nevertheless, any one who has visited the Royal Academy in the company of different artists of repute, cannot well have failed to perceive that they differ far more widely in their estimate of each other than exoteric visitors do who make no pretension to be experts. Their disagreement is no proof

* The real truth of the matter seems to be contained in two passages culled from Sir Joshua Reynolds: "The knowledge which an artist has of his subject will more than compensate for any want of perspicuity in the manner of treating it: and I am convinced that one short essay written by a painter will contribute more to advance the theory of our art than a thousand volumes such as we sometimes see." This observation occurs in his Fifteenth Discourse. Writing, however, to Mr. Metcalfe, his fellow-traveller in the journey through Flanders, he says: "Nor is it an inconsiderable advantage to see such works in company with one who has a general rectitude of taste, and is not a professor of the art. . . . A species of benefit may be obtained which we are not likely to derive from the judgment of painters; who, being educated in the same manner, are likely to judge from the same principles, are liable to the same prejudices, and may sometimes be governed by the influence of an authority which perhaps has no foundation in nature."

either of their ignorance or their prejudice; but it is conclusive against Mr. O'Neil's vision of a taste that never fluctuated and a standard that never varied, founded upon the unanimous opinion of rival artists. No doubt a very rigid and unvarying standard could be erected and maintained, if any one school of artists had the settling of it; but if every young painter had thenceforward to work up to it, science would then have injured art irretrievably, and our annual exhibitions be nothing more than exhibitions of academic stagnation.

Indeed, if Mr. O'Neil will but carefully consider this matter, he will be sure to see the labyrinth of difficulties into which his complaints logically lead him. If, as he implies, the destined purpose and natural result of scientific criticism is to assist the steps of art, and if art during the last twenty years has retrograded rather than progressed, it cannot be scientific criticism that has done the mischief. Neither can it be unscientific lay criticism that has done it, for, according to the same testimony, artists set little or no value on it. In fact, art-criticism, whether good, bad, or indifferent, has little or nothing to answer for in regard to the present condition of art. How far the latter is detrimentally affected by that *spirit of criticism* which so extensively prevails in these days—that analyzing temper and tendency which are thick in the air, and nowhere more present than in the studios of artists themselves—is quite another question, and one which, in due time, we will discuss. It is quite clear, that if we arrive at the conclusion that scientific criticism is highly detrimental, and to a fatal degree even paralyzing, we shall not be indebted to Mr. O'Neil for the hint. He, by implication, denies it, when he intimates that the spirit and principles of true criticism ought to be highly advantageous to the progress of true art. What we really owe to Mr. O'Neil is, his attempt to trace the shortcomings of modern art to the infirmities of modern criticism, whereby we have been enabled with greater ease to show that they are not due to this cause at least; and that it is vain to look on criticism, at any time, either as art's kindly parent, or as its malignant stepmother. The genesis

and growth of art depend upon far more recondite and unmanageable causes.

Is it, however, a fact that there is anything amiss with modern art; that it produces huge abominations; that its results are feebleness and mediocrity; that it is full of far-fetched conceits; that slovenliness and audacity are among its characteristics; that its children are stammerers in its language—and so on, through a string of accusations which, if all were quoted, would fill many pages? We do not say that these are precisely the faults we should be disposed to attribute to modern art, but at least it is something to have it allowed that it has any faults at all. To listen to that press and those lay critics, who are so great an offence to Mr. O'Neil and his brother painters, one would of late years have concluded that we are living in the very height of its most flourishing days. We have read criticisms on modern pictures in the public prints which seemed to us to exhaust the vocabulary of laudation. We have seen men, still moving among us, spoken of as though they were the peers, if not the superiors, of Tintoretto, Raphael, and Murillo. Indeed, to have lived in London during the last fifteen years, and to have perused the papers and listened to the conversations of the period, is either to have arrived at the conclusion that, after modern politics, modern art is the most important and interesting thing in the world, or to have escaped the conclusion only by possessing powers of obstinate resistance to external influences such as few people can boast. To the majority of fashionable circles in London, and to all country cousins who manage to get up to London in the course of the season, the main incident of the year is the Royal Academy. Its private view, its dinner, its soirée—are they not dotted with a white mark in the book of Jeames and his extensive following? Take up the morning papers. Who shall say there is nothing in them? Are they not full, as the phrase is, of the Royal Academy? Go out to dinner. With what does the conversation concern itself? To a dead certainty, with the Royal Academy. If your dancing days are not over, and you find yourself at a ball, what is the first question you put to your partner, or your partner puts to you? "Have you been

to the Royal Academy?" Till one feels disposed to exclaim, as Shenstone did, with far less provocation—

" O ye woods, spread your branches aspace;
To your deepest recesses I fly"—

anywhere, anywhere, to get away from these eternal paint-pots and ubiquitous canvasses!

Indeed, I think Mr. O'Neil and his fellows of the brush are shockingly wanting in gratitude to their very best friends. They declaim against lay criticism and deprecate the interference of the press, which are the very breath of their nostrils, and without which they would shrivel into insignificance. Fame is an affair of posterity, but notoriety is the gift of to-day; and it is by notoriety that our almost countless artists live, move, and have their being. And what gives them notoriety but this perpetual babble and print concerning them? They are written into importance. They are forced upon the notice of hundreds of thousands who otherwise would no more think of visiting Burlington House than they do of visiting the British Museum. A couple of columns in the *Times* would send half the town to the Isle of Dogs to see a bottle-nosed whale. Not to be mentioned by the daily papers is as good as to be damned. And look at the result of all this notoriety. Notoriety is worth money in the days we live in; and Liverpool vies with Manchester, Yorkshire with Lancashire, London with the shires, in securing these tremendous treasures of art of which the whole world is talking.

Whatever, therefore, may be the real influence of all this busy criticism of pictures on the excellence of art—and that point we have already considered—the influence in favor of its popularity is immense. And the world has never yet seen the phenomenon of a thing being extensively popular and yet being extensively thought little of. Talk to the run of people one meets, and it will at once be seen that their estimate of English art is very high. "Great picture!"—"Splendid picture!"—"Grand work!"—"Superb painting!"—these are the terms of rapture which greet one's ears at the dinner-tables and in the ball-rooms we have spoken of. Artists with eyes in their heads must know that all

such language applied to their contemporaries is inconsiderately and ridiculously lavish; and, unless they had entered into a ca'me, ca'thee" compact, it is quite certain that, were they to sit in judgment on each other's performances, they would arrive at far less flattering conclusions than are roughly reached by the general public, incited and abetted by that lay criticism which is so bitterly complained of.

It will have been perceived that it is from no particular sympathy with the press, or with lay criticism, that we defend them against Mr. O'Neil's accusation of being the cause of the unsatisfactory condition of art, since we thoroughly agree with him that its condition is unsatisfactory, and not with the press and the lay critics, who appear to regard its state, not only as perfectly satisfactory, but as eminently flourishing. To a person who neither judges nor procures his entertainment conventionally, who never praises unless he approves, and who is never gratified without efficient cause, it is a standing marvel how so many thousands of people can have their organs of veneration and enjoyment affected by periodical visits to exhibitions of modern pictures. It argues an absence of the critical faculty to an extent that is ludicrous. What between ambitious ideas imperfectly rendered or not rendered at all, and mean ideas that were not worth rendering, the intelligent visitor to such places, armed with a standard of excellence already provided for him by familiarity with the old masters, goes away with a feeling of wonder and humiliation, and the painful conviction—that whether or not Rousseau was right in arguing that art had not contributed to civilization,—civilization, in its modern sense at least, has certainly not ministered to the progress of art.

We have been warned, very properly, by Mr. O'Neil, that the lay critic makes monstrous blunders concerning the technical excellence of pictures. It would be wonderful if he did not, whenever he was rash enough to speak dogmatically on the point. All such points he had much better leave to the initiated, to artists themselves, nourishing meanwhile the feeling that, when they are all agreed upon them, he will freely accept their unanimous judgment; but

that, till that moment arrives, he will retain his own opinion, expressing it, however, with great modesty and diffidence. But upon points which can with no fairness be termed technical—such as the design, the composition, the harmony, even the coloring, and much more the force, the pathos, and the subtlety of the picture—we cannot but think that the lay critic, properly prepared by an acquaintance with and a genuine appreciation of works of avowedly the highest order, may confidently venture to take an independent and decided view of his own. It is, however, with yet another branch of the subject that we wish to deal, and one which nobody would be pronounced incompetent to handle simply because he is a lay critic. We allude to the subjects, interests, and scope of contemporary art; and we have no hesitation in affirming these to be paltry, narrow, and unsatisfactory. If by the word "art" be meant little or nothing more than technical excellence, we dare say that the most competent judges would assert that great works of art nowadays abound. But if its legitimate signification be attached to it, and art be taken to comprehend the conception of a thing and the thing conceived, as well as the manner of execution, then it may reasonably be doubted if a work of the highest order has been seen on the walls of the Academy, at any rate, during the last fifteen years. And how these considerations are to be excluded we cannot conceive. If they may be excluded, Gray's Elegy is a far greater work than Shakespeare's Hamlet, for it is far more faultless in conception and execution; and many of the illuminations in the choir-books of Siena or Padua are superior to Michael Angelo's Last Judgment, for they are by no means so open to criticism. It is curious to see how modern artists, with a guilty consciousness of the smallness of their work when done, chafe against the very phrase "high art," love to pose a believer in it by asking him for a rigid definition, and, failing such a definition, endeavor to persuade themselves and other people that there is no such thing. Mr. O'Neil, in his pamphlet, provides us with a case in point. "Much nonsense," he says, "has been uttered concerning high art, and I fear the same will often be re-

peated. Once for all, high art is not big art, nor does it apply to the subject treated. For, whatever may be the relative importance of the ideas to be developed and the technical difficulties to be overcome, high art refers solely to the manner in which the idea is expressed; so that a Dutch boor by Ostade, or a Venetian senator by Titian, equally merits the appellation."

It is indubitable that a vast amount of nonsense has, as Mr. O'Neil says, been written concerning high art; but it may be doubted if greater nonsense was ever written concerning it than the above. The avowal, in one place, that "a higher feeling is aroused in the presence of invention and dramatic power," and in another the acknowledgment of "the greater difficulties to be overcome in a more intellectual development of the qualities in art," would seem to show that the writer has not made up his mind so clearly on the subject as his confidence of language would imply. But there is no need to show inconsistency in order to dispose of the theory of a man who professes to hold that high art has nothing to do with the subject treated. An imperfect acquaintance with the uses of language often leads a person to be sophistical, almost without knowing it, and to impose upon his own intellect with a wretched verbal quibble. The passage we have quoted is a striking instance of this unfortunate process. "High art is not big art," says Mr. O'Neil. If by this be meant that a big picture is not necessarily a better picture, or one of a higher order of art, than a small one, the truth is so obvious that it can scarcely be supposed anybody ever stated or imagined the contrary. But if by the phrase, "high art is not big art," it is intended to assert that size can never have anything to do with the merit or value of a picture, then the assertion is as obviously false as the other interpretation is obviously true. Mr. O'Neil, half unconsciously no doubt (for, like so many other people, he is indebted to language for his ideas and reasonings, instead of being indebted to ideas and reasonings for his language), in asserting what may be taken to be true, intends his readers to take his words in a sense which is assuredly false. We cannot say at what

precise superficies of canvas high art ever begins; but we certainly can name a superficies—a square inch, for instance—on which high art would be impossible. And why is this the case? Precisely because there are certain subjects which cannot be adequately treated on a lilliputian scale; and these are the subjects which common sense and common language alike qualify as great subjects, and subjects of high art. So that an exposure of Mr. O'Neil's dictum that high art is not big art has led us, as might have been expected, to the overthrow of his other dictum, that "high art does not apply to the subject treated;" or, as he says again, in different language, "high art refers solely to the manner in which the idea is expressed." His illustration of this supposed truth is exceedingly curious. "A Dutch boor," he says, "by Ostade, or a Venetian senator by Titian, equally merits the appellation." Certainly—provided that we be allowed to read the last clause in the sense, that the two equally merit or do not merit the appellation. We doubt if even a court chamberlain ever imagined that a portrait of a gentleman was, by virtue of its subject, a greater work of art than the portrait of a beggar. Indeed, *ceteris paribus*, there would probably be opportunities—of pathos and picturesqueness, for instance—in the latter which would be wanting in the former. But what has such a parallel to do with the question? Absolutely nothing. A Venetian senator and a Dutch boor are of very different degrees of excellence as far as social estimation is concerned, but as far as art is concerned, they are of equal value; and only accidental qualities, which, as we have hinted, are just as likely to tell in favor of the boor, will make them of unequal excellence looked at as subjects for art. Similarly, an historical picture, consisting, as well might be, of nothing but Dutch boors, might be set side by side with an historical picture consisting of Venetian senators; and, supposing them to be equally well executed, there is nothing in the subjects to prevent both of them being equally specimens of high art. But will there be no difference, and a difference of kind, between the pictures containing the single boor and the single senator, and the pictures

consisting respectively of the crowd of boors, each acting his part in a great pictorial drama, and of the throng of senators similarly employed? If high art does not apply to the subject treated, then the picture of a pig may be high art. As the domestic habits of pigs do not as yet figure conspicuously on the walls of the Royal Academy, it is not unlikely that Mr. O'Neil, and the many modern artists who would like to believe that his dictum is true, would reply that the animal in question is a proper subject for high art. Let, however, one or two rising artists dedicate their energies to reviving this neglected department of their profession; let them attain marked success in it; let the intelligent public, abetted by an appreciative press, discern the touching beauties that have long lain hidden in the straw, and let these works of high art fetch handsome prices, and we feel quite sure that the gentlemen who now imagine that their club interiors, their everlasting nurseries, their attitudinising children, their broken-hearted young women, and their admirable young men, constitute high art, would soon protest against including the denizens of the sty in the category.* For this is what it all means at bottom. The same self-love which would then urge them to narrow their theory of high art, in order to exclude the painters of pigs, now induces them to give it as large an extension as possible, in order to get themselves included among those who have treated something higher than the subjects we have indicated. But for this interested motive, we should hear little or nothing of the "much nonsense" that "has been uttered concerning high art," and should have fewer attempts, both in conversation and print, to plunge the question into a state of hopeless ambiguity. Nothing is such sheer waste of time as a mere logomachy; and we should be quite ready to allow high art to stand for nothing more than "the

* Of course it is not intended to assert that pigs cannot be introduced into a picture aspiring to come in the category of high art. Indeed, Rubens has painted the inside of a stable, in which he places the Prodigal Son feeding with hogs; but this is scarcely one of his most admired works.

manner in which the idea is expressed," if only those who thus desire to fix its signification will frankly acknowledge the infinite distance that divides the Royal Academy from the National Gallery—though the latter, in spite of its excellent specimens of certain masters, is a very inadequate substitute for a visit to Venice, Florence, and Rome—and having confessed the difference, will then invent and establish a term, other than high art, to express it. Till that be done, we cannot afford to throw away the only term that serves our purpose. Only those who have a very different purpose to serve, or who are not acquainted that such a mischievous purpose exists, will use it so lavishly.

We have said that we did not purpose to enter into the technical merits of modern painting, though a pretty extensive acquaintance with the classic lands of pictorial art does not permit us to doubt that, even in this matter, the very best productions of to-day do not reach the excellence attained three centuries and a half ago. But when we approach the subjects on which modern art aspires to expend its energies, we have no scruple in saying that they are, on the whole, of so trivial and inferior, and in many instances of so unartistic a nature, as at the very threshold to shrivel and starve the interest of the looker-on. Sir Joshua Reynolds, in the account of his "Tour through Flanders and Holland," observes that it may be worthy of consideration, how far the circumstance that Protestant countries have thought proper to exclude pictures from their churches, may be the cause of no Protestant country having ever produced a history-painter; and he suggests that, now the violence and acrimony with which the separation of the churches was made are things of the past, the impolitic exclusion might be advantageously abandoned. Doubtless it is true that such a state of things must operate as a check upon the production of good historical pictures, if the tendency to produce them existed; but that a changed condition would not necessarily call the tendency into existence may be seen from the execrable productions which crown the altars in Italian churches built or renovated last century, and from the present deplorable condition of Italian

art. The patronage of priests or government will avail nothing towards the production of any form of art which is not silently and unconsciously demanded by the age itself. Can any one doubt, that if painting had been an art pursued in England at the time of Shakespeare, as literature was, this country would not have produced historical pictures of the very finest class? The opportunity passed by, and has never returned. The sister art of poetry was more fortunate, and our language boasts, in consequence, a host of splendid dramatists, topped by one towering figure. The plays of Shakespeare remain, bristling with subjects for historical pictures, but with what result? In oil, one or two ludicrous attempts, and a number of cabinet pictures, containing two or three secondary figures. If any one believes that patronage, public or private, would procure for us paintings in keeping with and worthy of our glorious and dramatic history, let him go and look at the unhappy frescoes in our Houses of Parliament, and be answered. Infinitely sooner would we have even club interiors, if properly executed, everlasting nurseries, attitudinising children, broken-hearted young women, and admirable young men, than such abortions as these. For there is a force, a real power, at the back of the others: and that is the force of a very big thing, called the nineteenth century, verily wanting them, liking them, and ready to pay for them. This tendency of the century is shared by the artist himself, who is part of the century; and therefore it is not only an instruction to him to do it, but an instruction to him *how* to do it. Why is it that if a poet nowadays sits down to write a tragedy, he writes such a bad one? Because he has got nobody to help him. The age is not at his back. Just so is it with the painters. A Parliament, in a freak of generous enthusiasm, votes money for a series of grand historical frescoes, and the country, no doubt, would be delighted to have them. Eminent hands are selected for the work, and the frescoes are executed. The press—that *claqueur* with which Mr. O'Neil is so unnaturally angry—is at first highly complimentary and congratulatory, and sends the whole town to see them. A little time passes away, and

the country hears, not with much concern, but with no concern at all, that in a few years the frescoes will be no more, and that there will be only a dirty blotchy wall for all the money voted by a generous Parliament. The country is quite right; they had better perish—for, indeed, they were misbegotten things, if indeed they were ever begotten at all, and are not rather a simulation of the simulation of life.

Many modern artists feel this, and accordingly they cling to their club interiors. Better a live dog than a dead lion. Nor do we mean to imply that some of them do not rise to a higher argument than club interiors. They do; but the best of them—mark! the best of them—hold the mirror up to nature, the nature that they happen to know, and are the chronicle of the time, such as it is. They are not responsible for its phenomena and character. They did not make either, but they reflect both, and that is their function—not to make unhappy frescoes, growing beautifully less. They have nothing to reproach themselves with, but are, many of them, excellent artists in such lower walks of art as industrialism, science, and domestic feeling have not closed to them. Better surely is it to walk where there is a road that leads somewhere than to try to travel over an obliterated one that leads nowhere. But along with this determination should go the avowal that the old road was a better road than the new one, and led to a far more important bourne.

How strongly the temper of the time acts upon the artist's choice of subjects, or at least upon his power to render adequately the subject chosen, might be conclusively shown by an examination, *seriatim*, of the pictures on the Royal Academy walls in any given year. It would be seen that the best and most satisfactory pictures—pictures in which the idea has been most clearly conceived and is most definitely rendered—are pictures whose subject is in harmony with the tastes, occupations, and tendencies of the public. No doubt many weak or monstrous pictures, dealing with modern domestic interiors and sentiment, might be pointed out; but we doubt their being so weak or so monstrous as the majority of pictures, which, attempting a higher flight, grapple with subjects a

successful treatment of which, were such possible nowadays, would make them immortal. We have purposely abstained from mentioning the names and criticising the works of individual artists; and, if we violate our rule, it shall be as briefly as possible, and more for the purpose of illustrating our meaning than with the object of criticising the artists and the pictures named. There were two pictures of Mr. Leighton's in the Academy of this year which attracted a good deal of attention—"Dædalus and Icarus," and "Helios and Rhodos." It is quite certain that the age did not help Mr. Leighton to paint those two pictures. Rather, indeed, had he to contend against the age in order to paint them. But with what result? Mr. Leighton has a very fine sense of beauty, probably a sense finer and keener than any of his contemporaries; and he cherishes a high ideal. And no doubt there is much beauty, much loveliness, in the works we have named. But are they a satisfactory, an *adequate* rendering of the story of "Helios and Rhodos," or of "Dædalus and Icarus?" We abstain, it will be noticed, from all technical criticism, and ask that one broad simple question. Let us ask another. In point of adequacy and satisfactoriness, what are they by the side of Mr. Faed's "Only Herself"? Yet who can doubt that Mr. Leighton's aim is the higher of the two? And the wonder is, not that these works of his are not better, but that they are so good.

Another illustration of the point on which we are insisting is the excellence of many of the landscapes—*quæ* landscapes (intending by this to intimate that Turner's landscapes are far more than landscapes)—and of much of the animal painting of the day. There exists a genuine love of scenery and a general interest in it; nor is this more conspicuous than the affectionate curiosity exhibited towards the dumb portion of creation. These two prevailing sentiments have at one and the same time directed the attention and strengthened the hands of the artists who have so strikingly succeeded in these departments. But even here what is the limit of the public taste? It is the limit imposed by realism. Sir Edwin Landseer's picture of "The Swannery Invaded by Eagles" had

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scarcely been exhibited a day before somebody objected that eagles never attack in flocks, but singly; and the objection was immediately taken up and repeated by almost everybody. We do not say that supposing the fact—which is disputed—to be as stated, it is not a serious flaw in the picture, the picture being what it is. It has all the character and pretensions of realism, and Sir Edwin has considered it necessary to maintain stoutly that eagles do attack in the manner depicted by him. But what a flood of light does this throw upon the artists and the public—in a word, upon the art and art-criticism of the day! In "Alastor; or, the Spirit of Solitude," occur these lines:—

"Thou hast a home,
Beautiful bird! Thou voyagest to thy home,
Where thy sweet mate will twine her downy neck
With thine, and welcome thy return with eyes
Bright in the lustre of thine own fond joy."

Now, did it ever occur to a critic to ask if swans do really intertwine their necks? Had he done so, no doubt he would have received an answer in conformity with his expectations—that they do not. But he would have been thought an abominable blockhead; and the beauty and artistic excellence of the passage we have quoted can never be marred by the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. But Sir Edwin, in unconscious obedience to the tendencies and dictates of the time, prides himself upon his accurate acquaintance with the habits of the animals he draws and paints so well, and upon that more than upon aught else. The public finds it very natural that he should do so, and takes him at his word. And lo! some fine morning, he exhibits what, it is no secret, he himself regards as his *magnum opus*; and his admirers, instead of ad-

miring, set to work to argue with him, if something, which it is the easiest thing in the world when brought before the picture, or indeed away from it, to conceive as happening, ever *as a fact* did happen! A work of art is shown, and the result is a wrangle about an obscure question of natural history! And the artist himself finds the contention most reasonable! To this complexion have we come at last.

The age, therefore, if it have any fault to find with its art, must find fault with itself. It is the *fons et origo mali*. Whatever damage science and criticism have done to art, Mr. O'Neil must charge, not upon any particular set of men called "lay critics" or "the press," but upon the age which fosters both. It makes both artists and critics what they are, and it has no right to complain of the result. On the whole, artists do their best for it. There is a certain amount of slovenly work, no doubt,—of greedy work,—of work that stoops, instead of soaring. But so there always was. The mischief does not lie in the men. It is impossible to know some of them and not get rid of that supposition. But the more one studies and knows the character of the period in which they are working, the more obvious does it become why they are what they are, and why there is at present no prospect of their becoming anything more. "*Nil generosum, nil magnificens sapit*," is the verdict which any dispassionate person must pass on the disposition of the age in which we live; and without those two qualities it is impossible that art should fulfil its loftiest mission. It may flatter the vanity of private persons, or tickle the taste of a crowd; but it will never truly civilize a community or exalt a nation.

London Society.

WHO WROTE ROBINSON CRUSOE?

DANIEL DEFOE, of course; the title-page says so, and ought to be believed. True; but it is nevertheless a curious fact that some persons have believed otherwise. There was no author originally named on the title-page, when the work first made its appearance a century

and a half ago, save the far-famed Crusoe himself; and other circumstances led to a division of opinion upon the subject. It is, however, satisfactory to know that the evidence in support of the popular opinion is far stronger than that in the opposite direction. We say "satisfac-

ry ;" seeing that it is not pleasant to have one's favorite idols knocked down (as Dick Whittington's cat has recently been), unless for the very strongest reasons. The connection between the names of Alexander Selkirk, Robinson Crusoe, and Daniel Defoe is so remarkable, that something must be known about the first before the relation between the second and the third can be understood ; for the triad consists of a myth between two realities.

Alexander Selkirk, a Fifeshire man bred up to the sea, started off about the beginning of the last century on a voyage to America, half commercial and half piratical, in a way much in fashion in those days. Captain Stradling, commander of the ship, having taken some offence against Selkirk, put him on shore on the uninhabited island of Juan Fernandez, with one day's food, a sea-chest clothes, bedding, a little tobacco, a few books and nautical instruments, some powder and ball, a gun, knife, axe, and a kettle or boiler. Thus was the lonely Scot, on a September day in 1704, left to shift for himself, on an island about eighteen miles long by six broad, and at least four hundred miles distant from the nearest mainland (the Pacific coast of South America). When he recovered from the first feeling of dismay and despondency, he set to work and built two huts of pimento wood, one as a dining and bed room, the other as a kitchen ; he roofed them with long grass and by degrees gave them a warm lining of goatskins. Strips of the same kind of wood supplied him with fire and light, burning very clear, and emitting an agreeable, fragrant odor. His chief food was boiled goats' flesh and crawfish, seasoned with pimento fruit, but sadly in need of a little salt, of which he had none save the brackish bitter salt of sea-water. When his clothes were worn out he made goat-skin garments, using a nail for a needle and narrow strips of bark or skin for thread. As for shoes, he soon learned to do without them altogether. Many cats and goats were found on the island ; the former helped to scare away the rats, which at first were very troublesome ; while the goats served him as playfellows and as a supply of food. While his ammunition lasted he shot down the goats ; when it was exhausted he caught them by

running ; and so expert did he become that he could run down any of them. Once he fell over a precipice while thus engaged, and only escaped destruction by falling on the animal on the beach below. During his stay on the island he appropriated five hundred goats to food and clothing, and set free another five hundred after marking them on the ears. (Thirty years afterwards, when Anson's crew landed on the island, the first goat they shot was one of those which Selkirk had thus marked.) When his knife was worn out he forged others from old iron hoops. Thus did the lonely man pass four years and four months ; when, in February, 1709, he was rescued by a vessel commanded by Captain Woodes Rogers. Although he had some difficulty in returning to the use of speech, and in reconciling himself to the ship's provisions and usages, he gradually became fitted to act as mate to the ship, in which he came to England in 1711.

Such was the true story of Alexander Selkirk, in which, it will be seen, there were no Indians and no man Friday. The story became incorporated in an account of Rogers' voyage. Sir Richard Steele drew public attention to the matter in No. 26 of the "*Englishman*" (Dec. 1st, 1713). He said : "I had the pleasure frequently to converse with the man soon after his arrival in England in the year 1711. It was a matter of great curiosity to hear him, as he is a man of good sense, give an account," &c., &c. After presenting the outline of the narrative, Steele adds : "Even if I had not been led into his character and story, I could have discovered that he had been much separated from company, by his aspect and gesture ; there was a strong but cheerful seriousness in his manner, and a certain disregard to the ordinary things about him, as if he had been sunk in thought." Another form in which the account appeared was under the title of "*Providence Displayed; or, a Surprising Account of Mr. Alexander Selkirk, Master of a Merchantman called the Cinque Ports, &c.*"

In 1711, then, Selkirk came to England ; in 1712 and 1713 accounts of his adventures were published. And now we come to the second name in the before-mentioned triad. In the spring of 1719

a new book appeared with a very long title:—"The Life and Strange Surprising Adventures of Robinson Crusoe, of York, Mariner, who lived Eight and Twenty Years all alone on an uninhabited Island on the Coast of America, near the Mouth of the Great River of Oroonoque; having been cast on Shore by Shipwreck, when all the Men perished but himself. With an Account how he was at last strangely delivered by Pyrates. Written by Himself." The work created a prodigious sensation; four editions were sold in four months. The Preface was written as if an editor had simply arranged a Narrative prepared by Robinson Crusoe himself. In the autumn of the same year appeared a Sequel, with the title, "The Further Adventures of Robinson Crusoe: Being the Second and Last Part of his Life, and of the Strange Surprising Account of his Travels round other Parts of the Globe. Written by himself. To which is added a Map of the World, in which is delineated the Voyages of Robinson Crusoe." Incited evidently by the profitable and continuous sale, those concerned in the matter published in 1720 another Sequel, "Serious Reflexions during the Life of Robinson Crusoe, with his Vision of the Angelic World." But this was a failure: the public, enamored of his Adventures, cared little for his "Reflexions."

The wonderful success of Robinson Crusoe (the first part, which is *the* Robinson Crusoe of scores of editions) was mainly due to a belief in its thorough truthfulness. Its probabilities and improbabilities were alike so masterly rendered as to stamp upon it an impress of verity. The public did not at first associate the book in any way with Daniel Defoe; but this was speedily done by other literary men of the day; one of whom, Charles Gildes, published in the autumn of 1719 "The Life and Strange Surprising Adventures of Mr. D. de F., of London, who lived above Fifty Years by himself in the Kingdom of North and South Britain. The various shapes he has Appear'd in, and the Discoveries he has made for the benefit of his Country. In a Dialogue between him and his Man Friday. With Remarks Serious and Comical upon the Life of Crusoe." It was a poor affair, just sufficient to show that Defoe was believed to be the real

Crusoe, and to point him out as a target for his many enemies (Defoe was always in hot water as a pamphleteer and political writer) to shoot at.

A question arose soon afterwards, and has been raised many times since, whether Defoe really owed anything to Selkirk's story; and if any, how much? What arrangement he made with his publisher is not known, but both of them evidently wished the story of Robinson Crusoe to be taken as mainly (if not wholly) true. No sooner had the first volume (*the Crusoe*) appeared than numerous abridgments were unfairly published. In the Preface to the Second Volume Defoe complained of this, saying: "The injury these men do the proprietor of this work is a practice all honest men abhor; and he believes he may challenge them to show the difference between that and robbery on the highway, or breaking open a house." He pointed out that the abridging had been mainly effected by leaving out the moral reflections, and added: "By this they leave the work naked of its brightest ornaments. And if they would, at the same time, pretend that the Author had supplied the story out of his invention, they take from it the improvement which alone recommends that invention to wise and good men."

That the author or editor of "Robinson Crusoe" was Daniel Defoe soon became generally admitted; but throughout the last century the other question above adverted to was much discussed. By some the work was ascribed to Arbuthnot, by others to Harley, Earl of Oxford. There is a memorandum in the handwriting of Thomas Warton, the poet laureate (in the British Museum), which, under date July 10th, 1774, runs as follows: "In the year 1759, I was told by the Rev. Benjamin Holloway, Rector of Middleton Stony, in Oxfordshire, then about seventy years of age, and in the early part of his life domestic chaplain to Lord Sunderland, that he had often heard Lord Sunderland say that Lord Oxford, while prisoner in the Tower of London, wrote the first volume of the 'History of Robinson Crusoe,' merely as an amusement under confinement, and gave it to Daniel Defoe, who frequently visited Lord Oxford in the Tower, and was one of his

pamphlet writers. That Defoe, by Lord Oxford's permission, printed it as his own, and, encouraged by its extraordinary success, added himself the second volume, the inferiority of which is generally acknowledged. Mr. Holloway also told me, from Lord Sunderland, that Lord Oxford dictated some parts of the manuscript to Defoe. Mr. Holloway was a grave, conscientious clergyman, not vain of telling anecdotes, very learned, particularly a good orientalist, author of some theological works, bred at Eton School, and a Master of Arts of St. John's College, Cambridge. He used to say that 'Robinson Crusoe,' at its first publication, and for some time afterwards, was universally received and credited as a genuine history. A fictitious narrative of this sort was then a new thing." This kind of testimony, it will be seen, is not very reliable; for Warton, who wrote the memorandum, heard the story from Mr. Holloway, who heard it from Lord Sunderland; but Lord Sunderland, from whom did he hear it? Another form of accusation was that Defoe derived the story, not from the Earl of Oxford, but from Alexander Selkirk: "The public curiosity respecting him being excited, he was induced to put his papers into the hands of Defoe, to arrange and form them into a regular narrative. These papers must have been drawn up after he left Juan Fernandez, as he had no means of recording his transactions there. From this account of Selkirk, Defoe took the idea of writing a more extensive work, 'The Romance of Robinson Crusoe,' and very dishonestly defrauded the original proprietor of his share." There were other forms which the accusation assumed, but these were the principal.

The refutation has been tolerably complete. It has been shown that the relations between Harley and Defoe at the time were such as to render the former little likely to place himself in the power of the latter; that there is nothing in Harley's style to denote a power of imitating the remarkable style in which "Robinson Crusoe" is written; and that the first and second parts of the celebrated work are evidently from the same pen, however far the second may be from equalling the first in interest. And as to Defoe having stolen the ideas of Sel-

kirk, the theory will not stand the test of scrutiny. Except that a man was left on a desolate island to shift for himself, the romance and the reality have very little in common. Isaac Disraeli, in his charming "Curiosities of Literature," said: "No one has, or perhaps could have converted the history of Selkirk into the wonderful story we possess, but Defoe himself. Sir Walter Scott said: "Really the story of Selkirk, which had been published a few years before, appears to have furnished our author with so little beyond the bare idea of a man living on an uninhabited island, that it seems quite immaterial whether he took the hint from that or any other similar story." The late Archbishop Whately wrote a remarkable Essay to prove that Defoe could not have taken Alexander Selkirk as a model. The story was meant to be received as true; and the archbishop notices the rare skill with which this has been accomplished: "One part of the art by which Defoe gives his tale an air of reality consists in his frequently recording minute particulars and trifling occurrences which lead to no result, and therefore are just such as you would be likely to find in a real diary, and which most writers of fiction would omit, because there seems no reason at all for mentioning them except that they really took place. Another apparent indication of reality is, that such improbabilities as there are lie precisely in the opposite quarter from that in which we should expect to find them." He gives instances to illustrate his meaning, too long to be quoted here, but quite sufficient to support the statement that Defoe wished his "Robinson Crusoe" to be regarded as an independent and veritable history—with what marvellous success, we can all bear witness. The Rev. Mr. Lee, in his recently-published "Life and Newly-Discovered Writings of Daniel Defoe," gives a prodigious list of more than two hundred and fifty works which may fairly be attributed to his pen; and among them there is amply sufficient to show Defoe's almost matchless skill as a story-teller. Mr. Lee points out that the "Serious Reflexions," forming the third volume or series, however inferior to the other two (especially the first) in interest, bear internal marks of Defoe's tone of thought on such matters.

We may, then, safely settle down into the belief that our dearly-cherished book was written, not by Arbuthnot, nor by the Earl of Oxford, nor by Selkirk, but by Daniel Defoe; that the idea was merely suggested to him by the known but brief narrative of Selkirk's life; and that the story is so wonderfully kept up, that, if not true, it ought to have been. Let us not be surprised that several places lay claim to the honor of having been that at which Defoe wrote his book. Halifax puts in a plea; so does Gateshead; so does Hartley, in Kent; so does Harrow Alley, Whitechapel; but the probabilities are in favor of Defoe's house at Stoke-Newington.

We have already spoken of the trusty belief entertained by most readers in Defoe's time in the truthfulness of this ever-fresh story. So it has been, in a great measure, throughout the whole period of exactly a century and a half which has elapsed since the book was published; and so it is to this day, among a much larger number of persons than we are apt to suppose. So vivid is the impression produced by the facts and the language of the narrative, that a sentiment of truthfulness seems to pervade it. Many a regret has been felt, perhaps many a tear shed, when the information has been received that "Robinson Crusoe is not true." Nay, instances have been known of persons believing that the veritable Crusoe stood before them, in his own proper corporeal person. One such anecdote was told of Madame de Talleyrand, wife of the great diplomatist—a lady said to have been more remarkable for beauty than for sense. Many versions of the story have been given. One, in Thomas Moore's "Journal," is to the following effect: "One day her husband having told her that Denon (the great explorer of Egyptian antiquities) was coming to dinner, bid her read a little of his book upon Egypt, just published, in order that she might be enabled to say something to him upon it; adding that he would leave the volume for her on his study-table. He forgot this, however, and Madame, on going into the study, found a volume of 'Robinson Crusoe' on the table, which having read very attentively, she was not long in opening upon Denon at dinner, about the desert-island, his manner of living,

&c., to the great astonishment of poor Denon, who could not make head or tail of what she meant. At last, upon her saying—"Et puis ce cher Vendredi?" he perceived that she took him for no less a person than Robinson Crusoe." The allusion to "that dear Friday" must have been delicious. It has been recently stated, on apparently good authority, that the dinner in question took place at Paris in 1806. Miss Dickenson, daughter of the celebrated mezzotinto engraver, was *dame de campagne* to Madame at the time. In her version of the story, Talleyrand did not promise to place Denon's book on the study-table, but told Madame to go and procure the book at a library or bookseller's. The lady forgot the title, but thought she could not be far wrong in asking for "the celebrated book of travels." The worthy bibliopole deemed it probable that she meant "Robinson Crusoe," and gave her that book accordingly—with the result noticed above.

But, unless one story has been built upon another, or two stories on the same incident, it is very remarkable that something similar was said to have occurred in Paris far back in the last century. In Horace Walpole's letter to Sir Horace Mann, under date October 22d, 1741, mention is made of one Sir Thomas Robinson, of Rokeby Park, who was sometimes called "Long Sir Thomas," on account of his lofty stature, and sometimes "New Robinson Crusoe." In a note it is remarked: "He was a tall, uncouth man, and his stature was often rendered still more remarkable by his hunting dress—a postilion's cap, a light green jacket, and buckskin breeches. He was liable to sudden whims. Once he set off on a sudden in his hunting suit to visit his sister, who was married and settled at Paris. He arrived while there was a large company at dinner. The servant announced M. Robinson; and he came in, to the great amazement of the guests. Among others, a French abbé thrice lifted his fork to his mouth, and thrice laid it down with an eager stare of surprise. Unable to restrain his curiosity any longer, he burst out with—'Excuse me, sir; are you the famous Robinson Crusoe so remarkable in history?'" There are other stories afloat more or less similar, one connected with

the name of Sir George Robinson, who lived many years after the Sir Thomas here mentioned.

So lasting is the name of Robinson Crusoe, that certain relics are assigned or set down to this redoubtable hero because they really belonged to Alexander Selkirk. Edinburgh has recently acquired two such relics. It appears that when Selkirk was on his island at Juan Fernandez, he had a chest which was very useful in his scanty furniture. He brought this chest with him when Captain Woodes Rogers conveyed him back to Scotland. It was used by Selkirk at Largs to contain his clothes; and after he left that place it remained for a long period in the possession of his relatives. Some years ago it was sold to a gentleman in London. Recently, an oppor-

tunity having occurred for securing it for Scotland, Sir David Baxter purchased it, and presented it to the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland. The chest is made of mahogany or some similar wood, and has the initials of Alexander Selkirk rudely cut in it. Another article, presented at the same time to the same museum, is a cup, carved out of a cocoanut by Selkirk while on the island. Three more (so-called) Robinson Crusoe relics are carefully preserved in Scotland, viz.: Selkirk's musket, his brown ware can, and his walking-stick.

P. S. Mr. Hotten has just published a new edition of "Robinson Crusoe," printed *verbatim* from the original edition, in all the homely but vigorous language of Defoe—eschewing the so-called "improvements" of modern editors.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

BY THE EDITOR.

MR. BRYANT is now the veteran, *par excellence*, of American letters—one of the honored few who, in the early years of the century, rocked the cradle of our literature, and have lived to see it attain its present stalwart and manly, if somewhat rugged growth. But this is not all. For Mr. Bryant has the rare distinction not only of having assisted at the birth of a new literature, but of having, as poet, critic, orator, and journalist, contributed to the development of every department in which American thought has since illustrated itself, except those of philosophy and jurisprudence. Unlike most of those who entered the field with him, he has kept up with the age—borne onward upon its current, not stranded upon "some green and grassy shore," which, however pleasant when the century was young, is now far in the wake of our intellectual progress. It is peculiar to Mr. Bryant, among those early pioneers of our letters, that his genius sought no models, ran into no ruts, and ignored the evanescent themes of political and social life. From the first, he drew his inspiration from Nature, and the profounder moral problems which challenge the thoughts of humanity; and as long as man shall seek solace from the bosom of "our common mother," the

poems of Bryant will remain a guide and a consolation. Most of the writings of those who were the contemporaries of his youth have passed into the "storehouse of oblivion," which Time has prepared for so much of literary endeavor; but with the growth and elevation of our intellectual culture Bryant has but obtained a larger, more secure, and more appreciative audience. Fifty-four years have elapsed since "Thanatopsis" was published, and it remains one of the simplest, most finished, and impressive poems in the language.

When "Thanatopsis" was written, Bryant was a youth of nineteen. Since then, as we have said, he has constantly contributed to nearly every department of our literature. His poems fill a large volume; his "Travels" embrace letters from all parts of Europe; his editorial experience comprises the whole period since 1825; and for many years past scarcely any public meeting has been held connected with literature, art, free-trade or cognate subjects, over which he has not presided. His latest appearance before the public was as chairman of the recent meeting to establish in New York a Metropolitan Museum of Art; and, should the scheme prove successful, his name will doubtless be identified

with it, as it has been with every other liberal and refining tendency of the past half century.

The crowning literary work of Mr. Bryant's life is a translation of the Iliad, which is to make its appearance some time during the coming spring. This translation is in unrhymed blank verse, and it will be the offspring of many years of labor and reflection. Judging from the specimens we have seen, it promises to be more simple, literal, and unaffected than any of its predecessors, though wanting somewhat in vigor and force. Whatever its defects may be, however (and it would be premature now to speak of them), it will be an honor to American scholarship, and a fitting culmination to the poet's labors.

We have made our own remarks thus brief and discontinuous in order to find room for an appreciative criticism upon the poetry of Mr. Bryant which appeared in a recent number of *Appleton's Journal*. It is from the pen of Mr. Eugene Benson, and is entitled "The Poet of Our Woods."

Mr. Bryant's "Forest Hymn," in grave and measured language appropriate to the solemnity of the columned aisles of aged woods, and expressive of the majesty of solitude and thought in that dim sanctuary, the forest, has associated his name with the most serious love of Nature, and shown that his personal intercourse with the grand mother of us all has something of the *religiousness* which less simple and less reflecting men find only in the ceremonial pomp of the Roman Church, or in the dreary hymns of fanatics.

The ancestral and virginal life of the forest—its stillness, its expressive and admirable forms, its dignity, its remoteness—seems to have called forth the homage of our poet as nothing else in Nature. Mr. Bryant may be said to have gone to the woods as other men have gone to cathedrals; and, under green and dusky domes of leaf and branch, under verdant roofs, festooned and arabesqued by trailing vine, or drooping tassel, or spicy cone, he has let his soul breathe apart from the less austere, less pure worshippers of the Universal Spirit. He has come from his religious musings in the woods charged with no trivial word, but with lessons of the integrity of Nature, and the dignity of a life conformed to the harmony and order of her own. More than any poet, he has expressed the understanding of Nature as the manifestation of one Supreme God. Nothing of the Greek's worship of Nature is in Mr. Bryant's homage.

His communion has been with one Spirit, not with many spirits. It is this which may be said to make his poetry so austere and simple. Mr. Bryant is not the man of simple sensation, surrendered in gladness of heart and completeness of mere being to Nature; he is the man of reflection, thoughtfully seeking to interpret Nature as the unimpeachable manifestation of Deity. And yet his most universally read poem, "Thanatopsis," might have been written by a stoic, and is, save Wordsworth's "Ode," the most impersonal poetic expression that was ever made of Pantheism—a poem so religious, so instinct with the very sovereignty of mind and courage, that the young religious enthusiast who read it on the shore of Lake Leman, under the shadow of Mont Blanc, and the disciple of Emerson on the Hudson, alike found it the sufficient expression of their personal sense of life and Nature, and felt that the processioned harmony of noble words was never more equal to the reason of the mind, in face of all that it so mutely interrogates.

Seriousness of mind, which is at the bottom of the American character, is naturally reflected in such still and solemn intercourse with Nature—and it is this which makes Bryant the poet of our maturest reflection, apart from the life of men. The poetry of the American is not expressive of the revolt and energy of the human heart, but of his most sacred thoughts, of his most chastened experience; for this reason our poets are poets of the religious and moral sentiment, not of the individual and detaching experience of love and passion

The death of the flowers, the falling of the autumn leaf, suggest thoughts common to us all, but which never have been rendered in more pathetic and yet reserved verse than Mr. Bryant's. "The Death of the Flowers," "June," and the "Forest Hymn," have made Mr. Bryant's a name dear to us in the sweet, and serene, and chastened life of the family. Pathetic and austere poet, his inspiration naturally comes from solemn and placid things; and the refrain, the under-voice of all, is the unavoidable question of man's mortality. In the expression of this, Bryant is supreme among our poets. Neither Whittier, nor Emerson, nor Longfellow, can be said to have so religious and solemn an inspiration.

Emerson is even *jenty* and democratic in his intercourse with Nature; she is a smiling sphinx, and has no tormenting enigma to his pure soul, but an equal and serene being to reward her lover. Longfellow describes Nature from his study-window. Whittier makes pictures with words of his home-walks. Bryant alone is the severe and abstracted worshipper, who visits the woods as a place of religion and peace.

Emerson's verse is brisk and abrupt, and he goes from rhyme to rhyme, as a squirrel from

branch to branch, more nimble than musical, and, with his carefully-chosen store of simple words, expresses his satisfied sense of Nature; but Bryant is always sedate and lonely, and both the thought and diction of his verse seem born of the spirit, and not of matter. In his communion with Nature, Bryant seems to be a poet preoccupied with the thought of death, and saddened by the history of the human race. Abstract as Shelley, and reflective like Wordsworth, loving sonorous words, yet never seduced by mere pomp of sound from his natural love of simplicity and purity of diction, he has written several poems not unworthy of either of the two great English poets of Nature.

So long as we are students of the past, so long as we are delicate and thoughtful, we must find in Bryant's poetry the interpretation of Nature, as the only compensation for all that tries and disgusts us with our fellowmen; and, like the "poet of our woods," we will go from society to solitude, and under green arcades, in spicy groves, on the forest floor of leaf and moss, beneath great branches of pine, that throw shadows as of twilight, or under Druid oaks of older lands, we will refresh ourselves with the antique and yet virginial show of things or sit like Old Mortality meditating on death and decay, on every lugubrious and pallid thing, seeing in Nature nothing but a vast sepulchre; in the trees, festooned with gray moss, nothing but funeral

cerements—wind-blown shrouds, mortuary draperies that veil the gladness of things, and, like cowled monks, are fit only to bend over the dying, and chant the requiems of the dead. Better it is, while woods are green, to listen to the cool music of the wind-stirred leaves, and feel the lyric exultation of mere youth for the odors, the sounds, the fairest visions of beauty; and, unsaddened by time and history, use Nature as the pasture-land of our senses. But for the saddened hour that comes to us all, for the dimmed and wailing beauty of November days, for the solemn and pathetic reverie in the autumn woods, we must turn to Bryant, who is more of a seer and less of a child in the presence of Nature, than any English poet but Gray. Something of the magic of Wordsworth's best poetry is in Bryant's "June;" and never has the pathos of our part in Nature been more tenderly expressed, certainly never with a more placid and resigned soul.

Mr. Bryant was born at Cummington, Mass., on the 3d of November, 1794, and is now in his 76th year. The portrait which forms our frontispiece is one of the latest that has been taken, and shows the venerable poet as he looks now, with "all his honors," and the snows of nearly fourscore winters, "thick upon him."

P O E T R Y .

THE OLD GEOLOGIST.

AMID his fossils stretched he lay,
Himself almost a fossil,
Fast burning out the vital ray,—
Truth's sturdiest apostle.

Bones, teeth, and shells which he had found,
Queer spoils of happy labors,
And grinning saurians plastered round,—
These were his friends and neighbors.

Those ancient forms he loved to scan;
Whate'er had done their duty
In Nature's vast unfolding plan,
To him were things of beauty.

Awhile they lived, anon they died,
Each fitly in his station,
Where Life and Death worked side by side,
Twin daughters of Creation.

In rankest jungles freely roved
A thousand curious creatures;
He knew them well, and knowing loved
Their gaunt, ungainly features.

The trilobite and corals fair
Possessed the teeming ocean;

Huge wingèd monsters clove the air,
And all was sport and motion.

But one by one they shed their pride
And bowed to Death's dominion,
Where shafts recked not of mammoth's hide,
Or pterodactyl's pinion.

He tracked the endless march of Time
Along the steps of ages;
His searching reason found no prime,
But only older stages.

New shapes of elder shapes were born,—
No break in the succession,—
A waxing day without a morn,—
One whole and grand progression.

And is this all? is this the sum
Of man's supreme endeavor,
To know that, when the hour is come,
He too must pass—forever,

Like any other feeble prey
For whom, beyond debating,
With ready arrow poised alway,
Sure Death is calmly waiting?

Shall spotless Truth, whom he has wooed
With all a martyr's passion,

Declare the fate, in mocking mood,
That slays him in such fashion?

His loyal flame ne'er growing dim
Shall he hereafter cherish,
Or must she veil her face for him,
And leave him now to perish?

The secret of this wondrous plan
By searching who can find it?
Yet something tells the inner man
There must be more behind it.

THE SHEPHERD.

UPON the lofty ledges of an alp
Green as an emerald, whence into the vale
Leaps the loud cataract, the shepherd lay;
And, for the Spring was come and all things
sweet.

His soul was moved to music, and he played
Upon his pastoral pipe a prelude rare,
Accordant with the beatings of the hill,
And lowings of the valley, and far away
Murmurings of the many-voiced main.
Clear-voiced he sang, for he was skilled to wed
Words winged with passion unto passionate
airs;

Happy the singer, but the song was sad,
To pique the more him happy, and thus he sang:

"O meadow flowers, primrose and violet,
Ye touch her slender ankles as she moves,
But I, that worship, may not kiss her feet."

"O mountain airs, where unconfined float
Her locks ambrosial, would that I were you,
To wanton with the tangles of her hair!"

"O leaping waves, that press and lip and lave
Her thousand beauties, when shall it be mine
To touch and kiss and clasp her even as you?"

"But she more loves the blossom and the breeze
Than lip or hand of mine, and thy cold clasp,
O barren sea, than these impassioned arms."

So ran the song; and even the while he sang
Her head lay on his shoulder, and her hands
Wove him the prize, a crown of meadow flowers,
Primrose and violet, and with amorous touch
He wooed her neck and wantoned with her hair,
And marked the tell-tale color flush and fail
Thrilled with a touch, and felt the counter-thrill
Throng all the passionate pulses of the blood,
Nor envied in his heart the barren sea.

But none will be able to understand;
They will only say: "How sweet is the song!"
And the flowers will whisper my tale to-night
To the fairies that come in the clear moonlight;
And the leaves will murmur it soft and low
To the summer-winds that among them go.

O birds, will you leave us when days are cold?
Will the flowers wither, the leaves grow sere?
Little brook, will the frost your wavelets hold?
Will the earth be sad, as it was last year?
To the world shall winter come by and by;
But when leaves shall fall, and when flowers die,
And the woodland singers are over the sea,
This summer-time still in my heart shall be.

THE CUCKOO.

BY THE LATE WILLIAM LEIGHTON.

I HEARD the cuckoo at the evening's close
Trill its low calls from out a bower of blossom;
And, at the sound, a thrill of joy arose
And trembled through my bosom.

A sudden rapture lived in every vein;
My heart leap'd up to greet the glad new-comer;
And dreams of childhood danced about my brain
In whispers of the summer!

Could I translate that thrill of joy to men—
To weary struggling souls could I but show it
In sweetness and in tenderness—ah, then
I might be deem'd a poet!

NOT LOST.

Not wholly lost the summer's faded glow,
The vanished loveliness of field and rill,
Earth's dear flower-thoughts that withered long
ago,

For in our hearts their sweetness lingers still:
Bright visions yet are ours of summer dyes,
Long lost and faded to all other eyes,—
Links that Time's cruel scythe in vain would
sever—

A tender memory of some happy noon,
Flushing dim Autumn with the tints o' June—
Moonlight sweet that lights our lives forever;
A ne'er-forgotten twilight, weirdly grand,
Thrilling the heart with thoughts too deep to
speak—

The wild-flowers nestled in a dear one's hand—
The dying sun that flush'd her drooping cheek;
These yet are left, tho' Summer's prime be o'er,
Part of our very lives, our own for evermore.

MY SECRET.

BEND your heads, ye tall trees, above;
Listen, O listen, sweet flowers, below—
He's mine forever—my love, my love!
My secret of secrets now you know.
Gayly rustle the leaves as I pass;
All the blossoms smile in the grass;
Carol the birds upon every bough;
"Happy," they all say—"happy art thou."

Dear little birds, throughout all the land,
Ye will tell this secret of mine ere long,

A STORM.

The zigzag silver flashes, and the boom
With loud long rattling stuns the darkened
meads;
A universal sound of rain succeeds,
And torrents running in the silent gloom;
And lo! the dreadful-threatening hand of doom
Hath spared the world; a grayer light is shed;
And unexpectedly the storm is fled,
Leaving a weight of silence in its room;
For the tense ear of all things aching waits

With dazzled eye to hear a cannonade
And crash intolerable from every part;
But nothing stirs the green expectant glade;
And now a sweet bird calls its scattered mates,
And gayly hearkens the unburdened heart.

TWILIGHT.

LIKE a wearied gentle spirit,
That slowly glides away
In peace and calm contentment,
So fades the dying day;

And as the shades of evening
Are deepening all around,
He leaves his farewell kisses
Upon the dewy ground.

Far sweeter than the midnight,
Though that is sweet to me,
When the deep-souled thoughts are surging
Like the billows of the sea;

Far fairer than the noonday,
Though that be fair and bright,
Is the sweet mysterious marriage
Between the day and night.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Life of Daniel Webster, by GEORGE TICKNOR CURTIS. 2 vols. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

In his will, executed a few days before his death in 1852, Mr. Webster appointed four "literary executors;" and directed his son, Fletcher Webster, to select from his "letters, manuscripts, and papers," such as relate to his personal history, and professional and public life, and at "a proper time" to place them in their hands, to be used by them at such time and in such manner as they might think fit.

Of these four literary executors, two, Mr. Edward Everett and Prof. C. C. Felton, died without performing the work which Mr. Webster evidently had in view when he inserted the above provision. Two, Mr. George Ticknor and Mr. George Ticknor Curtis, remain; and by agreement between themselves, the preparation of the Life of Mr. Webster has devolved upon the latter.

The first question naturally which presented itself to Mr. Curtis's mind was whether that "proper time" for making use of the materials thus placed in his hands had arrived.

It was doubtless the purpose of Mr. Webster to appeal, not to contemporaries, who stood too near him properly to appreciate his dimensions and the relations in which he stood to his times, but to a generation other than his own. His life, as far as regards popular appreciation in his own time, may be said (though with many qualifications) to have been a failure. He missed the goal to which he in common with all American statesmen aspired; he saw the political principles against which he had struggled all his life becoming more and more prominent and threatening the very existence of the Government; and towards the close of his career he failed to exercise the influence in the national councils and upon public affairs to which he naturally felt himself entitled. His eyes then turned toward posterity, and he desired to leave his name and fame to a time when the grand crucible of experience could be brought to the analysis of the principles which were then under debate; when a calm judicial judgment could be formed; and when those who in his day were champions in the arena could be rewarded "every man according to his works."

Has that "proper time" now arrived? Mr. Curtis thinks it has. He says in his Preface:

"Nearly seventeen years have elapsed since Mr. Webster's death. If all who acted with him in public affairs have not yet passed away, there has occurred in this country since his decease one of those catastrophes which make a wide chasm in the history of a nation, and which separate periods not actually remote from each other, as if a century had intervened. Mr. Webster's life ended as the era of patriotic efforts to avert from our country the disasters of internal conflict and civil war was about to close, and when such efforts were about to prove of no avail. To that era he belongs, and in it he stands a grand historical figure, toward whom the eyes of men will be more and more directed as they contemplate what was done to deepen the foundations of our constitutional Republic by those who received it from its immediate founders. We cannot too often revert to their principles, the recollection of their measures, and the appreciation of their services. Above all, we cannot too soon seek to do justice to the memory of a great man who for nearly forty years was one of the most conspicuous of our statesmen; and whose intellect, by the admission of all, impressed itself upon the age in which he lived with an influence inferior to that of none of his countrymen and to that of very few of his contemporaries in any portion of the globe."

But it is not alone as a statesman, Mr. Curtis goes on to say, that Mr. Webster has claims upon the honor and appreciation of his countrymen, or that makes a life of him important and interesting. "He had the singular and rare fortune to be as eminent in the profession of law as he was in the capacity of a statesman. Through his whole life these two functions, seldom united in high degree in the same person, were displayed in constant activity, and each was constantly adding to his reputation and increasing his influence.

"But when this has been said of Mr. Webster, all that made up his public character and renown has not been said. For, as if to complete the compass of his extraordinary endowments, he was an orator in the sense in which Demosthenes, Cicero, Chatham, and Burke were orators What he was, however, as an orator, a lawyer, and a statesman, would fail to be an adequate portrayal of him, if it were not accom-

[March,

panied by some delineation of what he was as a man. His great intellectual endowments and conspicuous civil functions were united with a character of equally marked peculiarities, and his private life was as full and capacious as that which was known to the public; and it is that which is the most vividly and fondly remembered by those who were intimately associated with him."

Upon all these aspects Mr. Curtis dwells in his biography; but we may remark here, that if there is one deficiency where all is so excellent, it is in the delineation of that private life which he speaks of as so "full and capacious." The public, of course, has no right to violate the sanctuary of home and of purely individual experience; but, after analyzing the impression of Mr. Webster left upon our minds after following him through these volumes, we cannot be surprised that the popular idea of him was that of the cold, severe, and stately senator; and that there should be associated with him few of the genial and kindly remembrances which cluster around the names of Henry Clay, and of John C. Calhoun, his great political opponent. Possibly this is to some extent due to the awe inspired by his colossal intellectual proportions, which forbids anything like familiarity even in thought; but we cannot help regretting that Mr. Curtis has not given us more frequent glimpses of that gracious private life than we obtain in the casual correspondence incorporated into the text.

The publication of a life of Mr. Webster has naturally awakened a discussion of the political principles with which he was identified, and which divide parties in our day as they did in his. This is a vast subject, and we do not propose to enter upon it except in one particular. In a very able and discriminating review of the work, which has come under our notice, it is said that Mr. Webster "was a lawyer among statesmen, and a statesman among lawyers;" that he never originated a new idea or method in politics; that no great political measure has been handed down to us identified with his name; that he argued from the Constitution as a lawyer argues from his brief; that, in short, he was unsurpassably great as an orator and an advocate, yet that he can hardly be called "a statesman" in the highest sense of that word. It seems to us that these characteristics are precisely what entitle Daniel Webster to a place among the two or three really great statesmen which the Republic has produced. There are always innovators enough, particularly under a new method of government; but social and political developments are of slow growth, and require time in order for us to ascertain their results; and those who hold firmly and finally to what is "written in the bond," at least until it has ceased to be of the nature of an experiment, are the true statesmen of the nation. Moreover, it should be remembered that the constitutional principles which Daniel Webster maintained as the only stable foundation for the perpetuity of the Republic have been vindicated by the results of the late civil war,—have, in fact, made us a nation, and not merely a confederation of States. Of course it depends upon how one views the political experiences and consequences of the past ten years whether he considers Mr. Webster a statesman or merely "an unsurpassably great advocate."

Of the manner in which Mr. Curtis has performed his work it is not too much for us to say that it is worthy of a place by the side of the best biographies in the language. Merely for its literary workmanship, apart from the surpassing richness of the theme, it is an appreciable contribution to our literature, and stands with scarcely a rival in American letters. Thoroughly acquainted with the subjects which come under his notice in all their aspects and in all their bearings, Mr. Curtis has given us much more than a life of Webster—a work of vastly greater general interest and importance. He has cut a broad highway through the history of our country from the time when Daniel Webster came upon the scene in 1808, up to his death in 1852, and has let a flood of light into the obscurities and complexities of our jurisprudence.

And the style, too, is worthy of the dignity of the theme. Grave, sedate, stately, and what we may call *ample*, it illuminates the most obscure political complication, and gives interest and grace to the dryest details, while the full and deliberate periods roll in upon the mind like the majestic cadences of distant thunder. We scarcely know which to congratulate most—Mr. Webster on securing such a biographer, or Mr. Curtis on obtaining such a theme.

The volumes are large 8vo, handsomely printed and bound, and are each of them illustrated with a portrait on steel of Mr. Webster, and also with a few wood-cuts. They are sold only by subscription.

The Pope and the Council. By JANUS. Boston: Roberts Bros.

THE promulgation of the Syllabus in 1864, and the subsequent call for an Ecumenical Council to erect the doctrines therein contained, and that of Papal Infallibility into dogmas, have been the signal for a trial of strength between the "Liberals" and the "Ultramontanists" or reactionary party at Rome. Never has so fierce a conflict raged within the bosom of the Church since the defection of Luther in the sixteenth century. Books, pamphlets, and sermons have been issued in shoals on both sides, controversial rancor has run riot over the living and the dead, and neither party (but particularly the Ultramontane) has scrupled to use the profane weapons of reprobation, misrepresentation, and even menace.

Out of all this confusion of tongues, however, have come three or four works which are really worthy of the occasion, and of the magnitude of the issues involved. One of these was the now celebrated letter of Père Hyacinthe; another was the pastoral of Bishop Dupanloup; and, of very much greater importance than either, "The Pope and the Council," another of those magnificent fruits of German scholarship and German lore which, during the past century, have laid the world under obligations, though the authors have chosen this time to hide their personality under the pseudonym of "Janus."

"The Pope and the Council" is very much more than a work of controversial theology. It is more even than a perfectly conclusive refutation of the doctrines and assumptions which have obtained at Rome since the forgery of the Isidorian Decretals, and which it is now proposed to

incorporate with the dogmas of "the Holy Catholic Church." It is the most remarkable contribution to ecclesiastical history that has been made in the last half century; and it is moreover a triumphant exponent of modern scientific criticism. The method of investigation pursued by "Janus" is in accordance with the severest principles of logic; and the tone of the controversy, if that can be called a controversy which is merely a marshalling of historic facts, is judicial and almost chilling in its calmness. Nothing of the vulgar polemic is found anywhere in these pages. Indeed, the terrible coolness with which the whole fabric of Roman theology since the eleventh century is overset, is scarcely less wonderful than the facts elicited are overwhelming.

What renders "The Pope and the Council" still more remarkable is the fact that it is the work, not of the traditional foes of the "Church," but of Roman Catholics. It is written from the standpoint of Liberal Catholicism, and becomes thus one of the most significant signs of the times; for no such pretensions as the Jesuits are fostering at Rome can long obtain in the Catholic Church, when such a spirit of inquiry is awakened in the ranks of her own votaries.

The work of "Janus" is too condensed for us to attempt an analysis of his argument, and we can do no more here than indicate the field which it covers. In an introductory chapter he sketches the programme which was drawn up beforehand for the Council now in session at Rome. He then subjects the Syllabus and the New Dogma about Mary to a brief but searching examination; and, finally, sets the dogma of Papal Infallibility in the light of history. This latter is the *pièce de résistance* of the volume, and upon this theme it is that the author (or authors) pours forth that wealth of learning which renders the work a most valuable addition to the literature of Christian theology, and to history in general. As public attention throughout Christendom is now directed to this momentous question, we make the following brief extract from the section called "Consequences of the Dogma": "Papal Infallibility, once defined as a dogma, will give the impulse to a theological, ecclesiastical, and even political revolution, the nature of which very few—and least of all those who are urging it on—have clearly realized, and no hand of man will be able to stay its course. In Rome itself the saying will be verified, "Thou wilt shudder thyself at thy likeness to God." In the next place, the newly-coined article of faith will inevitably take root as the foundation and corner-stone of the whole Roman Catholic edifice. The whole activity of theologians will be concentrated on the one point of ascertaining whether or not a Papal decision can be quoted for any given doctrine, and in laboring to discover and amass proof for it from history and literature. Every other authority will pale beside the living oracle of the Tiber, which speaks with plenary inspiration, and can always be appealed to."

We have said that the author (or authors, for the preface gives us to understand that there are more than one) veils his personality under the pseudonym of "Janus." There are, however, few writers even in Germany equal to the preparation of such a work; and throughout Germany, and elsewhere also, it is by common consent at-

tributed to the learned Doctor Döllinger, of the University of Munich.

The Cathedral By JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.
Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co.

The critic who has given us the most appreciative analysis of this poem regrets that it is not two or three centuries old, or at least that he is not writing two or three centuries after its appearance, as then he would feel fearless of saying just what he thinks of it. Doubtless whoever has read the poem, or, rather, whoever has been called upon to record a formal opinion of its merits, has felt much the same thing. Admiration is not one of the canons of modern criticism. The utmost license of condemnation is allowed, is in fact the normal function of the professional critic; but whoever dares to admire, except in a halting, timorous, qualified way, does so at the risk of losing his reputation and also of imperilling the influence which he might justly expect to exercise in moulding public opinion. Shelley says that the final judgment upon a poet must be framed by the best minds of several generations, and those who read him when the Christian era has gotten beyond its teens will be better able to judge of Lowell than we his contemporaries.

Nevertheless there are certain limits within which even we need not hesitate to express ourselves, and contemporary opinion must contribute its quota to the judgment of posterity. First, then, we are disposed to agree with those who pronounce "*The Cathedral*" the greatest of Lowell's poems, which is equivalent to pronouncing it the greatest inspiration of the American muse. The Commemoration Ode is a grand pean of victory and a fitting celebration of the most mournful catastrophe of our history, and several of his shorter lyrics are more perfect and more satisfying than any long poem can possibly be; but in "*The Cathedral*" Mr. Lowell surveys those vast moral problems which belong peculiarly to this century of ours, and, standing in the Present,

"Child of an age that lectures, not creates,
Plastering our swallow-nests on the awful Past,"

compares "that elder time" when "there at least were men who meant and did the noblest thing they knew," with him "Of Earth's anarchic children latest born, Democracy," and draws the balance between them with a sympathetic but merciless and unflinching pen. The Present and the Past have never been set more clearly face to face, with features more sharply drawn and opposing outlines more distinctly recognizable, than in this poem—and the contrast is far from pleasing. We have gained much in this civilization of ours, much intellectually and materially; but we have lost that "ancient faith, homely and wholesome," and that firm conviction which found a natural expression in enduring stone; and notwithstanding the possession of Freedom and Toleration, twin divinities do not afford a pleasant outlook.

Such reflections and many others float across the mirror of the poet's mind as he stands within the old cathedral at Chartres, and, rapt in meditation,

"Scarce saw the minster for the thoughts it stirred,
Buzzing o'er past and future with vain quest."

This is the plan of the poem and the explana-

tion of its title; but only those who are familiar with Lowell's method, with his power of condensing sentences into an epithet, with his insight into nature and his vast literary resources, will comprehend what a wealth of illustration, of scenic description, and of learning, he has clustered around his central theme.

It has been said that the age is inimical to poetry; that poetic inspiration is starved in minds unconsciously, but inevitably hardened by the materialism of modern civilization; that truly great imaginative creation in any field is an impossibility. But this is a theorem of the critics, and has been accepted not by the poets, but by others, as an explanation of their failures. In Mr. Lowell, however, the Muse gives herself voice, accepts the limitations of the time, and formulates her fate—

"What hope for those fine-nerved humanities
That made earth gracious once with gentler arts,
Now the rude hands have caught the trick of thought
And claim an equal suffrage with the brain?"

But the seer, who is part of the personality of every truly great poet, here lifts the veil of the future, and Mr. Lowell, who, saddened by thought, is too much given even in his noblest descriptive passages to presenting Nature as one

"Who safe in uncontaminated reserve,
Lets us mistake our longing for her love,"

closes the ethical portion of his poem with a magnificent strain of exultant hope.

"Democracy who has learned
To laugh at Jove's old-fashioned thunderbolts;
Who, meeting Caesar's self, would slap his back,
Call him 'Old Horse,' and challenge to a drink,"

has little with which the refinement of the poet can sympathize; but

"Shall this self-maker with the prying eyes,
This creature disenchanted of respect
By the New World's new fiend, Publicity,
Whose festing thumb leaves everywhere its smut,
Not one day feel within himself the need
Of loyalty to better than himself.
That shall enoble him with the upward look?

Shall he divine no strength unmade of votes,
Inward, impregnable, found soon as sought,
Not cognizable of sense, o'er sense supreme?
His holy places may not be of stone,
Nor made with hands, yet fairer far than aught
By artist feign'd or pious ardor reared,
Fit altars for who guards inviolate
God's chosen seat, the sacred form of man.
Doubtless his church will be no hospital
For superannuate forms and numpling shams,
No parlor where men issue policies
Of life-assurance on the Eternal Mind,
Nor his religion but an ambulance
To fetch life's wounded and malingers in,
Scorned by the strong; yet he, unconscious heir
To the influence sweet of Athens and of Rome
And old Judea's gift of secret fire,
Spite of himself shall surely learn to know
And worship some ideal of himself,
Some divine thing, large-hearted, brotherly,
Not nice in trifles, a soft creditor,
Pleased with his world, and hating only cant.
And, if his Church be doubtful, it is sure
That, in a world, made for whatever else,
Not made for mere enjoyment, in a world
Of toil but half-requited, or, at best,
Paid in some futile currency of breath.
A world of incompleteness, sorrow swift
And consolation laggard, whatsoever
The form of building or the creed professed,
The Cross, bold type of shame to homage turned,
Of an unfinished life that sways the world,
Shall tower as sovereign emblem over all."

Harper's Complete Edition of Tennyson's Poems.
New York: Harper & Bros.

We spoke last month of the reprisals which their Boston antagonists might look for on the part of the Harpers; and our predictions have been verified. The war has been carried into the enemy's country (to appropriate the language of the historians), and the first demonstration made is a spirited attack upon the very citadel of the opposing fortress.

Tennyson is the only English writer, with anything like the reputation of the Laureate, whose works have remained in the hands of one publisher in this country, and it has been a matter of surprise to us that Ticknor & Fields have so long maintained so lucrative a monopoly. Now, however, the barrier is broken down, and Tennyson, like the rest of those literary foreigners who have no rights that an American is bound to respect, will probably become the common property of whoever is daring enough to brave the competition. Our leading Publishers seem determined of late to show the logical results of the principles on which they have conducted business for so many years, and thus furnish a final and conclusive argument to those who are urging the necessity of some equitable international regulation.

It is only necessary for us to say of the "Complete Edition of Tennyson's Poems," that it contains everything that the Laureate has published from 1830 up to "The Holy Grail and Other Poems," just issued, and that it is amazingly cheap. The volume is a convenient 8vo, with the text in double columns, the type, though rather small, is clear and readable, the paper is excellent, and the illustrations are very good indeed. There are two editions—one in cloth and one in paper covers—at a dollar and a half dollar respectively; and if any one, however poor, remains ignorant of the works of the greatest of modern English poets, it will be from choice and not from inability to purchase.

Zell's Popular Encyclopædia. Philadelphia: T. Elwood Zell.

THE publisher announces that, "in order to complete the Encyclopædia within the time originally intended, . . . he proposes to issue four numbers under one cover weekly, and a 40-page number every ten days," commencing with the present year. This will put the complete work in the hands of subscribers before the close of 1870, though it is optional with purchasers to take the usual ten-cent weekly issue.

We had occasion, when only a few numbers had been issued, to commend the unequalled comprehensiveness and convenience of this Encyclopædia as a work of reference, and its literary and general excellence. Nearly half the work is now finished, and as we have better opportunities for testing and judging of its merits, we may record here that our admiration of its brevity, condensation, and lucidity, has been strengthened with each successive instalment. The plan of the Editor is now seen in its entirety, and the ability with which it is being carried out, if maintained to the end, must make the "Popular Encyclopædia," from a literary point of view, one of the most remarkable cyclopædic productions of this cyclopædic age. The illustrations particularly, with

a few exceptions, have impressed us with their excellence and appropriateness, and they have not failed to attract the attention of the press abroad. The *European Mail* says: "In producing effects by wood-cuts, our transatlantic brethren undoubtedly give us the go-by, and we were never more struck by this than we were in looking over the pages of Zell's Encyclopaedia."

We may mention that the plan of the work, and its adaptation to the uses of a popular cyclopædia, have elicited as high encomiums from the English press as from our own.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Lady Byron Vindicated. By HARRIET BEECHER STOWE. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co. 1 vol. 16mo, cloth, pp. 476.

Caleb Williams. A Novel. By WILLIAM GODWIN. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co. 1 vol. 8vo, paper, pp. 49.

Kitty. By M. BETHAM EDWARDS. New York: Harper & Bros. 1 vol, 8vo, paper, pp. 143.

A German Course. By Prof. GEO. F. COMFORT. New York: Harper & Bros. 1 vol. 12mo, pp. 498.

Medora Leigh. A History and an Autobiography. Edited by CHARLES MACKAY. New York: Harper & Bros. 1 vol. 8vo, paper, pp. 63.

Pater Mundi; or, Modern Science Testifying to the Heavenly Father. By Rev. E. F. BURR, D.D. Boston: Nichols and Noyes. Vol. I. 12mo, cloth, pp. 294.

Froude's History of England. Popular Edition. New York: Charles Scribner & Co. Vols. V. and VI. 12mo, cloth, pp. 474, 495.

The True Story of Mrs. Shakespeare's Life. Boston: Loring. Pamphlet, 16mo, pp. 24.

The Life of Mary Russell Mitford. By Rev. A. G. K. LESTRANGE. New York: Harper & Bros. 2 vols. 12mo, cloth, pp. 378, 365.

Only Herself. A Novel. By ANNIE THOMAS. New York: Harper & Bros. 1 vol. 8vo, paper, pp. 139.

Hereditary Genius. By FRANCIS GALTON, F.R.S. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1 vol. 8vo, cloth, pp. 390.

Under Lock and Key. A Story. By T. W. SPEIGHT. Philadelphia: Turner Bros. & Co. 1 vol. 12mo, cloth, pp. 389.

Beautiful Snow and Other Poems. By J. W. WATSON. Philadelphia: Turner Bros. & Co. 1 vol. 16mo, cloth, pp. 100.

SCIENCE.

Strange News from the Australian Skies.—More than a year ago a discovery was announced by an astronomer in the Southern hemisphere which seemed so strange and so perplexing, that Sir John Herschel, commenting on it, remarked "that no phenomenon in astronomy had yet turned up presenting anything like the same interest, or calculated to raise so many and such

momentous points for inquiry and speculation." One of those mysterious nebulous masses which astronomers had been in the habit of regarding as galaxies, resembling in extent and magnificence the sidereal scheme to which the sun belongs, seemed to be undergoing a most astounding series of changes. During these winter nights, when Orion shines with full glory, the famous nebula which clings around his pendent sword presents to our northern observers an object similar to the nebula in question. Every one has heard of the strange interest which attaches to this Orion nebula, of the mysterious far-reaching arms which extend from it, the dark central vacancy, and the brilliant array of stars which the six-foot mirror of Lord Rosse has brought into view in the very heart of the nebula. But in the Southern skies there is an object of the same class even more glorious and more mysterious. In the richest part of the southern heavens, a part so rich indeed that, according to the argument of a well-known astronomer, the splendor of the constellations comprised in it illuminates the heavens as a new moon would, there lies the great nebula known among astronomers as "the Nebula in Argo." The Orion nebula can only be seen on the darkest nights, but the great Argo nebula shines as brilliantly as a third-magnitude star, and is scarcely obliterated even by the effulgence of the full moon. It is, in fact, the most splendid nebula in the whole heavens. Yet this glorious object, whose contemplation has led our most thoughtful astronomers to form new ideas of the grandeur of the universe, whose dimensions seemed immeasurable by any unit of length men could devise, the whole of this magnificent nebula, is drifting about like a cloud before a shifting wind.

For the news, which seemed so surprising to Sir John Herschel, has just been confirmed by the revelations of a new telescope of enormous power. The news had come, first of all, from a small telescope,—only five inches, indeed, in aperture; and it seemed quite possible that the weakness of this instrument (compared with the 19-inch reflector, used by Sir John Herschel during his survey of the southern heavens) might have led to an erroneous impression of change. But now the new four-feet mirror is at work among the southern stars. Surpassed only by the Rosse reflector, and matched only by the fine reflector with which Lassell is surveying the heavens at Malta, the great Melbourne reflector is about to place our knowledge of the Southern heavens nearly on the same footing as that we possess respecting the Northern stars. And if the work to be done by this great reflector in after years is shadowed forth by its first great exploit, we may well look eagerly forward for the discoveries it will effect.—*The Spectator.*

The Sinai Survey Expedition.—Mr. Palmer, who accompanied the Sinai Survey Expedition as paleographer, to study inscriptions, and subjects connected with the language and history of the country, has presented a report to the senate of the University of Cambridge on his travel and its results. To scholars and students, the particulars cannot fail to be of the highest interest, while they will enlist the attention of all readers of Biblical literature. Mr. Palmer has again de-

parted for Egypt, with a view to explore the Tih, or "Wilderness of the Wanderings," where he "confidently anticipates a rich harvest of Biblical and geographical discoveries." On his return he intends to publish (1) a complete collection of the Sinai inscriptions, with translations, and a dissertation on their origin and value; (2) an account of the Bedawin inhabitants of Sinai, their history, manners, customs, and traditions; (3) the history of Sinai as told by the Arab historians; and (4) a dissertation on the nomenclature of Bible lands, and a popular account of the Sinai expedition.

Pompeian Discoveries.—During an excavation made in Pompeii the objects turned up were a human skeleton, almost perfect, a pair of gold earrings with pearls, a gold bracelet and five gold coins, 782 silver coins, three silver rings, and sixty-seven pieces of bronze money. The coins were all of the Consular and Imperial periods. The jewellery and coins will be placed almost immediately in the Naples Museum, and the skeleton in the Pompeii Museum, together with the human remains previously discovered.

Among the expeditions for observing the solar eclipse of last August, was one sent out by the Nautical Almanac Office at Washington, which made their observations at Mount Pleasant, in the State of Iowa. Professor Pickering, in his report thereof, shows reason for believing that the corona seen during an eclipse of the sun does not belong to the sun, but is an effect of the moon's atmosphere. This is assuming that the moon has an atmosphere, and is opposed to the commonly received theory. Allowing the assumption, he remarks, "the corona would then be caused by refraction, light reaching the observer from parts of the sun already eclipsed."

An electrical apparatus has been for some years in use for measuring the velocity of a shot or projectile when fired from a cannon; and now an instrument has been invented which measures and records the rate of movement of the shot while it is still within the gun. This instrument, called a chronoscope, is the invention of Captain Noble: it consists of a series of metal discs, which, on the turning of a handle, rotate with great rapidity—one hundred and twenty-five times in a second. When required for use, the discs are coated with lampblack, in front of each one a metallic pointer is placed, and the whole apparatus is connected by wires with an electric battery, and with the gun. But how is the passage of the shot inside the thick heavy tube to be noted? In this way. Holes are bored six inches apart through the substance of the gun from the outside to the bore. In these holes, a kind of hammer connected with the wires is suspended. As soon as the shot begins to move, the hammer in the first hole breaks the wire; a spark from the electric battery immediately flies from the pointer above mentioned, and makes a bright spot on the disc. The same thing is repeated as soon as the shot reaches the second hole, and so on through the length of the gun: and as the rate of movement of the discs is known, the bright spots imprinted thereon become records of the rate of movement of the shot or projectile through every six inches of the gun. With this instrument, and certain kinds of im-

proved gunpowder now coming into use, the supremacy of English gunnery will be fully maintained.

Improvement in Railways.—We have on different occasions pointed out the fact, that in the working of railways there is a great waste of power, enormously heavy trains being employed to transport a comparatively light number of passengers. and we have shown that the true economy of railway management consists in the avoidance of this waste. The question has now been discussed at length in the *Times*; and Mr. Fairlie, who proposes a new construction of locomotives and railway carriages, and demonstrates his views by working models, may hope to see them adopted. He does away with the present form of wheels, and mounts the carriages on a "bogie," or wheeled truck, in the same way as an ordinary coach is mounted on its fore-wheels. The bogie wheels, running independently of each other, travel easily along curves, without risk of running off, or of grinding the rails to pieces; while the carriage being mounted only on the central pin of the bogie, is saved from the shocks and jolts to which the carriages now in use, with their fixed axles, are liable. The locomotive, in like manner, is to be mounted on bogies; there are to be no buffers; but the carriages are to have circular ends, and be screwed closely up to one another. By this arrangement, they will adapt themselves to all the curves of the railway, the cost of travelling will be lessened, and its discomforts diminished.

Coffee-Tea.—The possibility of producing coffee-tea, and the probability of making the production a profitable and recognized article of commerce, are questions which have been intermittently agitated in Ceylon for some time past, but as yet, it would seem, without any very definite result, either one way or the other, being arrived at. The manufacture of coffee-tea would certainly greatly benefit the native planters, as some of the refuse they now get rid of as manure and for other purposes could then be utilized for the production of this article. Favorable opinions are expressed as to its perfect wholesomeness; and it is calculated, by reason of its cheapness, to prove a great boon to people with restricted means. The subject is now absorbing great attention amongst the Ceylon planters.

Yorkshire Tumuli.—Canon Greenwell and others have spent a fortnight in the examination of two very large round tumuli on the Rudstone estate of Sir Henry Boynton, of Yorkshire, which have yielded results of a surprising nature and of surpassing archaeological interest. Rudstone is the place where the only known megalithic monument in the East Riding is—the famous example of the Celtic "meenhir" (long stone) in the churchyard. From this unique relic the Saxons are supposed to have named the village Rude Steen—Redston. The barrows are in the immediate neighborhood, and form a portion of a group of seven, in which, when removed many years ago, many remains of burials and burial accompaniments were found. The barrows just opened were full of secondary burials, both burnt and unburnt, but in both cases the primary interments in the mounds had been destroyed by

the insertion of the remarkable burials in deep graves, dug into the chalk rock, which formed the chief interest in the present openings. In the centre of both barrows cylindrical-shaped graves had been dug, destroying whatever else had been previously interred. In one tumulus an opening of very large size, going eleven feet into the rock, had been made, and in it a double cist was formed of enormous stones of oolitic sandstone from Filey Brigg, twelve miles distant. Many of the stones forming this wonderful monument were of immense size, some weighing a ton or more, and marking the burials as of first importance. With the bodies, both burnt and unburnt, were found very grand specimens of pottery and stone implements. The find of bodies, implements, weapons, ornaments, pottery, &c., is rich in the extreme.

Earthquake at Dartmouth.—On the 2d instant, in the middle of the night, the people of Dartmouth, on the opposite side of Halifax Harbor, N.S., were awakened by rocking as if in a cradle; at the same moment the atmosphere was filled with a sulphurous matter. The sky at the time was covered with thick clouds. Fortunately, no damage was done to life or property. The most remarkable part of the matter is the fact that nothing was experienced of the shock at Halifax, N.S., although the two places are only separated by the breadth of the harbor, which at this point is only two miles and a half.

The Dragon of Lyme Regis.—The British Museum has lately received the fossil remains of a flying dragon, measuring upwards of four feet from tip to tip of the expanded wings. The bones of the head, wings, legs, tail, and great part of the trunk, with the ribs, blade bones, and collar-bones are imbedded in dark lias shale from Lyme Regis, on the Dorsetshire coast. The head is large in proportion to the trunk, and the tail is as long as the rest of the body; it is extended in a straight stiff line, the vertebral bones being surrounded and bound together by bundles of fine long needle-shaped bones; it is supposed to have served to keep outstretched, or to sustain a large expanse of the flying membrane or parachute which extended from the tips of the wings to the feet, and spread along the space between the hind limbs and tail, after the fashion of certain bats.

The first indication of this monster was described by Buckland, in the "Transactions of the Geological Society," and is referred to in his "Bridgewater Treatise," under the name of *Pterodactylus macronyx*. The subsequently acquired head and tail give characters of the teeth and other parts, which establish a distinct generic form in the extinct family of Flying Reptiles. The animal, as now restored, will be described and figured in the volume of the Monographs of the Palaeontographical Society, for the present year, by Professor Owen.

A New Stalactite Cavern.—"The Dechen Höhle" has just been discovered near Iserlohn, on the confines of Westphalia, at Letmathe, which appears to equal, if not to surpass in extent, the famous grotto of Adelsberg, near Trieste. It opens in the limestone cliffs of the valley of the Ruhr, and extends into the mountain for a distance of nearly five English miles. The stalactites, of beautiful purity and brilliancy, assume all sorts of fantastic shapes: drapery, columns a cluster

of organ pipes, a pulpit, a group of palms. It is in the neighborhood of the celebrated "Neanderhöhle," in which human and other bones were discovered some years since.

An Intermittent Lake.—The Lake of Zirkintz, in Carniola, is about ten leagues long and one wide. Towards the middle of summer, its level falls rapidly, and in a few weeks it becomes completely dry. At this time the apertures by which the water retreats can be distinctly seen; here they are vertical, there they are lateral, and directed towards the caverns with which the surrounding mountains are riddled. As soon as the water has retreated, the bed of the lake is placed under cultivation, and in a couple of months the peasants gather in their crop of hay, millet, or rye, on the spot where they had previously caught tench and pike. Towards the end of autumn, after the rains, the waters return by the same natural channels through which they departed. Some curious differences are observed in these openings of the soil: some furnish water only, others give a passage to water and fish of larger or smaller size, and from a third sort some ducks make their appearance from the subterranean lake. These ducks swim well from the moment they are thrown up. They are completely blind, and almost naked. The faculty of vision comes in a short time, but it is two or three weeks before their feathers—black except on the head—are developed enough to allow of flight. Valvasor, who visited the lake, caught a good many of these ducks, and saw the peasants fish for eels, weighing from 1 to 2 kilogrammes, tench from 3 to 4, and pike from 10 to 15, and even 20 kilogrammes.—*Cosmos*.

The Stratification of Guano in the Chinches.—M. A. Habel, reporting his travels in Tropical America to the French Academy, says:—"Up to the present time the guano has been considered as a simple accumulation of bird's excrement, but I found it regularly stratified, like sedimentary rocks, with layers of different colors, and various inclination and extension. Some layers, for example, in one of the islands, have an inclination of 5°, and in another part of 15°. In one part of the southern island, I saw layers running from north to south, with an inclination of 4°, covered by others, from S.W. to N.E., with an inclination of 20°. Thus we can easily recognize two epochs in the formation of guano. While the lower mass, which is most ancient and most voluminous, exhibits layers, the recent upper mass is thinner and without trace of stratification. Below the guano are layers of sand more or less mingled with it."

Discovery of an Extinct American City.—M. Habel professes to have arrived at "complete success" in the study of Equatorial American antiquities, and he states that he found the ruins of a city more than three miles long, near the Pacific ocean. The sculptured monoliths, of which he promises to exhibit drawings, show a race different from the Aztecs. "Not only the costumes and the arms differ from those of the Aztecs, but likewise their religious rites; for the sacrifice of the Aztecs consisted in opening the breast of the victim, and tearing out its heart, while with these people it was accomplished by beheading." He states that he has collected vocabularies of nine Indian languages.

ART.

The movement in favor of establishing Art Museums proportionate to the size and wealth of our great cities seems to be gaining ground elsewhere as well as in New York. Boston has a committee of citizens who are about to petition the municipality for leave to build upon the ground recently occupied by the Coliseum. This ground was transferred by the State to the city, with the stipulation that it should be used for a public park, or for the site of a public edifice devoted to art or science, so that there can be little doubt that the municipality will consent. The design of the committee is less ambitious than the Museum scheme recently inaugurated in this city, and therefore is more likely to yield immediate results. It is proposed to erect at once a building of modest pretensions, to which indefinite additions can be made whenever it becomes necessary by the growth of the collection, and there seems to be no difficulty apprehended in securing immediately the requisite amount.

The special guests of the Viceroy of Egypt have formed an excursion party for the purpose of ascending the Nile and thoroughly exploring the grottos of Elethryia, situated upon the right bank of the river, farther up than Thebes, Hermonthis, and Latopolis, before reaching Apollinopolis. These grottos are two in number. Their sides are decorated with paintings in the usual style of the ancient Egyptians, representing altogether two hundred personages, each being ten inches in height. The principal paintings are personifications of the seasons, and trophies of science and art, such as ploughing, sowing, reaping, harvesting, vine-growing, wine-making, fishing, the chase, commerce, ship-building, navigation, the administration of justice, &c.

Attempts are being made in Italy to raise money for a statue to Raphael, to be erected at Urbino.

From Rome we hear that Mr. Meade, the sculptor, is advancing rapidly with his work of the Lincoln Monument to be erected at Springfield, Illinois. The figure of Mr. Lincoln is nearly finished in clay. It is of colossal size, and is said by good authorities to be one of the best yet made.

In the Fitzwilliam Museum, at Cambridge, England, is Queen Elizabeth's music-book, containing compositions for the virginal or piano-forte of her time. The Queen is said to have been a skilful musician.

An exhibition of the works of the late Baron Leys will be held in Antwerp some time during the spring. On this occasion that great series of historical paintings, which Leys only lived to complete, will be formally inaugurated in the town-hall of the ancient city.

The beautiful art collection of Count Minntoli, comprising more than six thousand numbers, has been purchased by the Prussian Government for \$50,000 in gold, and will be turned over to the Berlin Museum of Arts and Manufactures.

After the Temple of Diana at Ephesus was burnt down, there were found in the ruins the arms of Achilles, a copy of the Iliad, and a cameo repre-

senting the nymphs of the Hyssus. M. Jules Janin says that in the ruins of the recently-burnt Paris Hippodrome nothing was found but a pair of stays, a number of chignons, and the peacock's feather of some wench who was out in her Sunday clothes.

A work on the Madonnas of Raphael and the paintings of the Virgin in general, by F. A. Gruger, from the press of Renouard, is attracting attention at the hands of eminent French critics.

Twenty thousand pounds is the price asked for a genuine painting by Raphael, now on sale by a Neapolitan gentleman, and it is considered a fair price by European connoisseurs.

Hiram Powers' statue of "Eve," now nearly finished, is said to excel his "Greek Slave," and indeed to surpass anything he has previously produced.

Antiquities.—A cargo of antiquities has just been conveyed from Smyrna to Malta by H.M.S. *Antelope*. They consist of a large and interesting collection of sculpture, architectural marbles and inscriptions, recently excavated at Prime, in Asia Minor, by Mr. Pullan, on account of the Dilettanti Society; several cases of inscriptions, discovered by Mr. Wood (once a young architect of great promise, in London), at Ephesus, in the excavations carried on there under the direction of the trustees of the British Museum; a curious archaic head of colossal size, discovered by Mr. Consul Dennis, near Smyrna, together with some fragments of very ancient pottery, the fruit of his diggings in the tumuli, near the lake of Gyges, in the neighborhood of Sardes. All these antiquities will shortly be forwarded to England.

A splendid colossal marble statue has been found by a peasant at Pozzuoli. It is said to belong to the best school of ancient Roman art. The authorities of the Naples Museum are negotiating with the proprietor for its purchase.

Mr. Ruskin has been employing an English artist to make water-color drawings of the tombs, and the interiors of some of the churches in Venice.

A subscription list has been opened throughout Germany in order to raise the sum of one thousand eight hundred pounds sterling for the purpose of completing the colossal statue of Arminius, the famous theologian. The statue was commenced at Detmold in 1846.

The celebrated German painter, Overbeck, died of heart disease accompanied by general weakness, from which, at his advanced age of eighty, he was unable to rally. The Pope sent his apostolic benediction by a court prolate to the dying artist. His remains were interred in the vault of the Church of St. Bernard.

The European journals state that Pope Pius IX. intends to erect an equestrian statue of the Emperor Constantine at Rome. Instead of the sword, with which it is fair to suppose he was more familiar, he will hold in his hand a parchment scroll, representing the supposed decree upon which the Popes base their temporal power.

The Countess of Flanders, sister-in-law to the King of Belgium, is said to possess a remarkable talent for etching. She is now employed in producing a series of designs illustrating De Maistre's "Voyage Autour de ma Chambre." Royalty seems to be making for itself quite a conspicuous position in the field of art as well as of literature.

Madame Jerichau-Baumann, whom we mentioned last month as contemplating a visit to this country, has, it is said, received a commission from the Sultan to paint some of the beauties of his harem.

A cargo of ancient sculpture and architectural fragments from Ephesus, Sardis, and other places in Asia Minor, is on its way to London.

The sum of \$16,000 has already been subscribed to the Schiller monument in Vienna, making the fifth city which has thus honored the poet's memory. The *Schiller-Stiftung*, founded in commemoration of the hundredth anniversary of his birth-day, and now possessing a capital of \$250,000, has just granted a life pension of 500 thalers a year to the old Silesian poet, Karl Von Holtei, one of 300 to Alexander Jung, and one of 100 to Fraulein Von Herder, the last remaining grandchild of the great author.

VARIETIES.

The Roman Council.—The *Spectator* remarks that, infirm and crippled though she be, the Roman Church is still the only one who has the courage to be cosmopolitan, and claim the right to link nation with nation, and literature with literature. Such an assembly as the Council is, at least, an extraordinary testimony to the cosmopolitanism of the great Church which seems trembling to its fall; and who can doubt that that fall, whenever it comes, will be followed by a great temporary loosening of the faith in human unity—in spite of the electric telegraph—by a deepening of the chasm between nation and nation, by the loss of at least a most potent spell over the imagination of the world, by a contraction of the spiritual ideal of every church? This ideal even Protestants, even Sceptics, even Positivists have owed, and have owned that they owed, to the Roman Church, the only church which has really succeeded in uniting the bond between any one ecclesiastical centre and the distant circumference of human intelligence and energy. But if the consequence of the collapse of Romanism would be in this way a loss of power to the human race, think only of the gain of power which would result from the final death of sacerdotal ideas, from the final blow to the system of arbitrary authority exercised over the intellect and the conscience, from the new life which would flow into a faith and science resting on the steady accumulation of moral and intellectual facts and the personal life of the conscience in Christ—from the final triumph of moral and intellectual order and freedom. It would doubtless be a new life subject to great anarchy at first; but the old authoritative systems have themselves been of late little more than anarchy just kept under by the authority of prescription and tradition; and one can only hope

for the new order from the complete recognition that is to have no arbitrary or capricious foundation. The *Saturday Review* thinks the injuries which the fanaticism and indiscretion of the present Pope may have inflicted on the Roman Catholic Church may indeed produce indirectly political results. There is probably no risk of a formal secession; but the existence of profound differences among high ecclesiastical authorities has been unnecessarily revealed, and general attention has been once more called to the half-forgotten furies on which many of the claims of the Holy See are based. For all purposes of aggression or resistance the Roman Catholic Church is weaker than at the commencement of the reign of Pius IX.; and a portion of the loss must be attributed to his restless vanity. But for his imprudence, a vague belief in the powers of a council, as well as in the prerogative of the Pope, might have survived for some years longer.

The Religious Ceremonies at Ismaila.—The Viceroy conceived a singular idea at the opening of the Suez Canal. He ranged on one side the Ulénas and the divers sects which acknowledge Mahomet as the prophet of God, and on the other the rabbins and pastors of the various Christian churches. At a signal—*Dzing!*—the various benedictions in Arabic, Turkish, Coptic, Armenian, English, Latin, and Hebrew were to be pronounced. The Latin Patriarch, however, refused, stating that it was beneath the dignity of Catholicism. The Empress, however, requested her almoner, M. Bauer, to replace the archbishop, and the simultaneous blessing was given. M. de Lesseps is a fortunate man; the result of his labors has been blessed in eight languages by sixteen sects.

Snorers.—Shakspeare says, in "Cymbeline," (iii. 6), that—

Weariness

Can snore upon the flint, when restive sloth
Finds the down pillow hard;

and Puck speaks of "the heavy ploughman" who "snores;" and when the company on the enchanted island are infected by a strange drowsiness, Sebastian says to his brother,

Thou dost snore distinctly;
There's meaning in thy snores.

It is a meaning, however, from which a listener would gladly be spared; for of all human weaknesses, snoring is the most selfish. The performer of a fantasia on his own nose may now be provided with a novel American instrument through the medium of which his own music will be carried into his own ears. A tube of gutta percha is fitted to the nose, and passed from thence to the tympanum of the ear. As soon as the sleeper begins to snore, an effect is produced like to that when Fear tried his skill on Music's shell,

And back recoil'd, he knew not why,
E'en at the sound himself had made.

For the snorer is so alarmed and disgusted at his own performance, that he forthwith awakes, and, it is to be presumed, amends his ways, and sleeps quietly ever after. The inventor should publish a photograph of Mr. and Mrs. Caudle as they would appear, prepared for rest, with the snoring apparatus fitted, like an elephant's trunk, upon their respective noses. Its appearance

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would probably be quite sufficient to frighten away any thief who had invaded the sanctity of their bedroom.

The Suez Canal has been exactly ten years in course of construction. On the 30th November, 1854, the Viceroy signed the document granting M. de Lesseps the right to excavate the canal. On the 13th June, 1855, the international commission gave its assent. On the 5th November, 1859, the subscription list was opened, and on the 25th of the same month (ten years ago all but three days) the first sod was cut.

The Empress Eugenie in Turkey.—At Beglerbeg the Empress was received by the Sultan in a caïque, also specially constructed for his guest's use—a forty-oared barge surmounted by a canopy, at the mere fringe and tassels of which 200 Turkish women, skilled in golden embroidery, have been at work for months, and with a massive silver dove at the prow, concerning the weight and value of which almost fabulous accounts are given. There was sensation enough even for an Empress. The *Gazette de France* states that among the dishes composing the bill of fare of the dinner given by the Sultan to the Empress of the French on the evening of her arrival at Constantinople, was one composed entirely of the brains of ostriches.

The Pope's Kind Invitation to Protestants.—A letter from the Pope to Archbishop Manning has been published to the effect, that although Protestants cannot be admitted to the forthcoming Council to explain and defend the grounds of their belief, the Pope will be pleased if they shall repair in large numbers to Rome to have their errors corrected. "Wise and prudent men and learned divines," they are kindly told, "will be ready to receive those who have been misled by their education," and will examine the arguments in which they have hitherto believed. We have only to acknowledge the courtesy of this latest invitation, and to recognize the solicitude of the Pope for our spiritual welfare. He must not think us uncivil if we remember that we have wise and prudent men and learned divines at home, and if we believe we can find out the good and right way without going to Rome to gaze upon the outer gate of his Council.

The Emoluments of Royalty.—The salaries of the different monarchs of Europe are given as follows by a German statistician: Alexander II., 8,250,000 dollars, or 25,000 dollars a day; Abdul Aziz, 6,000,000 dollars, or 18,000 dollars a day; Napoleon III., 5,000,000 dollars, or 14,219 dollars a day; Francis Joseph, 4,000,000 dollars, or 10,050 dollars a day; Frederick William I., 3,000,000 dollars, or 8,210 dollars a day; Victor Emmanuel, 2,400,000 dollars, or 6,840 dollars a day; Victoria, 2,200,000 dollars, or 6,270 dollars a day; Leopold, 600,000 dollars, or 1,643 dollars a day. In addition to this salary, each Sovereign is furnished with a dozen or more first-class houses to live in without any charge for rent.

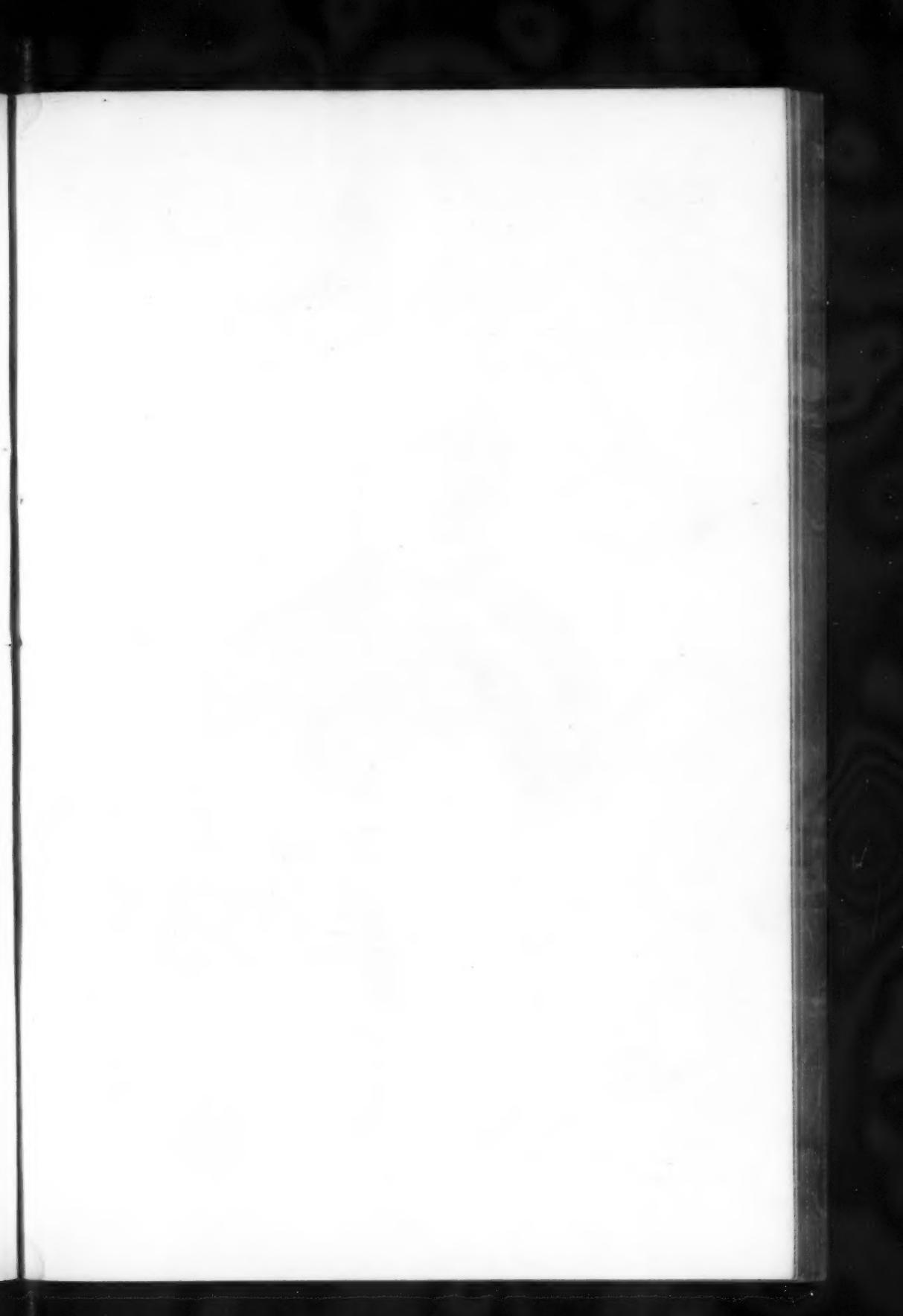
A Bridge Across the Channel.—M. Boutet's plans for the construction of a bridge across the Channel attract great attention in France, and he is now engaged on a working model a hundred

metres long, which will serve at once as a model of the bridge to be thrown across the Rance, at St. Malo, and of a part of the projected bridge across the channel. By the direction of the Emperor, the model is to be erected on the Champs de Mars, or in the Bois de Boulogne, and engineers from all countries will be invited to inspect it. The same inventor is constructing a portable foot bridge of one span of a hundred metres, divided into ten sections, which can be put together and thrown across a river in less than five minutes. This is intended for the use of the army, and is destined to supersede the present pontoon system.

One who has seen the MS. of Garibaldi's coming book on Rome says it is partly autobiographical and partly fictitious, half a series of personal confessions and half a novel; it is one long, bitter, furious attack on priests and priesthood. Passages which he has read strike him as more remarkable for honest and righteous wrath than for literary power. If possible, the book will make the Romish priests regard the name of Garibaldi with more fury than ever. Whether it is discreet to publish the book is another question.—*Court Journal.*

The Philosophy of Death.—According to *The Spiritualist*, spirits and mediums, clairvoyants and seers, all agree very closely in the descriptions they give of the natural process called death. The vital forces first quit the feet and lower extremities of the body, and those who have the power of spirit vision see a luminous haze slowly forming above the head, and connected with it by a shining cord. Gradually, as the vitality of the body diminishes, the cloud above assumes a distinct shape, and the spirit-form of the departing individual is seen lying in a state of insensibility above the prostrate body. At last the spirit awakes to consciousness, the silver cord still connecting it with the body is severed, and the newborn spirit quits the house in company with spirit friends and relatives who awaited its arrival. These spirit friends are often seen before life has entirely quitted the body, which is the reason why the dying so often talk of seeing departed friends around the bed.

English History Translated into Japanese.—We recently announced the publication of a Japanese novel, which could only be read in an indefinite number of years. We have now to record the publication in Japan of something far more remarkable; namely, a Japanese History of the British Parliament, compiled from Moy, Hallam, and other constitutional authorities. It has been appropriately issued at Jeddah, where the first Japanese parliament has recently commenced its labours; and it is doubtless intended to help them to a knowledge of legislative functions. The work is in two thin volumes, and is illustrated by a capital plan of the palace of Westminster, views of the palace from the river, and another of the interior (reduced from the *Illustrated News*), with Mr. Disraeli addressing a full house. Over the Speaker's chair are characters which, we suppose, indicate his name or office, perhaps both. Every column in the book looks like its twin column transposed; but, after all, so does every line in an English volume.—*Athenaeum.*





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Yours
Horace Greeley

